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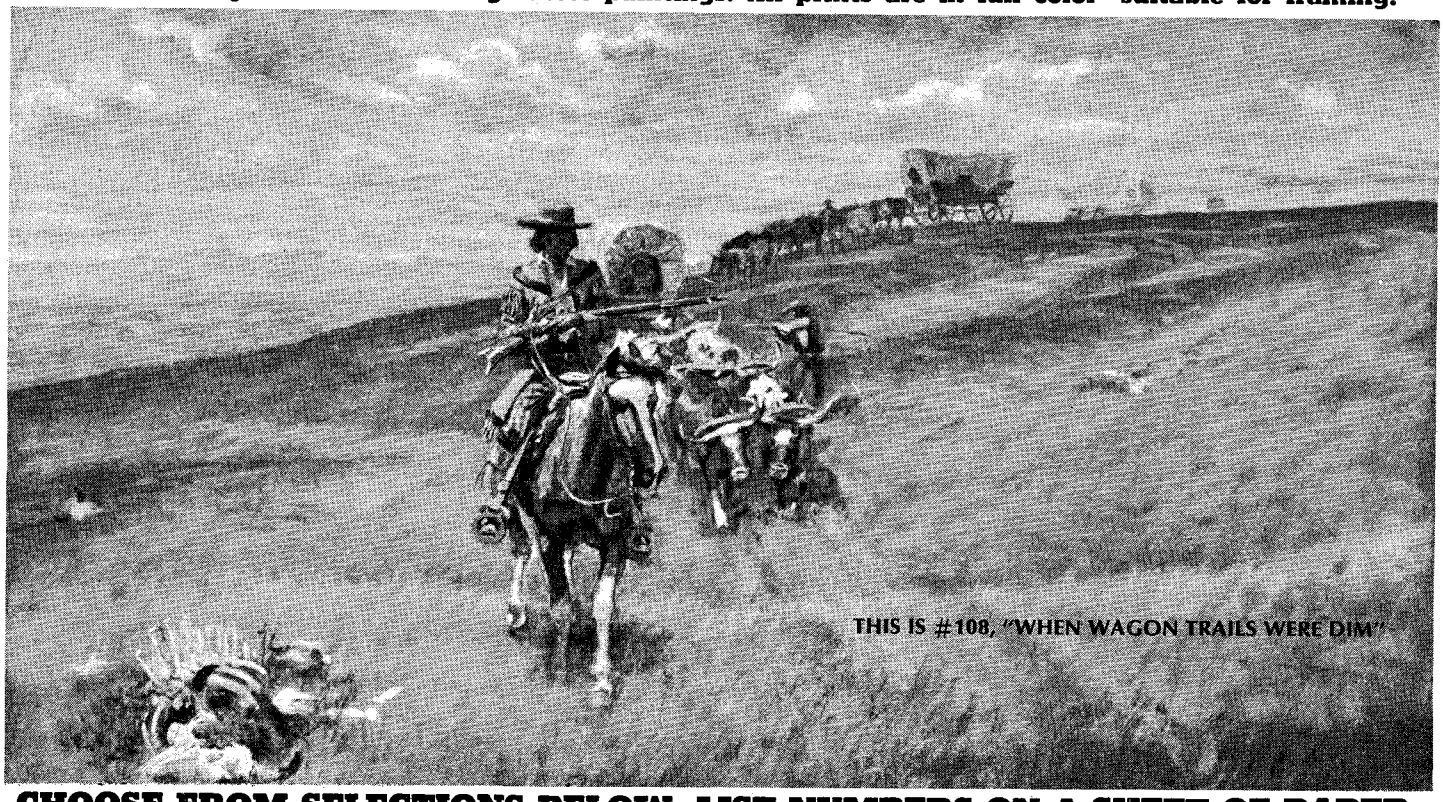

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—The Water Girl, 9x10½
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Boiler, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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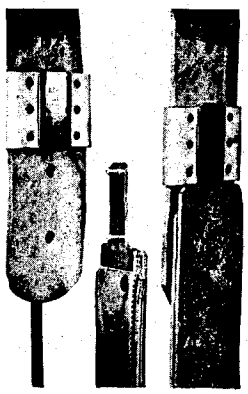

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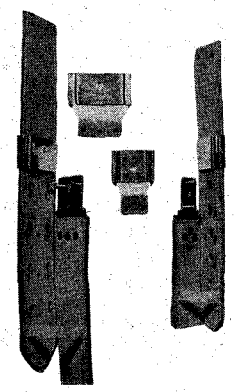

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November-December, 1978
Vol. 26, No. 2
Whole No. 150

True West

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Cover: Ed Cooper
Colorado Mine Building, Rico, San Juan Mountains

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Trip . . . Trip . . . What Trip?

HOSSTAIL'S HEADIN' WEST

All my life I've wanted to point my mechanical nag West and head out for no place in particular—just ramble around throughout our Western states and see what comes up next. This summer I'm going to try and realize that lifelong ambition.

Oh, I'll make it a point to drop in on some of our newsstand distributors and hunt up some interesting characters that I hear about along the way, but no rush to get to any particular place—which is breaking all the rules, and how good that feels already!

Here's where you can help me. If there are places and things I ought to see, characters I should gas with, etc. I'd sure appreciate your dropping me a line on the things I can't afford to miss. I may not be able to make them all in one trip, but I should have a few good summers left and I plan on such a trip maybe even twice a year.

I don't have a time set to leave. Ain't that wonderful! If I don't answer all your letters it'll be because I'm going and doing, but you can be sure your suggestions will reach me since all letters that do not get in before I leave will be forwarded to certain wagon yards I'll drop by to water my nag and pick up my mail.

I'll have a column going in all three rags that will keep you up on what is happening. Ought to be downright interesting. I'm excited already. So fire me any ideas you might have. Maybe I could drop by and split a sassafrasilla with some of you. Don't the whole idea sound good?
—Joe "Hosstail" Small

Sometimes we get a letter saying, "How come you say 'All True—All Fact' on your magazine? I found a mistake." And we always write back, "Well, it sure warn't intentional!" The announcement above was made in the August issue, and it turned out to be as far off the mark as we ever got—*but it sure warn't intentional!*

I WAS STANDING there in the middle of the expressway, see, minding my own business when I got hit by that truck. . . .

In a way, wish I *had* been hit by a truck if recovery could have been in even a month or so.

I have a little shirttail ranch (by anybody's standards) about 35 miles southeast of Austin in what is known as the "Lost Pines." It is a strip of beautiful loblollies far removed from any other pine forests in the state—and even the smartest tree folks don't know why they are there. The important thing, however, is that they *are* there and I flat love pine country.

I went up to my eyes in debt to buy this place, or at least to have the privilege of making payments on it, and when the recession hit, I blamed nigh panicked. Anyhow, I have been able to hold onto it. There's an old house on the place, that hunters used—nothing fancy but just what you need in the wilds. Actually, there are times that you can be still and hear *nothing* but the wind moaning through the pines! And you durned sure can't hear a telephone because I won't have one!

I can get more paper work done down there by far than anywhere else. And paper work is the kind that gives me the itches—I'd nearly rather put in a fence. Anyway down there I can pour it on, and that's what I'd been doing all week, getting things in shape to take off on my trip.

On Friday, August 4, my fishing pal, Cousin Wallace "Hop" Fergeson, came down—he was to make the trip with me—and we had fun driving around in the Jeep comparing our mounds on the ranch to the Rocky Mountains. We came back to Austin Saturday afternoon.

BAM! I went out and picked up the Sunday paper next morning and knew immediately that something had happened overnight—the print was blurred and there was a dark spot in the upper right-hand corner of my left eye. I called Dr. Wootten Brown, and he said, "I'll meet you at the office in ten minutes!"

Yes, it was a detached retina—just about the most serious thing that can happen to an eye other than having a hoss kick it out. Within an hour I was lying in the back seat of the car while Elizabeth drove me to Houston. (Dr. Alice McPherson, down there, is known as one of the best, if not *the* best, eye surgeons in this country—especially if it involves the retina.)

The operation was forthcoming Wednesday morning and it was a whang dilly! Five hours on the operating table while they practically took that left eye apart. This was followed up by a minor-type operation the following Wednesday. I might add that *nothing* is minor when it comes to operating on that retina. I stayed in the hospital sixteen days and just about disappeared from civilization in every form, shape and manner. I mean they wouldn't let me do anything!

And you ought to see the eighteen pages of what you can't do even after you come home. I can't list the full eighteen pages (and, besides, you would be bored silly) but I want to call one little jewel to your attention—I can't lift anything heavier than a pot of coffee for the first three months! At this writing, it is ten days after I have left the hospital and I haven't been out of the house yet.

By golly, they can't keep Hosstail *that* quiet, however. I can close my eyes and bull with you through these editorials.

THE DEVIL I'm always talking about sure clicked on this one. The old s.o.b. is a genius in a way. He waits until everything is great, you are on top of the world, enjoying life and just about to depart on a dream trip—THEN HE STRIKES!

There won't be any trip for at least six months to come, probably next spring or summer. Or, if I do real well, I may be permitted to go somewhere relatively close by—southern New Mexico, Arizona and California—a little sooner.

I never give up—otherwise, I wouldn't be in the publishing business today what with inflation, the government and everything else combining to try and see that small publishers are wiped out. If we are doing pretty well, and we are, don't think I don't know it is because of your never-ceasing loyalty in renewing promptly, sending Christmas gift subscriptions to your friends, pulling them out on the newsstands and many, many other things you do to keep us spinning right along.

I may not be able to answer many of your letters for the time being. Even though I can dictate, somebody would have to read every letter to me, and right now I'm on a one-hour-a-day limit. Sometimes it's pretty hard to keep up when you're hitting on all eight cylinders, much less on one. So pardon the silence for a while—I'll be percolating and bogging my spurs as usual after this enforced "don't you do *anything*" period that I can't afford to mess up or I'll pay for it the rest of my life.

I'm sort of heartbroken over not making that trip, just the same. I had worked out some really interesting projects——old-timers to see and interview, many of you readers to visit, and some "must see" places to go. I could have kept a running column in all three magazines for a year with the adventures of that one trip alone.

However, I can start all over and make plans for a trip next year, or even two—but I am going to be mighty careful about letting the devil see me get out the suitcase! I flat don't trust the blasted sneak.

If you want to do something that will make me happy, send in some Christmas gift subscriptions if the old pocketbook can afford it. That will make me smile like a jackass eating briers. You know, I am like a little boy about this magazine business—I am *still* excited about it after 25 long years. I like to see it grow and expand. From your letters, I know you do also. We started out to improve the image of the "Western" and have come a long way. What's more, we hope to go a lot farther.

For a while I'll be laying low with a bottle of eyedrops in one hand and a pain pill in the other, but don't worry. I'll *see* you later—and that's no pun!
—Hosstail.

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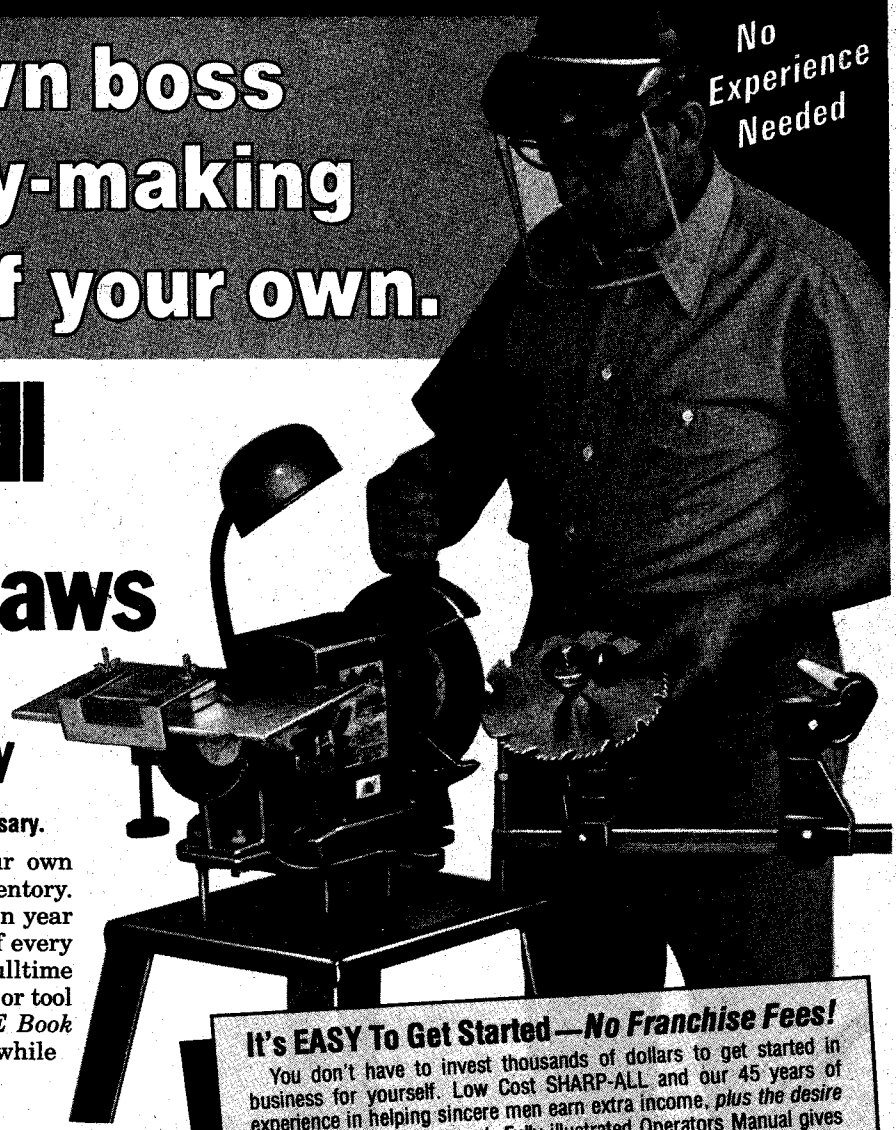

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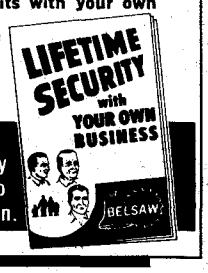

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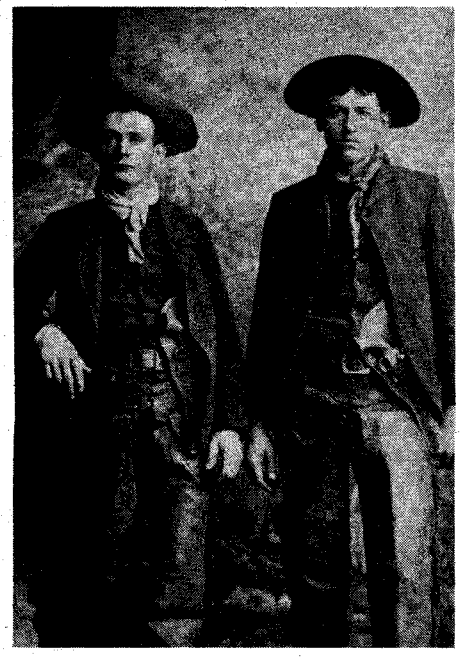
HOGAN'S ORPHAN

No place has ever been more aptly named . .

Above, empty ore-loading chute and supportive structures at the Orphan Mine. Note tramway cable and tower which have since been dismantled. Below, a couple of "tough hombres." Dan Hogan (left) and an unidentified friend posed for this photo in 1886. Believed taken in Texas, before Hogan moved on to Arizona.



SOMETIMES a man unknowingly finds a bonanza. Dan Hogan was one. Beginning in the late 1870s lonely men, spurred by rumors of John D. Lee's lost gold mine or the possibility of striking it rich on their own, trekked into Arizona's Grand Canyon region. Few of these early ore hunters were successful. Many died from thirst, starvation, disease, or other hazards.

During the ore craze days, hundreds of claims were located in the Grand Canyon, and even today markers and notices occasionally surface.

In order to patent his claim, the prospector had to become a miner and work it. Those who stuck it out, hacked or chiseled trails through wilderness and rock. Ore had to be packed out on animals. Water was scarce.

Moreover, the inhospitable Canyon's mineral deposits were limited. None brought great financial return to those who worked them except one—Hogan's Orphan Mine.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK native Daniel Lorain Hogan and a partner, Henry Ward, left Flagstaff on November 1, 1890 to seek wealth and adventure in the Grand Canyon.

"We bought a team of horses, both of which were balky, and an old spring wagon," Hogan relates in his incomplete journal. "We also had three burros."

The partners came out by Little Springs, then moved on to Cedar Ranch, encountering trouble on almost every hill. "We were loaded with flour, beans, bacon, some chewin' tobacco, and our beds," Hogan noted. "We found the old Moqui trail which was one of the longest trade routes in the United States. We followed this to Rain Tanks which was just a seepage."

From there they moved north, following the cow trails. "The cow is the best engineer we have known. She takes the easy way between feed and water. Finally, we saw the Canyon, but had to search the rim for some time before finding the old Bright Angel Trail."

That "trail" was merely a footpath. Hogan and Ward had to do a lot of work on it before they could climb down. When they reached bottom, they found a place where Indians had some peach trees and grape vines. A salt cave was near by.

"We built a rock wall and covered it with a bed canvas for our winter home," the old miner recalled. "There was not much sign of white men in that part of the Canyon but we saw plenty of mountain sheep, a good many eagles, and

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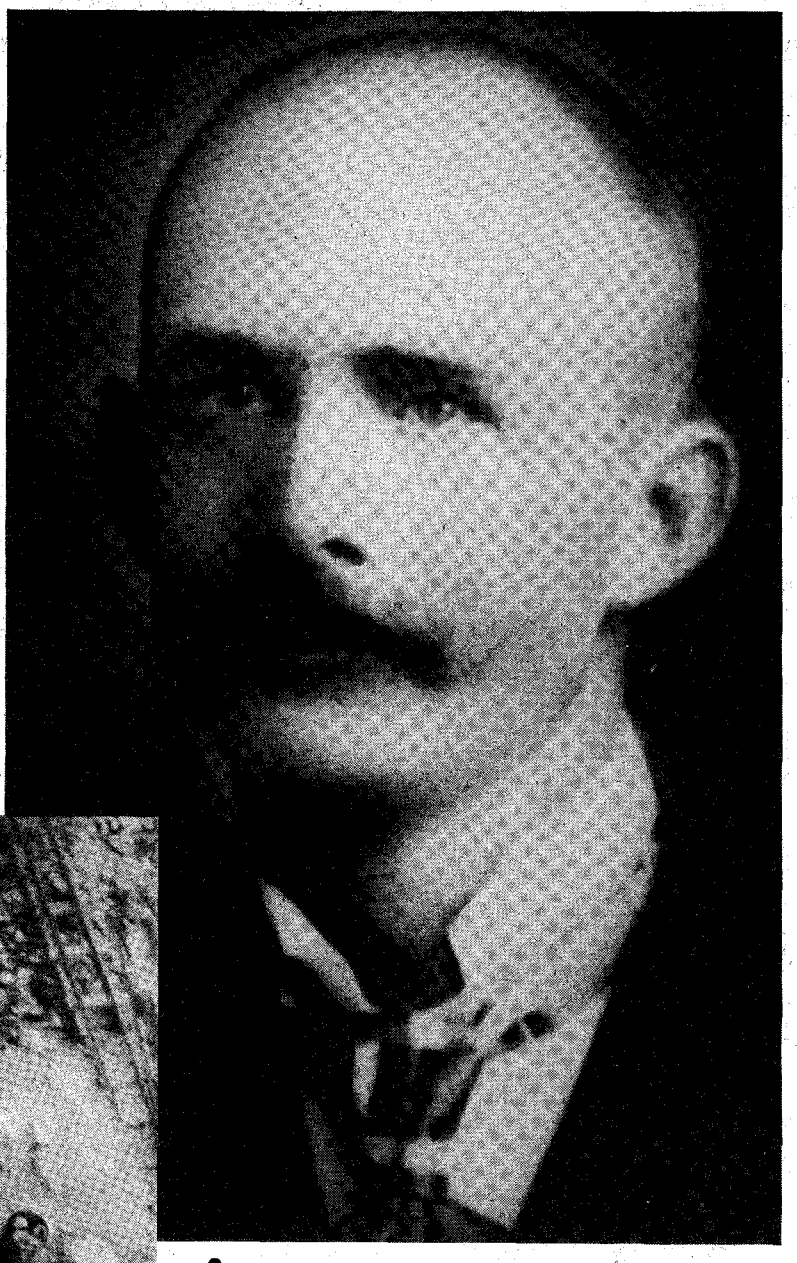
MINE

By MATT DODGE
with
JOHN W. McKLVEEN
Photos Courtesy Author

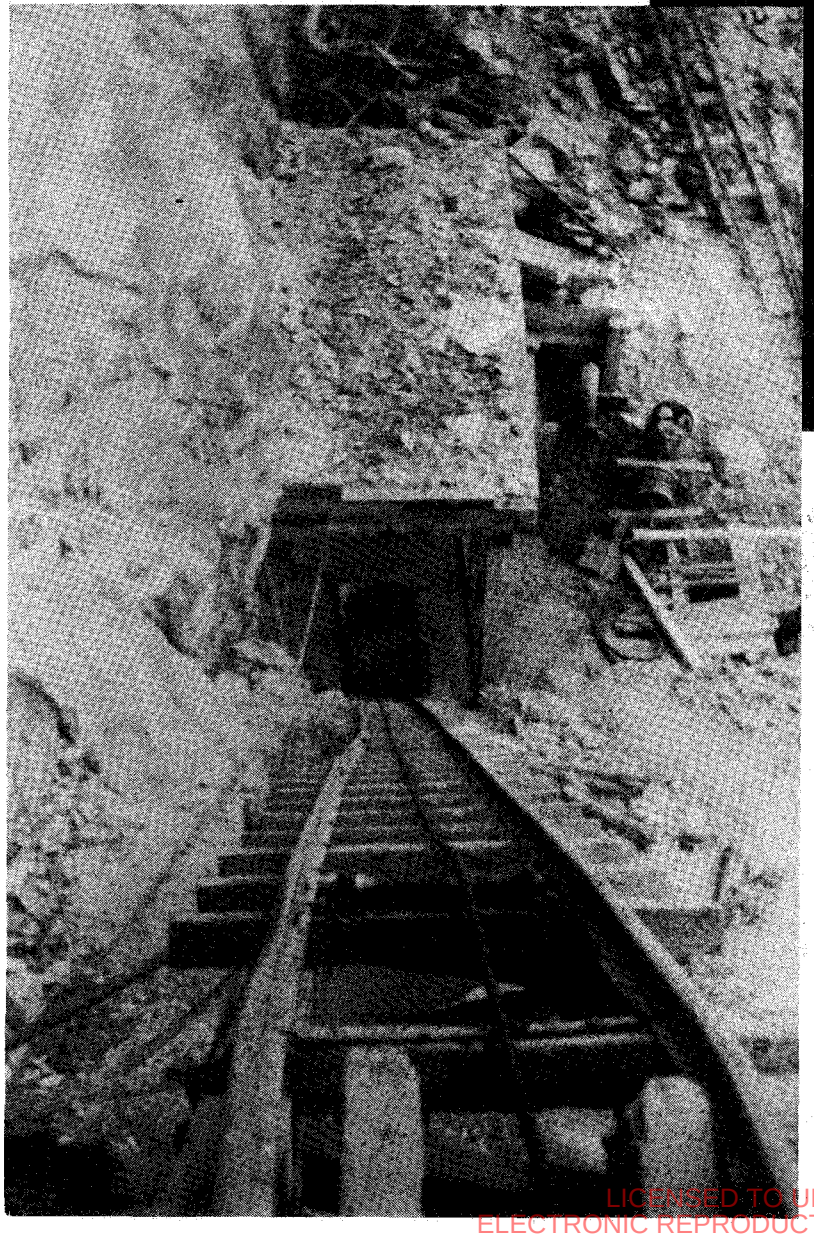
there was plenty of feed for our stock. The sheep provided many a fine meal and the grouse hunting was excellent."

The two prospectors spent several months looking for gold, silver, or copper. Finally, after discussions with local Indians who reported an unusual greenish stain in an obscure ravine, Hogan found some promising copper ore beneath the Canyon rim over a thousand feet below Maricopa Point.



At right, Dan Hogan at the time of his marriage in 1909 to Laura E. Conrad.

Below, photo taken by Jim Swartz shows tracks, ore car, and main tunnel of the Orphan Mine. It paralleled the original shaft dug by Dan Hogan which is visible at right.



He posted a claim in 1893 including a portion of the rim-top plateau, then did some prospecting in Hermit Basin. In 1896, Hogan and some other men built a trail down into that area from Horsethief Tank, a trail which he also helped construct.

HOGAN returned occasionally to Flagstaff where he had a small contracting business, but he never forgot his little Orphan at the Grand Canyon, probably because he claimed to be an orphan himself. When the building business was slow, he'd head north.

During these periods, Dan would haul a few sacks of copper ore out of the small show hole. When not tunneling for ore, he worked on a series of ropes and ladders, and chiseled tiny steps into the granite. This unusual staircase provided him access to the flat land 1,100 feet above the mine.

George H. Smalley, mining editor for

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the Phoenix *Republican*, took a fact-finding tour of the northern Arizona mining country in 1897, and had a harrowing experience while visiting Hogan's Orphan.

"After seeing the claim, Dan said I could get to the rim quicker if I climbed his 'slide,' as it was five miles around the Bright Angel Trail to the top. I didn't know what I was attempting until it was too late. It was perpendicular both ways."

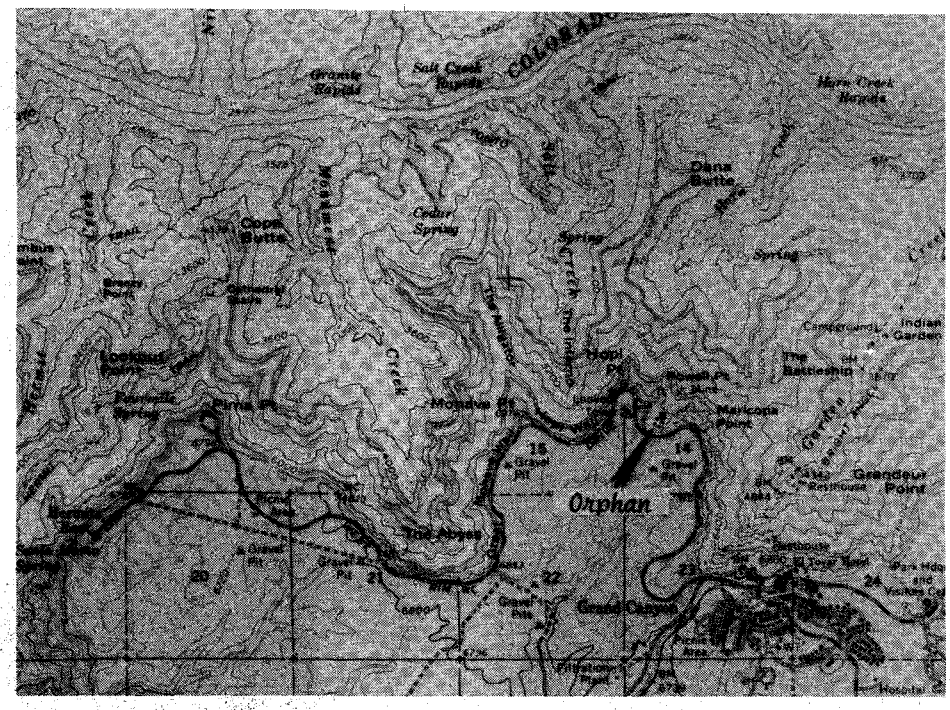
Hogan had drilled holes into the rocks. He gave Smalley a peg to use to lessen the strain on his feet in the toe-holds which were not very deep. Smalley admitted later that without the peg he never would have made it.

The newspaperman was wearing his traditional formal attire which included pointed-toe dress shoes, a footwear style not recommended for cliff-climbing even today. But somehow, step by step, the wiry little man negotiated Hogan's slide without plunging to his death.

The incident made Smalley a celebrity in Canyon country, arousing considerable wonderment among experienced climbers. (However, from that moment on, reporter Smalley forsook dudish attire of any kind when on the road!)

The following year, Dan Hogan's mining career was interrupted by the Spanish-American War. Buckey O'Neill, who had mining interests and other promotional ventures in the Grand Canyon, gathered volunteers for a Rough Rider brigade. Dan, who had become acquainted with O'Neill, signed up and served with Teddy Roosevelt's daredevils in Cuba.

After the war, Hogan returned home and accepted appointment as deputy sheriff. His tour of duty as lawman was short-lived when his knee caught a bullet during a shoot-out with a desperate group of Navajos. The battered knee was patched with a silver plate and he returned to his construction and mining endeavors.



Map shows the location of Hogan's Orphan Mine, and its proximity to other key points in the Grand Canyon National Park area.

The Orphan Mine taxed Hogan's muscular build and excellent health as he wrestled ore sacks from the mine to the rim. And he did it alone, as his old partner Ward had sold out and was pursuing other business ventures.

HOGAN'S three children—Ernest Hogan and Mrs. Lorraine Mae Dunnam of Flagstaff, and Thomas H. Hogan of Mesa—have vivid recollections of their father's mining career.

"Dad was always proud of the fact that his friend, Teddy Roosevelt, signed the certificate of patent for his Orphan Lode Mining Claim," Mrs. Dunnam said. "It was dated March 23, 1906 and specified that the claim covered 20.64 acres."

Most of the land was vertical as it dropped precipitously toward the river, and really was an insignificant speck amid the multi-hued cliffs and crags of the Grand Canyon.

"He always had trouble getting to the green-tinged copper ore. He had to dig through endless tons of black sandstone and shovel the stuff from the mine portal. Even so, Dad always thought it was a sweet little mine," Tom Hogan reflected.

Of course, many years and two world wars would pass before Dan Hogan learned that the accursed black dirt contained the richest uranium ore ever discovered in North America. Yes, if the moment had been 1950 instead of 1907, Dan Hogan would have had more than $50 million within his grasp. Instead, he made very little profit. Perhaps his "treasure" was his priceless recollections.

"Dad had a lot of stories, no doubt about it," said Mrs. Dunnam. "He'd tell us how Mormon pioneer John Lee used the Tanner Trail for crossing the Colorado, and for some time lived in a cabin dubbed 'Sinner's Home,' at Lee's Ferry."

He also liked to relate how the Tanner Trail was long considered to be a hideout for horse thieves. "They'd gather the animals in northern Arizona and sell them in Utah. And the horses stolen in Utah somehow found their way to Arizona," she recalled.

Hogan also told of a bootlegger named Smith who operated in the Canyon area via the Tanner Trail. He sold his booze in Grand Canyon Village.

"Don't forget Louis Boucher, the old hermit," Ernest Hogan interrupted. "Hermit Basin honors his memory. Old

A bearded Dan Hogan (left) steps alongside Arizona's eight-term Governor, George W. P. Hunt, who is astride a burro. This was part of the 1913 Flagstaff Fourth of July parade.

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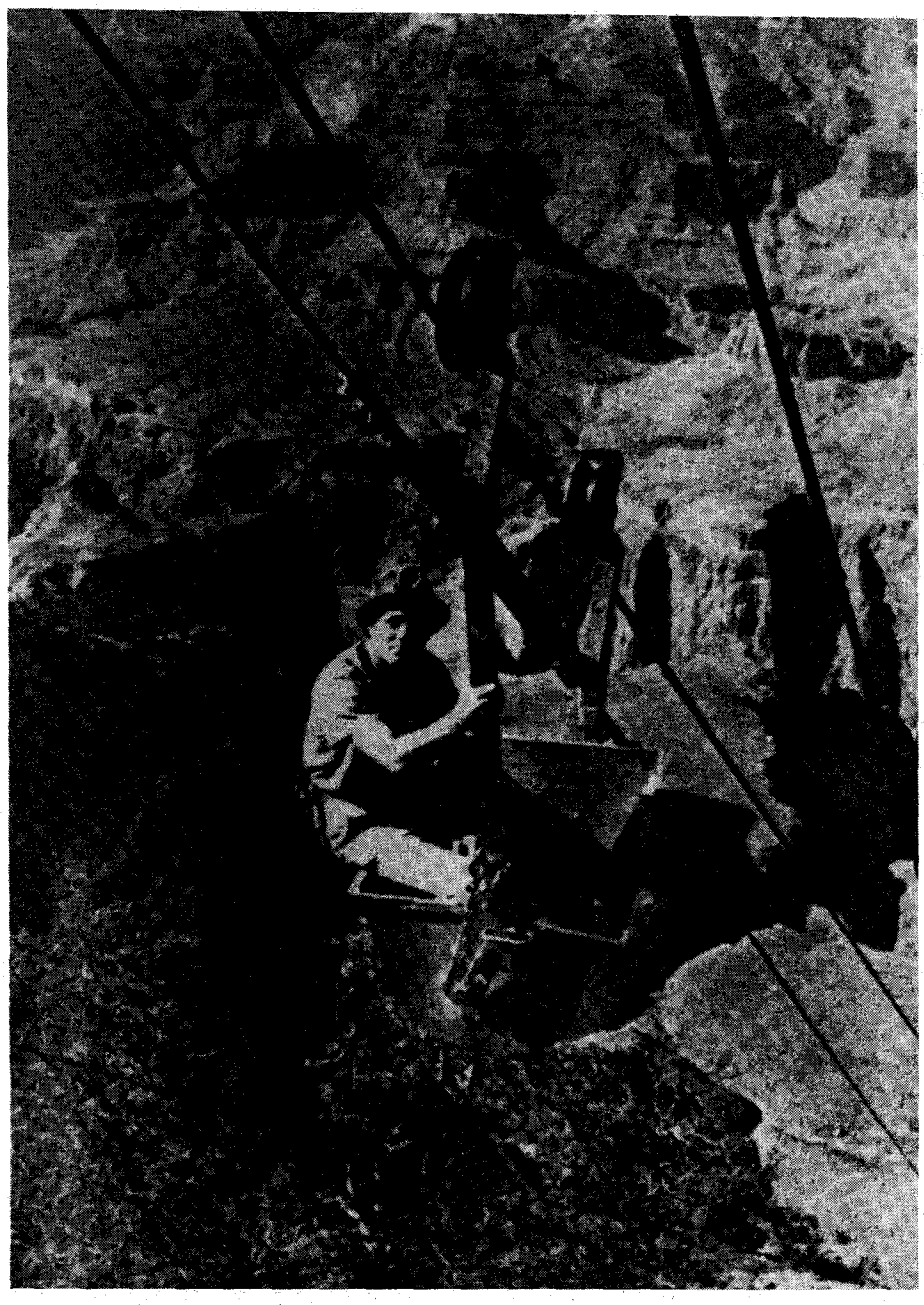

he was a nuisance," Tom Hogan commented. "I remember once when he was having trouble with sulphur fumes in the mine and was afraid of fire. He told me he could get even with the forest folks real quick by torching the place. There'd be so much sulphur engulfing the Village that they wouldn't be able to use the place for a year."

Like all other copper mines in the Grand Canyon, Hogan's Orphan was a fizzle and his mining activity was "inactive" most of the time.

"Once, Dad managed to get a lot of ore on top of the rim. He packed it off to the railroad," Tom recalled. "The stuff was shipped to El Paso. They got a little copper, silver, and gold traces out of it, but it was so costly to ship that freight gobbled up all the profits. After that, he never really went into mining on a large scale."

During those early years, Hogan had a succession of partners including Sam Finley, who later operated a successful hardware store in Phoenix; Charles Babbitt, a member of a pioneer Flagstaff family; and a man named Mills from Ajo, Arizona who purchased Charlie's interest.

In the meantime, Dan Hogan prospered as a contractor. He built such early Flagstaff landmarks as Ashurst Auditorium and Burg Hall at the Normal School which is now Northern Arizona University. The old Coconino County Courthouse, a bank in Kingman, and an Indian training school at Luepe, Arizona are also marks of his handwork.

Over the years he kept trying to find a use for his Orphan surface acres. In 1935 Grand Canyon Airlines entered the picture, operating from an airport fourteen miles north of Grand Canyon Village. The owners were Irving Kravits, and C. E. Ruckstill who had amassed a fortune through his invention of a no-gear shift axle for automobiles.

Ruckstill arranged for a lease-pur-

Louie built a trail down Hermit Creek to the river. It was used by Fred Harvey for his camping excursions."

The Hogans also recalled that their father, along with Henry Ward and Charley Carrothers, built a trail from Horse Thief Tank to Hermit Basin in 1896. Once their father ran across an old counterfeiter's camp in the Basin.

HOGAN's troubles with the government began after the Grand Canyon wilderness area was designated a National Park in 1919. When President Woodrow Wilson signed that bill, Hogan's Orphan was immediately surrounded by 1,052 square miles of reserved land. The surface rights to the claim became valuable, especially to those four acres lying atop the South Rim plateau.

Hogan owned 20.64 acres. The U. S. Government had 671,000. In an effort to rid the park of all private land holdings, the Forest Service attempted to buy the property several times. Uncle Sam wanted 671,020.64 acres in public title.

"They hassled him quite a bit, saying

Above, the Golden Crown Mining Company invested heavily in Hogan's mine. The firm built an aerial tramway in the late 1950s to transport men, equipment, and ore from the mine to the top of the rim. It was a spectacular four-minute ride in an ore bucket. Below, Dan Hogan at his Grand Canyon Trading Post which he built in the 1930s.

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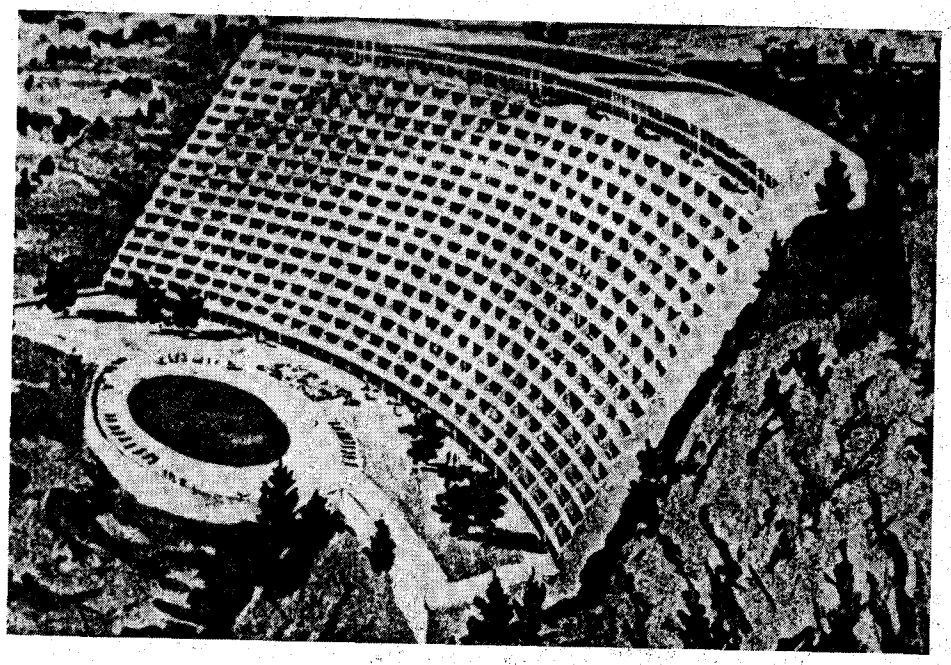

chase deal for the plateau part of the Orphan's acres, but the building program never blossomed because water is almost nonexistent on the South Rim. There are no lakes or streams, and deep drillings have come up dry.

Some springs were available, but these belonged to the Forest Service and the Fred Harvey hotel chain. Only since the mid-1960s have facilities become available to bring water up to the rim.

The next year Hogan built a tourist lodge which he christened "Grand Canyon Trading Post." Later, it became in succession: Kachina Lodge, Roger's Place (when it was owned by Will Rogers, Jr.), and finally the Grand Canyon Inn.

Hogan's complex included 20 cabins and the trading post structure.

"His work was amazing," Ernest Hogan stated. "He made a cistern that held 10,000 gallons of water. He gouged it out with drill and hammer so he wouldn't have to dynamite. He was afraid that might cave in the mine below."

The place was leased to Jim Turpin who operated a bar and curio shop. In the 1940s the Forest Service criticized the place as being an eyesore.

"Turpin's business did well until World War II began," Ernest said. "Then you couldn't get gas, and travel was curtailed. The place sort of died on the vine."

HOGAN racked his brain to find other uses for the property. He couldn't even give it away.

"Dad once offered the site to the Mormon Church, even though he wasn't a Mormon," Tom Hogan recalled. "He thought a tabernacle would look right impressive there on the rim. But the Mormon leaders couldn't see their way clear to building such a structure there, and the idea evaporated."

Finally, in 1947, Mrs. Madeleine Jacobs of Prescott, thinking a nice lodge atop the rim would be lucrative now that Americans were traveling again, acquired the 20.64-acre claim for $50,000. Dan Hogan, then eighty-one years old, was out of the mining business—just about when it was ready to take off.

While Mrs. Jacobs was engaged in a running battle with the Forest Service over her proposed hotel, an innocuous bag of rocks changed the destiny of Hogan's Orphan.

Late in 1947 Mrs. Jacobs and her son Tom were in Flagstaff. Car trouble led them to a garage and, while the mechanic worked, Tom spotted a bag of rocks. Upon examining the contents, he remarked that they looked exactly like the mineral at the Grand Canyon.

The garage owner said the rocks came from Dan Hogan's old claim—the Orphan Lode. When the Jacobs proved they were the new owners of the property, the mechanic allowed them to take the samples in for assay. Sure enough, Mrs. Jacobs' newly acquired site contained the finest uranium ore in the area. The U. S. Geological Survey verified this assay report three years later.

One of Arizona's best mining geologists, Arthur Still of Prescott, approached Mrs. Jacobs in 1953 with the idea of selling or leasing the Orphan mineral rights to the Golden Crown Mining Company of New York. And Mrs. Jacobs, realizing that exploration and development of the claim was too rich for her pocketbook, seriously considered the offer.

The ensuing negotiations led to the

(Continued on page 40)

Above, late in 1961 a spectacular issue made Hogan's Orphan a celebrated case in the halls of Congress. This is an architect's sketch of Western Equities' proposed resort hotel stair-stepping down the canyon wall. At left, Dan Hogan puffs his pipe and pushes some Flagstaff snow in the early 1950s. Below, Dan Hogan (with pipe) is flanked by his sons Ernest (left) and Thomas. Grandson, Daniel A. Hogan at extreme right. Photo was taken at the Grand Canyon Trading Post in 1942.

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OUTLAW MONEY

By R. WINSTON HARRIS
Illustrations Courtesy Author

THE OLD WEST is rich in its legends about outlaws, fast guns, and robberies of all sorts. A part of that history concerns the activities of the "Wild Bunch," led by Butch Cassidy. Kid Curry, Bill Carver, Matt Warner and Ben Kilpatrick were among the gang's more notable members.

Cassidy began robbing banks around 1889, making his way through more than ten Western states in pursuit of easy money. At one point, his gang grew to more than forty members—every one of them looking for any kind of cash they could get they hands on. Like National Bank Notes!

National Bank Notes were the most widely circulating form of money throughout the West in the late 19th century. They were huge bills, appropriately dubbed "horseblankets" in recognition of their large size. These notes were drawn on chartered national banks and were most often hand-signed to give them a measure of acceptability. Generally the president and chief cashier of the issuing bank signed them—literally creating money desperately needed for the building of the West. Local people, recognizing the names of the signing parties, accepted the National Bank notes equally alongside gold or silver coin.

Cassidy's Wild Bunch built its reputation primarily by robbing banks in innovative ways, often depending on their numbers for added security. However, the age of invention began to take a steady toll on outlaws toward the end of the 19th century. Specifically, the wide use of the telephone sped communications and thinned the ranks of bank robbers. Butch Cassidy decided in 1900 to redirect his skills toward the robbing of railroads. It was this decision which ultimately led to our famous desperado's link with numismatic history.

ON July 3, 1901 at 2:20 p.m., Cassidy and the Sundance Kid joined forces to hold up a Great Northern Express train near Butte, Montana. The robbery took place away from town and the local sheriff. During the robbery three train passengers were wounded, none seriously.

The bold outlaws quickly rode off with some $83,000 in stolen money, of which approximately $40,000 was in Montana National Bank Notes, drawn on the National Bank of Montana and the American National Bank, both located in Helena. A posse was formed immediately and a $5,000 reward posted. However, the slippery bandits escaped into the badlands.

Once Butch and Sundance were free,

"I'm just joshin' ya!" Ever wonder how that expression got started?

they looked over their loot, and at first were quite disappointed. It happened that much of it was in the form of worthless currency in uncut sheets and unsigned by any local bank authorities. This proved to be only a small obstacle to our famous desperadoes. They probably sat by their fire that first night and hand cut the sheets. Then they began to sign the notes into numismatic history.

Butch signed as "Thomas B. Hill," President, with Sundance signing as "John R. Smith," Cashier. Fortunately these signatures qualify the notes as "forgeries" rather than "counterfeits," which makes them perfectly legal to own and safe from federal laws of confiscation. I believe many of these notes are still out West—probably passed down from father to son.

One can own other mischievous money and be completely unaware of its criminal history. That's possible because the object of all "Racketeer Money" is to appear to be something it is not. The validity of this wise expression is attested to by the following events which happened in the United States in 1883.

In that year, the United States saw fit to introduce a new five-cent nickel piece. Its designer, Charles E. Barber, chose the now familiar "Liberty Head" design for the obverse (front) of the coin. On the reverse, Barber created a design which was destined to change the lives of saloon keepers across the country—and many others, also, as things turned out.

For some reason Mr. Barber placed a large Roman Numeral "V" on the reverse side of the coin, but omitted the words "cents" to identify the coin's denomination. Perhaps the reason was simply that Chuck Barber, an honest man, had no idea of what men with lesser scruples could do with his new nickel.

The coin was placed in circulation early in the year, and within a matter of days those of shady character saw an opportunity for quick profit. Among them was Joshua Tatum from the eastern United States. Josh began buying up the new nickels and gold-plating them. Then he traveled from town to town, frequenting local saloons and smoke shops.

When a bartender served him his preference, Josh would hand the bartender one of his gold-plated nickels. The bartender, thinking the coin to be a new five-dollar gold piece, would give Josh change for $5.00! Then, off Josh went to the next saloon or smoke shop, etc. Other men pulled the same shenanigans, particularly in the West where news of the gold-plated fakes was slow to travel, but Joshua Tatum was easily the king of coin flim-flam.

After numerous complaints, Tatum was finally arrested and brought to trial. Some say he was acquitted because he was a deaf mute and nobody could prove that he claimed the nickels were $5.00 gold pieces. The actual ruling of the court that acquitted him stated, "It was not illegal to accept $4.95 in change as a GIFT and the clerks had defrauded themselves." Perhaps this ruling proves better than any other that justice is truly blind.

Soon thereafter, the government had Charles Barber add the word "cents" to the new nickel, and the problem was solved.

Well, most of you have undoubtedly heard the expression, "I'm just joshin' ya!" For whatever it's worth, Josh Tatum goes down in history as being the reason for that expression! (I'm not joshin 'ya . . . all that glitters is not gold!)

My interest in "Outlaw and Racketeer" monies is genuine. Any information you have concerning them would be most appreciated. Contact me for a REWARD! Your questions concerning coins or currency will be answered free of charge if you send a large stamped envelope to me in care of Western Publications.

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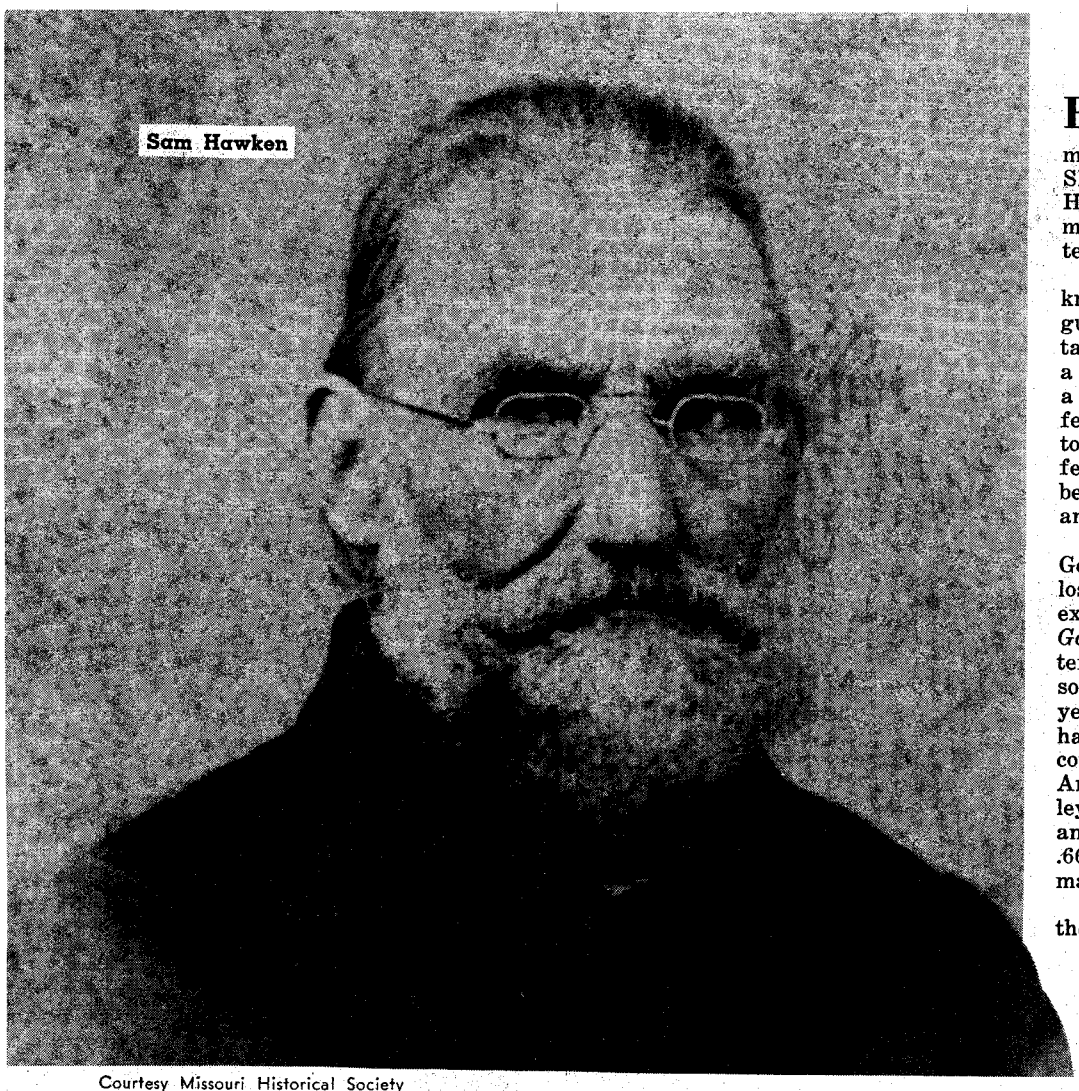


Courtesy Missouri Historical Society

FROM 1820 to 1860 the Hawken was considered the finest Western rifle made. Before the Colts, Remingtons, Sharps and Winchesters won the West, Hawken guns were creating legends that made their name synonymous with the term "mountain rifle."

Early mountain men traveling into unknown country had to be forever on guard, with rifle ready. Their gear contained little more than good beaver traps, a skinning knife that held an edge, and a rifle that shot hard and true. The preferred rifle was a Hawken. It was his tool for work, his recreation, and his defense. There are many tales of Hawkens being the telling difference between life and death.

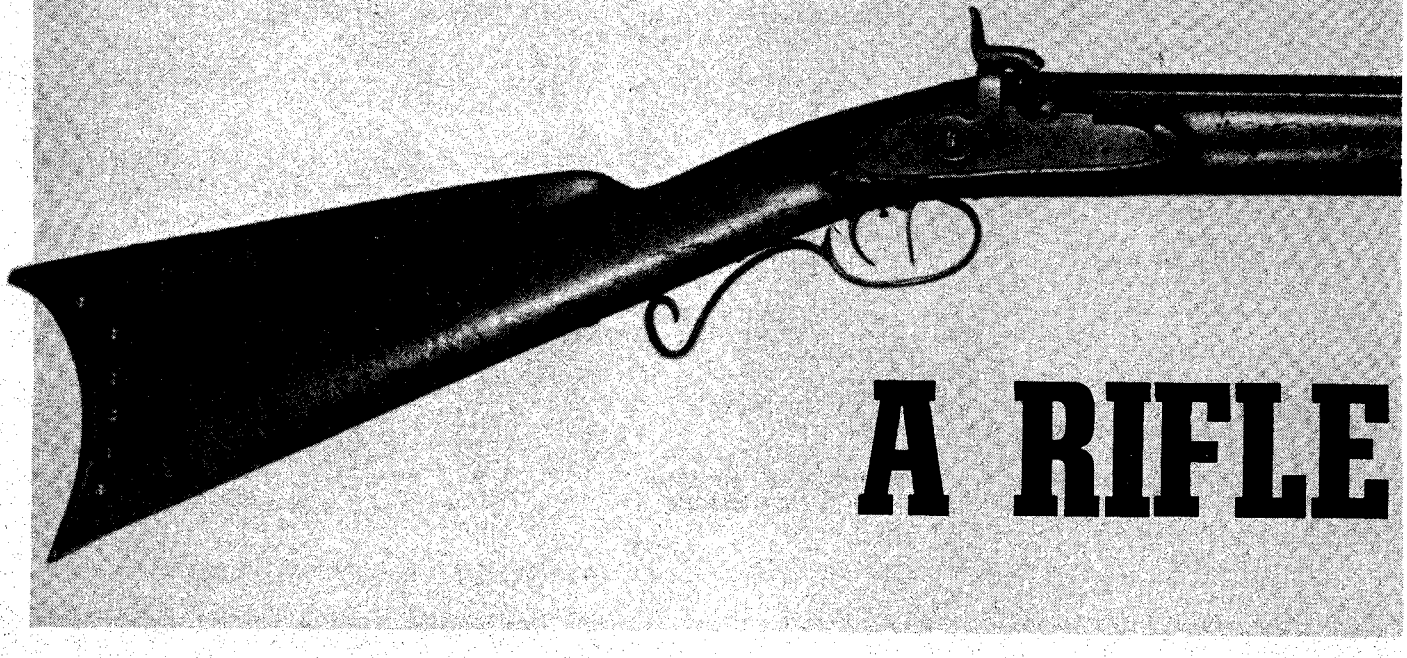
No one valued the Hawken higher than General William Ashley. To recoup his lost fortune Ashley (trader, politician, explorer) placed this ad in the *Missouri Gazette* on March 20, 1822: "To the enterprising: Ascend the Missouri to its source . . . be employed there for three years trapping beaver . . . wages, one-half your fur take." General Ashley's company is credited with establishing American trappers in the Rockies. Ashley furnished his men with lead, powder and Hawken rifles. His own piece was .66 or .68 caliber, the largest Hawken made.

To get supplies to his men and to get the beaver pelts out, General Ashley de-

By KIT COLLINGS
Photos Courtesy Author

Only a few thousand Hawken rifles were made. They saw the very roughest of service. None of the flintlocks and few of the percussion models have survived. This .58 Hawken is part of the arms collection of the Museum of the Fur Trade in Chadron, Nebraska.

The Hawken was built for mean circumstances . . .



A RIFLE

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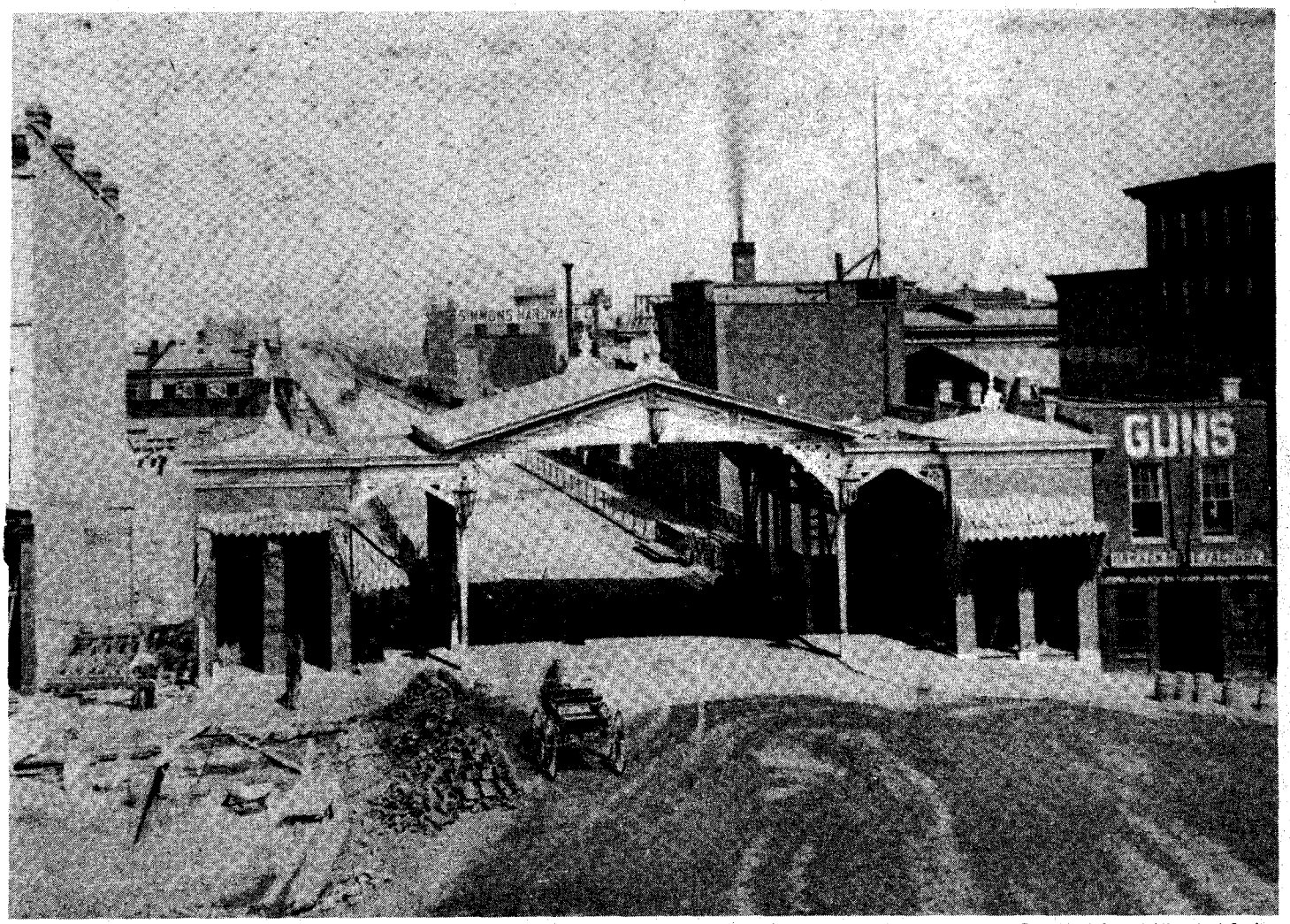
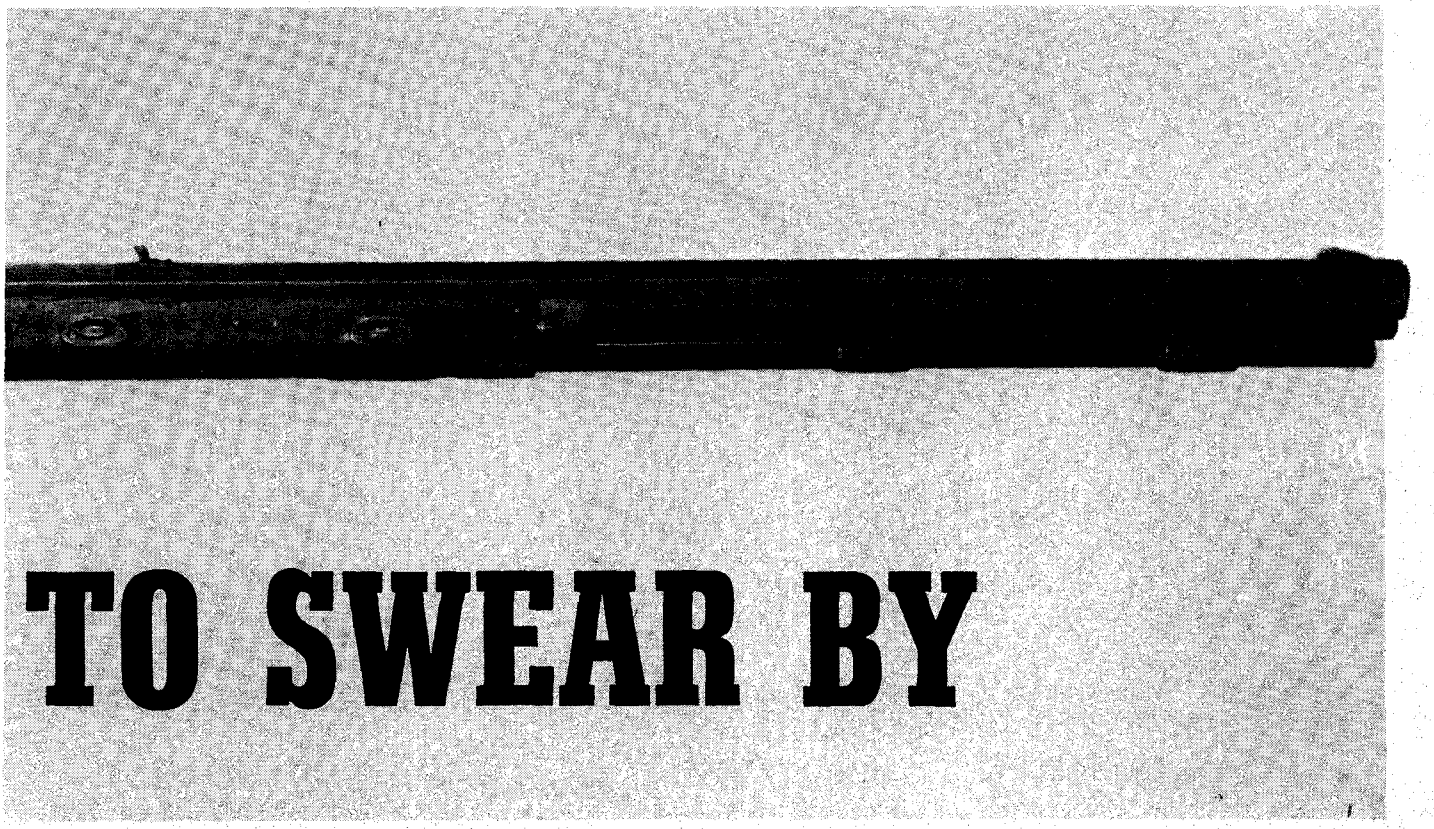


Above, the Hawken Rifle Factory on Ferry Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

Courtesy Missouri Historical Society

Courtesy Museum of the Fur Trade, Chadron, Nebraska



TO SWEAR BY

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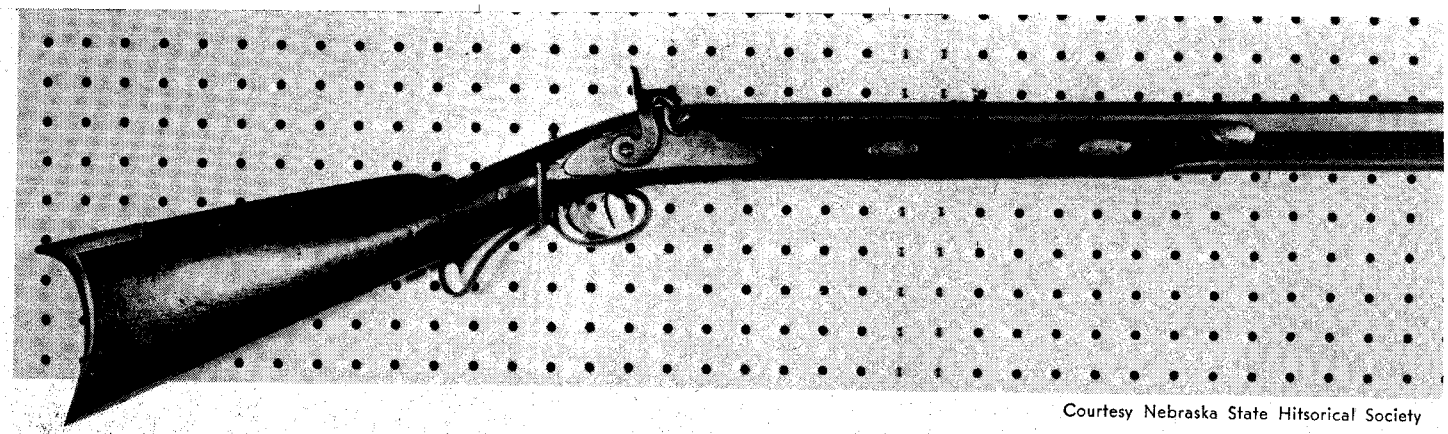
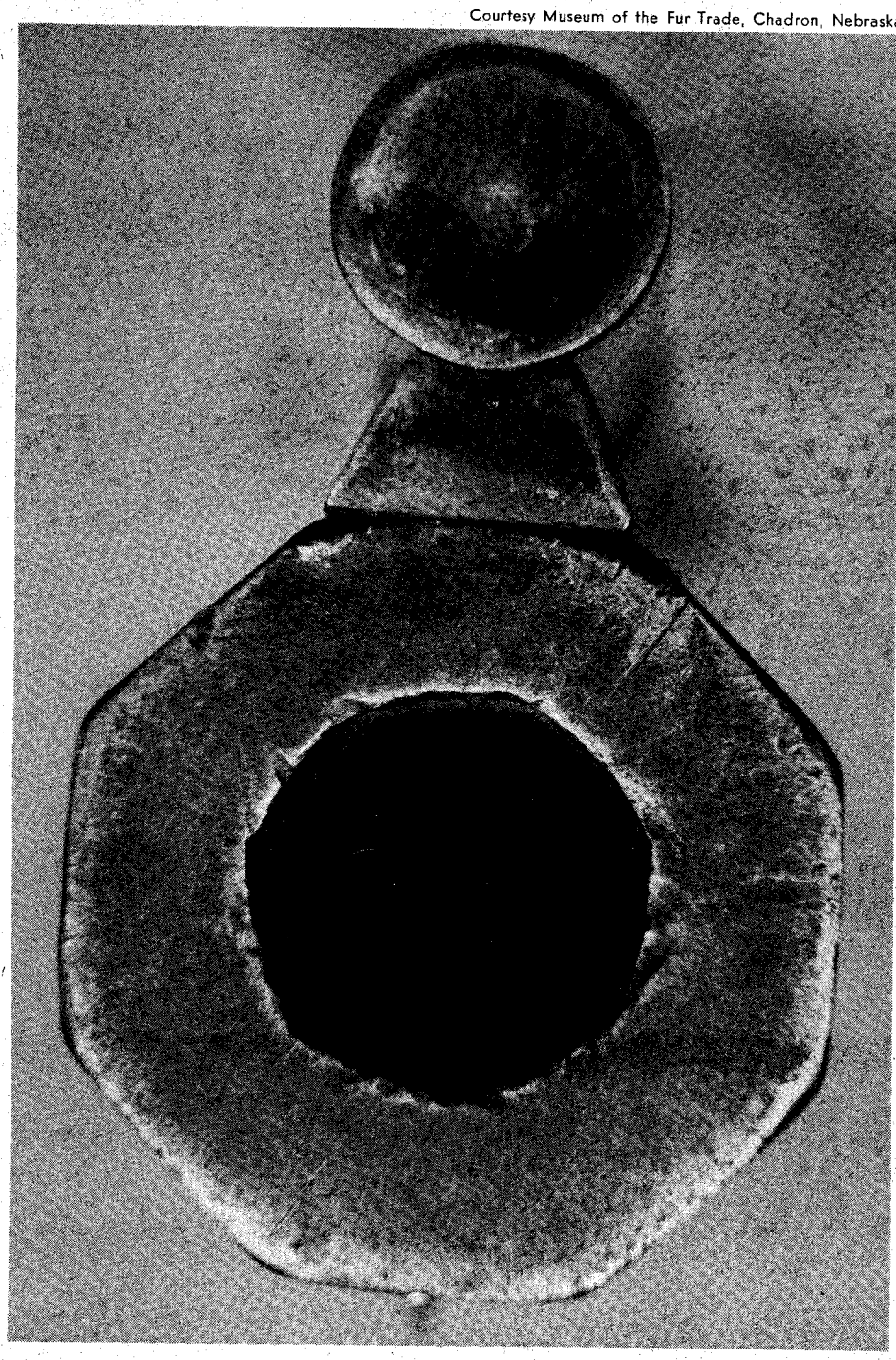


Courtesy Nebraska State Hitsorical Society

Above, one of the best displays of Hawken rifles is at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. Mariano Modena's Hawken is shown by the Colorado Historical Society, while Jim Bridger's is at the Montana Historical Society. The rifle shown here is part of the exhibit at the Nebraska State Historical Society. Below, looking down the barrel of a .53 caliber Hawken. The most important feature of a Hawken was the heavy, soft iron barrel, with its rifling grooves cut in a slow twist. The combination of slow twist and soft iron barrel allowed a variety of loads to be shot accurately. English rifles of the same period shot erratically if not loaded exactly right.

Courtesy Museum of the Fur Trade, Chadron, Nebraska



vised the Rendezvous. Starting in 1825—each June or July at a predesignated spot in the mountains—trappers, friendly Indians, and traders met not only to sell their pelts and buy powder and lead, but also to gamble at Old Sledge or Hand, to race horses, to find Indian wives, and to compare their shooting prowess. Hawkens legends originated at the Rendezvous. Ashley loved to tell of the time he shot a buffalo at 300 yards with his Hawken.

IN his book *My Sixty Years on the Plains* Bill Hamilton writes of a Rendezvous at Ft. Bridger. Rifle matches were $5 a shot and all ranges 20 to 300 yards. But the Hawken range was 350 yards. Men loaded and fired their Hawkens as fast as five times a minute. Some of the shooting contests were called shoot the cross, drive the tack, snuff the candle, or shoot the tincup. In the tincup contest two men took turns shooting a cup of whiskey from each other's head at twenty yards. Some of the legendary mountain men who attended the Rendezvous with their Hawkens included Joe Meek, Bill Williams, Liver-eating Johnson, Jim Bridger, and Mariano Modena.

Modena would take no partner in his trapping. No partner other than his famous Hawken. His .58 caliber was the most ornate Hawken known to have been made. When Modena was close to death in 1878, he gave a close friend his "Old Lady Hawken" with the admonition to "keep her clean." This rifle is still in fine condition and displayed at the Colorado Heritage Center.

Jim Bridger was the youngest member to join Ashley's company. Bridger used his Hawken until 1866 when the Crow Indian interpreter, Pierre Chien, persuaded Bridger to sell it to him for $65.

When the trapping season was especially good, or when the Hawken gave outstanding service, mountain men would present the gunmaker with pelts or hides. Jacob Hawken had opened his St. Louis shop in 1815. His brother Samuel joined him in 1822 and continued after Jacob died in 1849 of cholera.

The Hawkens were not only fine gun-

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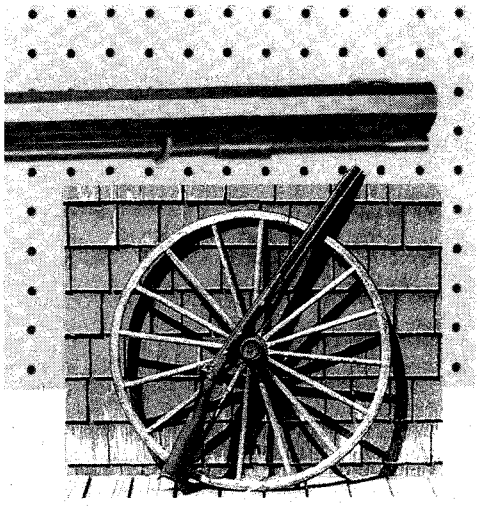


The rifle shown above from the collection of the Stagecoach Museum in Shakopee, Minnesota.

smiths but also good mechanics who adapted their pieces to Western needs. At first Hawken rifles were little more than altered Kentucky flintlocks. But with the longer distances traveled in the Rockies, horses became a necessity. And so, for easier handling on horseback, the piece became more compact. Most Hawkens were half-stocked in maple. The heavy short stock made the gun lighter and the stock less likely to break.

The caliber increased to stop the bigger Western animals (buffalo, mule deer, grizzly) at greater distances. Good performance at 150-200 yards and beyond became a necessity. A soft iron barrel was strengthened, shortened and rifled with a slow twist. This unique rifling can rarely be duplicated even today. The heavy rifled barrel allowed both light and heavy loads to be shot accurately, with a minimum of recoil. During a battle or at a buffalo stand, accurate measurement was impossible, so the Hawken's dependability with various loads became legendary.

Some feel that the mountain men preferred flintlock Hawkens since they could be field repaired. (There was no way to fire a percussion rifle if the caps were lost or ruined by moisture.) However, no flintlock Hawkens are known to have survived.

The Hawkens eliminated any ornamentation that might reflect the sun to catch the eye of the target or to spoil the aim. Yet with all these changes the Hawken rifle maintained perfect balance.

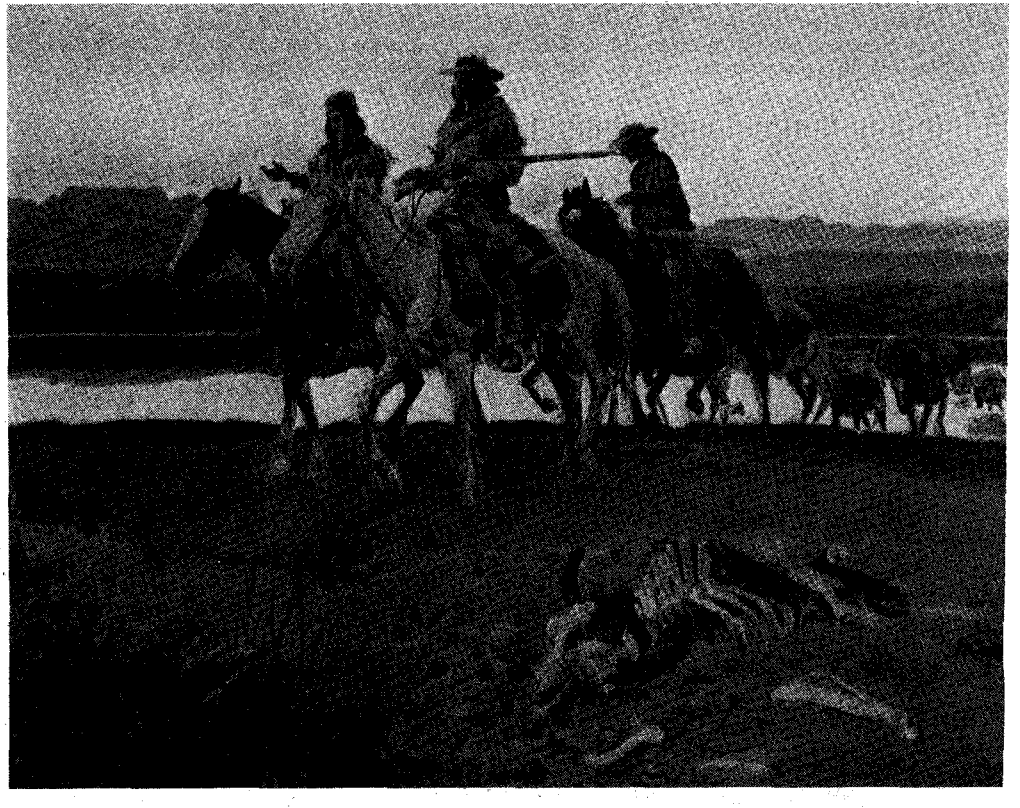
MOUNTAIN MEN who survived, good men or bad, did so because of their ability to adapt to the country. Those who survived became mentors for the emigrants or other Western travelers. They taught about their treasured rifle and how to exist for extended periods of time with only it and a minimum of equipment.

Randolph Marcy wrote a trail guide for emigrants. His *Prairie Traveler*, published in 1858, advised, "A large majority of men prefer the breech-loading arm, but there are those who still adhere tenaciously to the old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle . . . hunters and mountaineers can not be persuaded to use any

Courtesy Stagecoach Museum, Shakopee, Minnesota

Above, the famous "S. Hawken" stamp on the barrel of a Hawken rifle. Below, "Carson's Men" by Charles M. Russell. Carson's rifle is now in the possession of the Montezuma Lodge of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Courtesy C. M. Russell Museum, Great Falls, Montana



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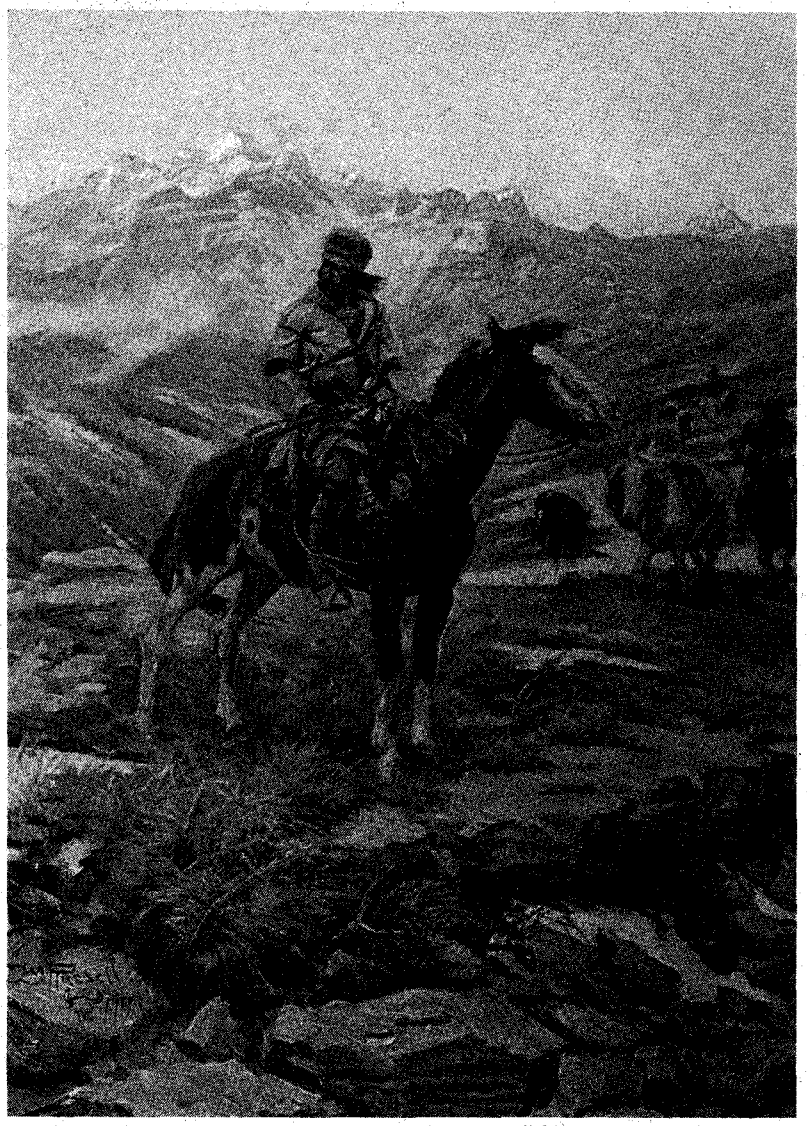


Courtesy C. M. Russell Museum, Great Falls, Montana

Above, "Free Trapper" by Charles M. Russell depicts the kind of men who preferred the Hawken above all other rifles. Below, a .30 caliber Hawken cost Johnson fifty dollars, double the price of most rifles, but worth it to men who wanted the very best.

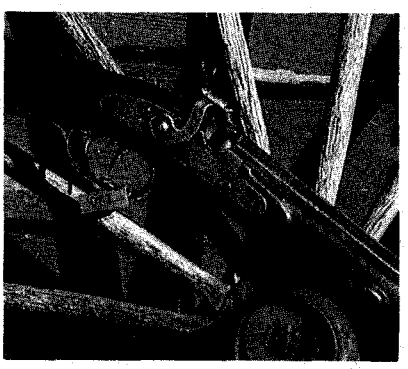
Courtesy Wyoming Historical Society

SPECIFICATIONS OF JIM BRIDGER'S HAWKEN:

Barrel: .54 caliber x 1⅛ inches x 33⅛ inches seven-groove rifling
Stock: Plain, straight grain maple
Breech: Late slant hook
Furniture: All iron
Ramrod: Hickory
Sights: Semi-buckhorn rear—silver blade front
Weight: Approximately 11¼ pounds
Length of pull: Approx. 13½ inches
Overall length: 50 inches
Stamping: (S. Hawken St. Louis) on top barrel flat

TYPICAL CHANGES AND FEATURES OF A HAWKEN RIFLE

1. No ornamentation (might reflect the sun or catch the eye of the enemy or animal, or spoil the aim)
2. Caliber increased (.50 or larger for longer distances and bigger Western game)
3. Shortened barrel (aproximately 2"—easier to handle on horseback)
4. Soft iron octogonal barrel (minimized recoil and bursting)
5. Two shims (to hold the barrel firm)
6. Slower twist to rifling (this allowed both heavy and light charges to be shot without stripping the barrel)
7. Double set triggers (for precision shooting)
8. Wide flat butt with iron plate
9. Half stocked (to reduce weight)
10. No patch box (patches not used in emergency situations or on horseback)
11. Hard maple stock (resists shock and effects of moisture)



Courtesy Stagecoach Museum, Shakopee, Minnesota

Above, the hand-fitted locks and triggers of a Hawken piece were of the highest quality.

other than the Hawkins rifle." (Hawkens was commonly misspelled Hawkins.)

The Hawken legend continued as emigrants such as Douglas Brewerton, who crossed overland in 1848, cautioned the novice, "The hunter must take advantage of every favorable peculiarity on the ground as he crawls cautiously upon his prey, for should the buffalo wind him, even though he may have been as yet unseen, the alarmed animal will carry his hump steaks far beyond the reach of even a Jake Hawkins rifle in double quick time."

And so, the Hawken factory repaired and souped-up old rifles brought in by emigrants, trappers and gold seekers, who were too much in a hurry to wait for a complete gun. The barrels would re-receive the famous Hawkens' rifling and the gun would be thoroughly refurbished and shortened.

Hawken guns saw the very roughest of service. Most Hawkens wore out, were traded to the Indians, or went into the scrap heap. Or when the breech-loading rifle forced them into disuse, Hawken barrels were fashioned into needed crowbars. Very few originals have survived. The Hawken rifles that opened the trapper's trails and then kept those trails in business are now only remembered with the smell of black smoke when modern muzzle-loaders shoot their Hawken reproductions and rekindle the rendezvous fire.

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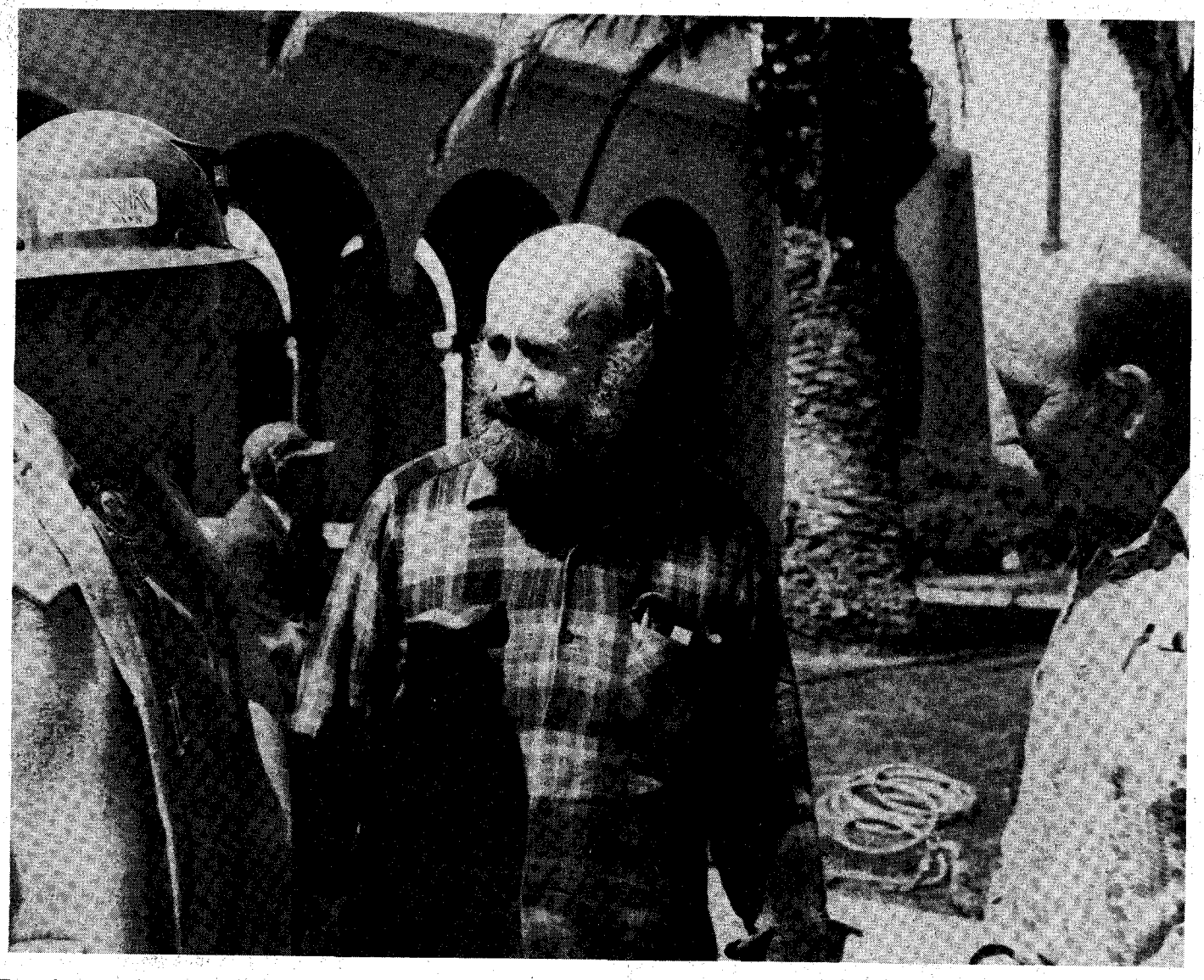

From left: Verne "Red" McCutchan, Prospector John, and Irwin Wolfe. Photo was taken in early 1975 at the Copper Days celebration in Tucson. It was at this time that McCutchan and Wolfe first disclosed their discovery of, and subsequent loss of, a nail-keg full of gold and mercury amalgam at the Big Hooraw Mine.

LOST NAIL-KEG OF GOLD

By WAYNE WINTERS

Photo Courtesy Author

The trick is not to find a treasure but to keep it. And the gremlins work overtime to see that doesn't happen!

THIS IS an "authentic" tale of a lost treasure. What is more, it is not built around something that supposedly took place a century of two ago. Indeed, it is recent enough that there is a real good chance that it can be recovered today, for the trove was discovered, then lost again, just twenty-five years ago. To the best of the knowledge of the two men involved, the treasure remains where they cached it back in 1952.

It was by pure chance that I learned of the treasure trove. Just three years ago four of us, Prospector John of Skagway, Alaska; Verne "Red" McCutchan, Arizona State Mine Inspector; Irwin Wolfe, who was ramrodding the Glove Mine east of Amado in the Santa Rita Mountains, and I were sitting around the site of the mining-skill contests at the Tucson Copper Days celebration, waiting for the start of the jack-leg drilling competition. Red and Irwin were officiating at the contests; John, with his full black beard, bald head and a nationwide reputation as a champion gold panner, was lending "atmosphere" to the affair, while I was on hand to shoot some pictures.

Time dragged as things were being lined up and my three companions started chinning about Alaska and its lure to miners. McCutchan and Wolfe discovered that they knew mining districts in which John had worked, so the yarn-spinning began.

Let it be stated here and now that these men had lived full and adventurous lives. The tales they tell need no embellishment to be interesting and exciting. What is more, they are truthful. Had I not been well aware of the latter I'd soon have come to think that I was sitting in on a session of the "Ananias Club," for each yarn seemed to exceed the one that preceded it.

Eventually the talk turned to the adventures Red and Irwin experienced on

(Continued on page 57)

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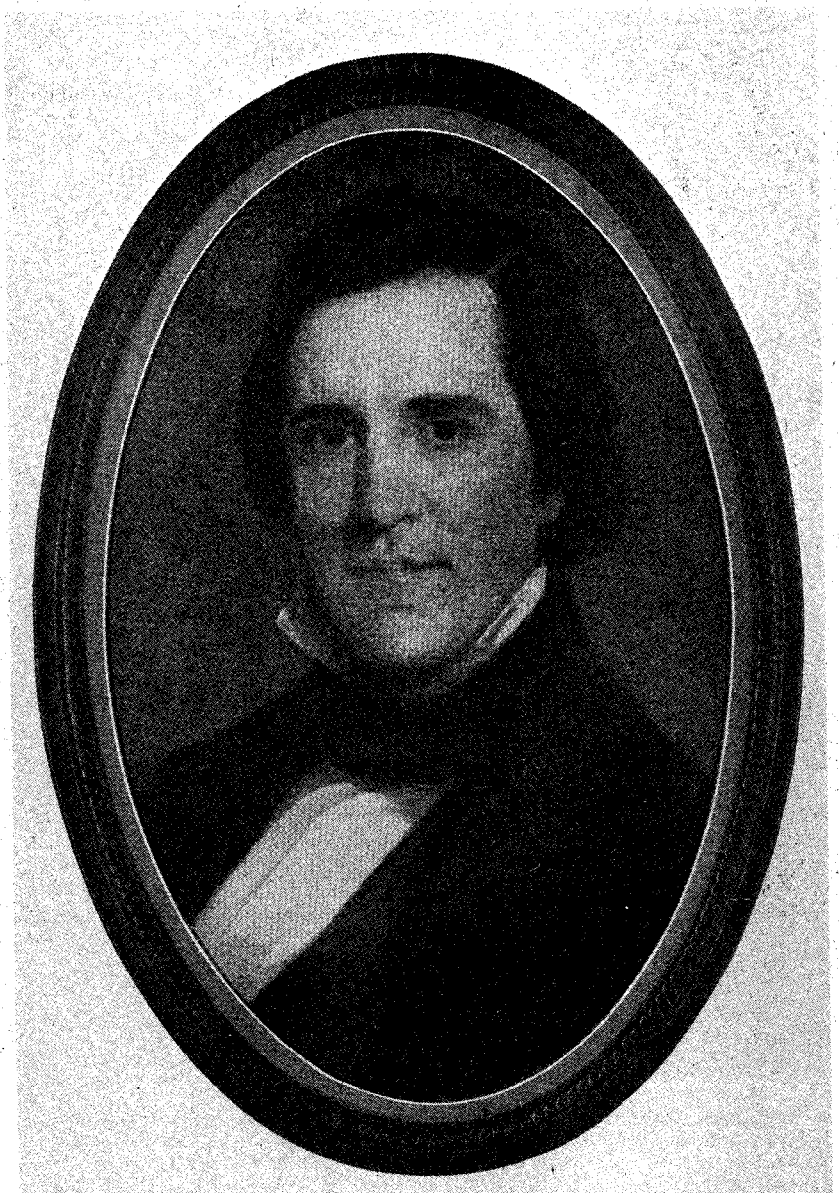

COL. JOHN MILTON SWISHER
Author of the Memoirs, from Portrait owned by his granddaughter Mrs. Dan Sullivan, Galveston.

JOHN SWISHER, BOY SOLDIER

By COLONEL JOHN M. SWISHER

submitted by
J. M. SWISHER

It didn't take long to learn how to fight at the side of old Sam Houston . . .

Introduction

[An Excerpt]

THESE MEMOIRS were written by my uncle, John Milton Swisher, who planned to write of other early Texans, but never completed the task. At his death he left them to his daughter, Mrs. Mary Swisher Saylor, who gave me permission to have them typed. The typing was done by Helena Yturri Marx in 1912.

The original manuscript was written in an old "ferry book." The ferry at the foot of Congress Avenue, Austin, was owned by my grandmother, the author's mother, Mrs. James G. Swisher. As this was the only ferry on the San Antonio road, it was an important link between Austin and San Antonio.

My grandfather built his home on the high region across the river from Austin in the early '40s. After his death in 1862, my grandmother lived there alone except occasionally for some of the grandchildren. When my mother died in 1864, the three of us children were sent to her, and soon afterwards two more motherless grandchildren were added to our number. We were a carefree lot, and all of us have remembered that time as the happiest of our lives. I remember only one rule of our household, and that was that we could not go swimming until four o'clock. Not all of us could tell the time, so Grandmother made for us a chalk-mark on the gallery and when the sun touched the spot we were off for the creek!

My grandmother was absolutely fearless; not a door on the place had a key and the front door of the wide hall was never closed except when a norther was blowing. She owned the ferry at the foot of Congress Avenue and gave the right of way through her farm to make a straight road to San Antonio. There was a great deal of travel on the San Antonio road, and the ferry made quite a lot of money. I remember the coins in shot-sacks were brought out to her every night and poured into a tin box, which she pushed under her bed, and there it stayed without any further thought from her. But that was before the railroad reached Austin to bring in bad characters.

One family of her former slaves lived with her until her death in 1875. The man of this family, a tall, very black fellow called Uncle George, attended to the farm, and all during the Civil War he drove ox-wagons to Mexico with her cotton, where he sold it and brought the money back to her—never giving a thought to the fact that when he was in Mexico he was free.

Captain James G. Swisher, my grandfather, was one of the framers and signers of the Declaration of the Independence of Texas, and Swisher county was named for him. Captain Swisher brought the largest company of volunteers to fight with Milam in the capture of San Antonio in 1835 and was one of three to receive the surrender of General Cos at that time. He had been with Jackson's army in the battle of New Orleans and also in his Indian wars, before coming

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to Texas. He and Milam had been together in those campaigns.

His version of the death of Ben Milam in the siege of San Antonio was that Milam was peeping over a wall to see what the Mexicans were doing, when a bullet struck him in the forehead, killing him instantly. Captain Swisher was standing near and with others jumped to catch him as he fell. They buried Milam secretly to keep the Mexicans from knowing of his death. When Milam's body was disinterred to be placed in a permanent resting place, Captain Swisher was sent for to help identify the secret spot.

My uncle, the author of these memoirs, John M. Swisher, joined Houston's army and fought in the battle of San Jacinto and was afterwards assistant secretary of the Republic of Texas and was Texas' first auditor. He died in 1891.

—Annie Lane Blocker

Explanatory note: This excerpt from "The Swisher Memoirs" begins in late February, 1836 just after word had gone through the Texas countryside that the Alamo was under seige and needed every man it could get. Young John was about to get his first experience in the field.

A FEW DAYS BEFORE, I had joined a surveying company under Adolphus Hope for a two or three months' expedition on the upper Brazos river, and we were all ready and were intending to start the next day on the expedition; but in place of this we faced to the west and started for the Alamo on the first of March.

Our surveying party was composed of seven or eight men, all of whom volunteered. Others joined us and we left home with ten or twelve men. More joined us on the march, and before we reached Gonzales we organized a full company and selected W. W. Hill captain, H. H. Swisher and Adolphus Hope first and second lieutenants.

We arrived at Gonzales on the fifth of March and found about 200 volunteers from the Colorado and the more contiguous points already there. These troops had no commander, save their company officers, and each captain seemed to be acting on his own responsibility. General Edward Burleson, who had been lately in chief command of all troops at Bexar, was drilling in the ranks as a private soldier in Captain Billingsly's company of Bastrop volunteers. Our force was considered too small to justify a further advance in the direction of the Alamo; so we had nothing to do but remain in camp and await reenforcements, which were daily arriving in small squads.

On the tenth of March, to the great gratification of the troops, General Houston, with some of his staff, arrived. He immediately assumed the command, and went to work in earnest organizing his army. General Edward Burleson was elected colonel of the first regiment, Captain Sidney Sherman of the Kentucky volunteers, lieutenant colonel, and Alexander Somerville, major.

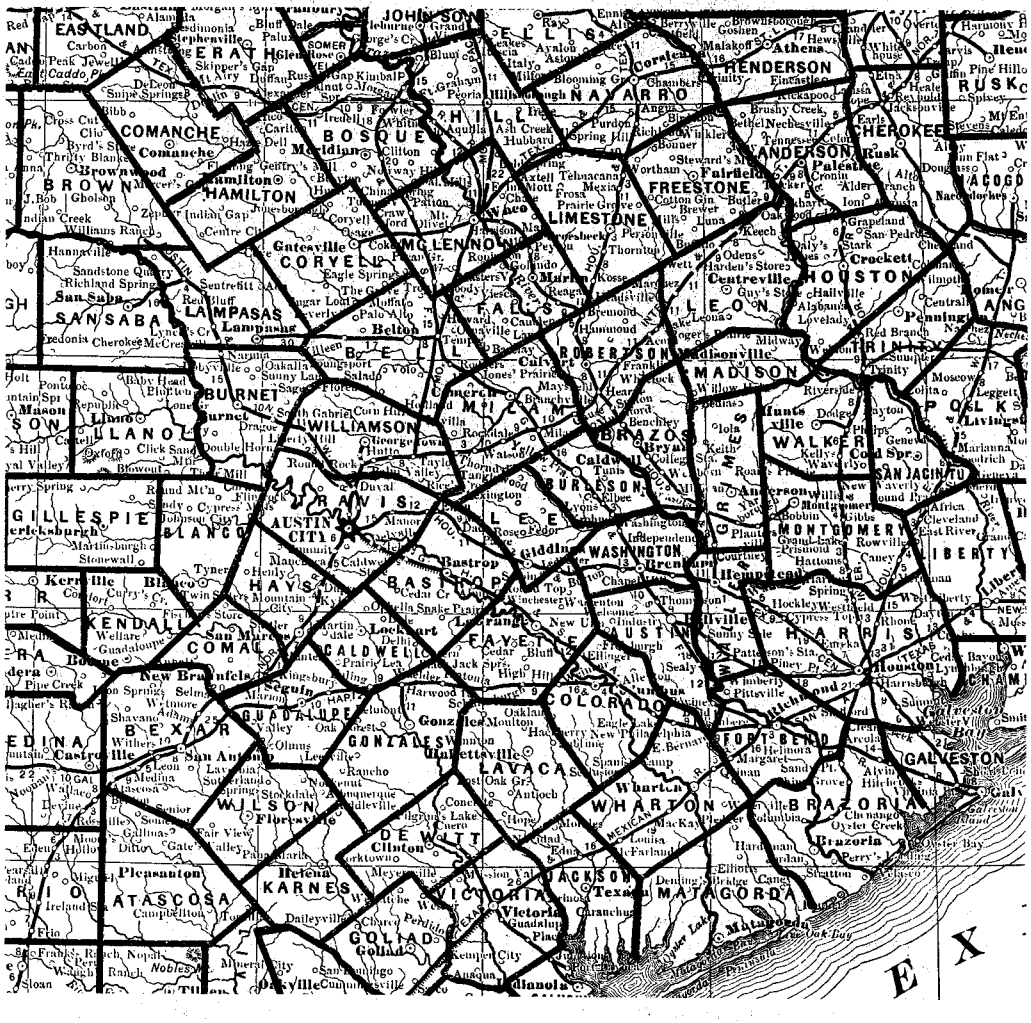
Shortly after the organization, news was received of the fall of the Alamo, and that every man had been slaughtered. Notwithstanding all in camp believed the report, it was not deemed conclusive, and scouts were sent in the direction of San Antonio to ascertain if possible the facts of the case. They returned about sundown bringing in Mrs. Dickinson, her child, Colonel Travis' negro servant, and another who had escaped the massacre and who confirmed the unwelcome news. Orders were immediately issued for a retreat.

While the news of the fall of the Alamo fell like a blow upon the hearts of all Texans, nowhere was it so severely felt as by the people of Gonzales. Only a few days previous thirty-two men, residents of that place, in fact the very flower of its male citizens, had gone to the relief of the beseiged fort at San Antonio, and by fighting their way through the ranks of the enemy had succeeded in gaining it a day or two before the fall, only to become victims to the enemy's sword on the succeeding day. There was not a soul left among the citizens of Gonzales who had not lost a father, husband, brother or son in that terrible massacre. I shall never forget the scene which followed the confirmation of the dreadful news. The mad agony of the widows and the shrieks of the childless and fatherless beggars all description, and though all the soldiers were making preparations for a hasty departure, one and all moved about with bated breath and almost noiseless steps. The terrible massacre had, for a time, struck terror in every heart.

At about 11 or 12 o'clock at night the army took up the line of march on the retreat to the Colorado. The families had left a few hours earlier—some of them had wagons, others carts, others had pack-horses, and others again went on foot. Couriers had been dispatched with the news of the fall of the Alamo in all directions to the settlements, and a general exodus therefrom at once commenced, none desiring to be left behind the retreating Texas army at the mercy of the advancing Mexican troops.

They gathered whatever they could carry, abandoning the remainder of their worldly possessions, and started on without an hour's delay. Many put their little all into their wagons and went on foot beside them. Delicate women marched thus until their shoes were worn out, then continued the journey with bare feet which were wounded at almost every step until they were sometimes covered with blood. Their clothes were few and, as they had no means of

Below, portion of Texas in the 1880s.



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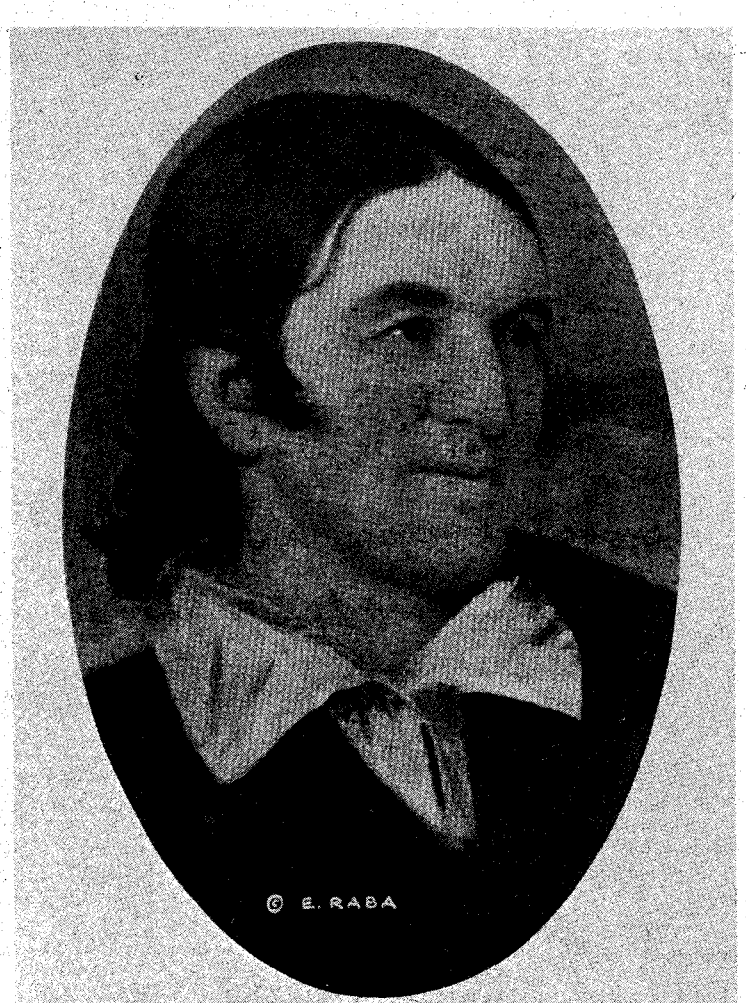

DAVID CROCKETT
From Portrait now in the Alamo, San Antonio. Painted from life by John C. Chapman in Washington, D. C., 1834.

shelter from the frequent storms, they often marched through long days in wet and mud-bedraggled apparel, finding even at night no relief from their sufferings, since the wet earth and the angry sky offered even less comfort in darkness than in daylight.

The next morning after our retreat from Gonzales, the army halted an hour or two at Peach Creek, ten miles east of that place, and cooked breakfast. Again taking up the line of march, we reached Daniel's on the Lavaca about sundown.

By this time I began to think soldiering was not the thing which I had supposed it to be. I could not perceive any of the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war—for all the night before the retreat, I had been on guard without sleep; the next night and all day I had marched on foot, carrying a heavy knapsack and rifle, and by the time we reached camp, I could scarcely drag one foot after the other. Forty-eight hours without sleep, and all the time on duty, was about as much as a sixteen-year-old boy could stand; and when I reached camp I did not even stop to cook my supper, but dropped down upon my blanket and fell into a sleep at once, which lasted until daylight, when I woke perfectly refreshed and ready for another day's march.

In the whole after-part of the campaign, I do not recollect having suffered anything like the overwhelming fatigue of that time. That was doubtless a severe campaign on the troops, as it was a very rainy season and the soldiers were without tents or camp equipage, and were generally on the march. Yet, upon the whole, I enjoyed it immensely.

The great ambition of my life was to be engaged in a battle. Consequently I volunteered in every call for troops, and during the ten days that the army lay encamped on the Colorado, there was scarcely a day that I was not in active service, anxiously expecting a battle or a skirmish. I trust it will not be considered detrimental to my valor to remark that after I experienced the pleasure of being in battle, the novelty to some extent wore off—and I was not near as eager to push myself forward on every dangerous exploit. I felt disposed to let danger come to me, rather than run into its jaws.

IT IS NOT my intention to write a connected history of the San Jacinto campaign, but to give some few incidents that came under my personal observation, and at the same time to glance at some of the important points in the history of the march from Gonzales to San Jacinto.

On the 17th of March General Houston crossed the Colorado at Burnam's; from thence he marched down the river to Beason's ferry, in the neighborhood of which he remained, almost in sight of General Sesma's division of the Mexican army, until the 26th when news of Fannin's defeat which had taken place on the 19th and 20th was received. On receipt of this news, the army fell back to San Felipe—turned north, crossing Mill Creek, and marched to a point on the Brazos river opposite Groce's, where we remained in camp from about the 1st to 15th of April.

Much fault was found with General Houston for not giving battle to Sesma's division on the Colorado; and for years after, it was the fruitful theme of discussion between his friends and enemies. But time, which sets all things even, has demonstrated the fact that General Houston there proved himself to be a brave and cool-headed general. There are times when it requires more courage to retreat than to stand and fight, and this was the case at the Colorado.

There is no doubt but that nine-tenths of the army were anxious to fight; our ranks were full; we out-numbered the enemy immediately opposing us nearly two to one. To order a retreat under such circumstances required a sublime moral courage that only General Houston possessed. After Fannin's defeat he knew that the cause of Texas rested alone upon his shoulders, and that his little army constituted the only barrier against Santa Anna and his overwhelming forces—and any disaster to that little army would prove ruinous to Texas.

Even if he gained a victory over the small forces in his vicinity, it would be the cause of concentrating the several divisions of the Mexican army, which could have been easily done in four or five days, and thus the promised victory might have been turned into a defeat. As the entire responsibility rested on General Houston, he preferred to be charged with cowardice for falling back than risk an injury to the cause of his country.

The retreat was the signal for many men to quit the ranks, for the purpose of removing their families to a place of safety. All the country west of the Brazos was now depopulated and the ranks of the army likewise were greatly thinned. Still the brave general kept to his well-studied plans.

During the time the troops lay encamped on the Brazos, reenforcements came in slowly and the army was reorganized. Lieutenant Colonel Sherman was elected Colonel of the second regiment of volunteers, Joseph L. Bennett, Lieutenant Colonel, and Lysander Wells, Major. Major A. Somerville was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the first regiment and Robert McNutt, Major.

General Houston took great pains in inspiring the confidence and affection

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of his troops, in which he succeeded admirably, for he became the idol of the army and was the only man in Texas who could have kept it together.

Many times during the tiresome march, when he saw a leg-weary soldier struggling along in the ranks, he called to the individual and made him mount his own horse; in this way the commander-in-chief walked for hours and hours, while some soldier with a knapsack and infantry equipage made a grotesque figure riding on the general's horse. But it rested them materially and inspired them with new vigor.

The roads were very muddy and the baggage wagons would frequently bog. At such times the general would quietly dismount, wade in over his boot tops, and put his shoulder to the wheel; the men seeing this would not hesitate in going to his assistance and lifting the wagon out.

In camp on the Brazos, I noticed a soldier approach the general and say, "General, I've got my gun wet and it won't fire, what shall I do with it?" The general in his most winning manner replied, "Take your pocket handkerchief, warm it well by the fire; open the pan, wrap the handkerchief around the lock and let it remain a few seconds; repeat the operation two or three times, then pick a little dry powder into the touchhole, and I think you will have no difficulty in blowing the bullet out."

By this time quite a number had surrounded the general. He greeted all graciously, shaking hands with those with whom he was acquainted. There was a long-legged gawky fellow in the crowd, who, being anxious to attract attention, marched up to the general and said, "General Houston, I can't make my gun stay cocked. What shall I do with it?" This was too much for old Sam; he straightened to his utmost height, put on his most terrific frown and cried, "Go to hell! Damn it, I'm no gun-smith." The fellow dodged back as if he had been shot, and the welkin rang with the laughter of the soldiers.

A somewhat more solemn incident occurred not long after. A man named Garner committed some offense, I do not recollect what, for which he was tried by a court-martial and condemned to be shot. The day appointed for the execution found many sad hearts. It was our first experience of the kind, and not without many a shudder among the more tender-hearted, was the entire army paraded and marched to the place of execution, to the music of muffled drums accompanying the ill-fated prisoner.

Arriving there, the firing party was drawn up, and the prisoner after being blindfolded, was caused to kneel within short range. Then all awaited that terrible order, "Fire!" A few moments more and one of our comrades would be launched into an unknown eternity.

But just as our emotions had reached the highest pitch, we heard the word, "Reprieve," and looking up we saw a messenger from the general, flourishing a folded paper, dart through the ranks; and we knew that the condemned had received a pardon. Garner snatched the bandage from his eyes and staggered to his feet, not more glad in his heart, nor more grateful to the general, than the majority of his comrades.

A little later on, meeting the commander-in-chief, he said, "General, I am much obliged to you for saving my life, but I do think you carried the joke a little too far. I would about as soon be shot, as to suffer as I did in anticipation of it."

He afterwards participated in the battle of San Jacinto.

ABOUT the 16th or 17th of April we crossed the Brazos and camped on its east banks near the Groce house. Here we received two pieces of artillery, six pounders, called "Twin Sisters," which had been donated by the citizens of Cincinnati. An artillery company was formed, and when these took their position in the ranks they gave our little army a much more war-like appearance. It has been said that artillery in an open field, such as we had at San Jacinto, does not do much execution—that it—like lightning—rarely ever strikes a man, although when it does strike it is nearly certain to kill. But the thunder of their roar is very potent in scaring the wits out of the enemy, and is worth ten bands of martial music in inspiring the troops. This I saw demonstrated fully at the battle of San Jacinto.

When we started from our camp to the attack (the distance to the Mexican camp I judge was about half a mile), we marched in double file a little over half way and deployed in line of battle. We were now ordered to charge, keeping in line as well as possible, and under no consideration to fire a shot until we got to within sixty or seventy yards of the enemy. Before and at the time we were forming our line of battle, the Mexican artillery and small arms opened fire upon us. At first I could not imagine what had become of our artillery, but all at once it opened and I have never in all my life heard two pieces of cannon fired as rapidly as those two pieces were on that day.

At their very first roar at once all along the line, "There arose so wild a yell, As all the fiends from heaven that fell, Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

Each man sprang forward with renewed energy and in a few seconds we were pouring a well directed fire upon the enemy. After the second round we mounted the breast-works and the battle became a rout.

Much has been said on the subject of

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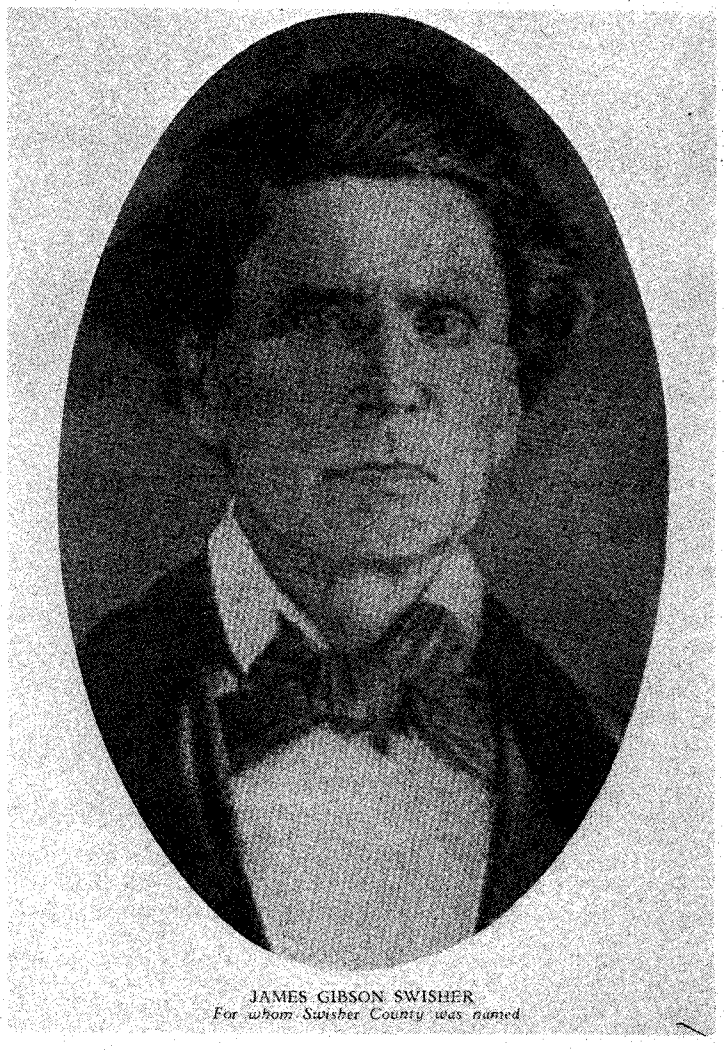

JAMES GIBSON SWISHER
For whom Swisher County was named

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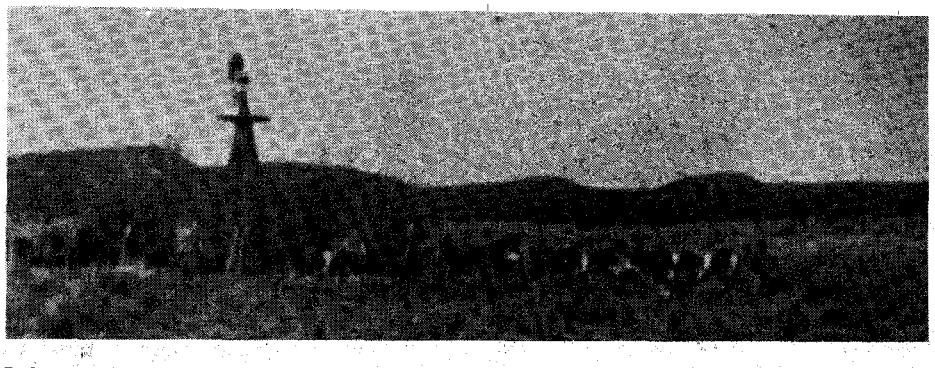
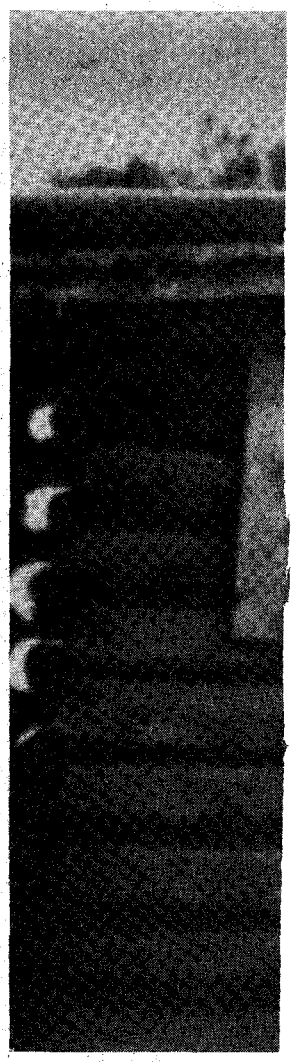
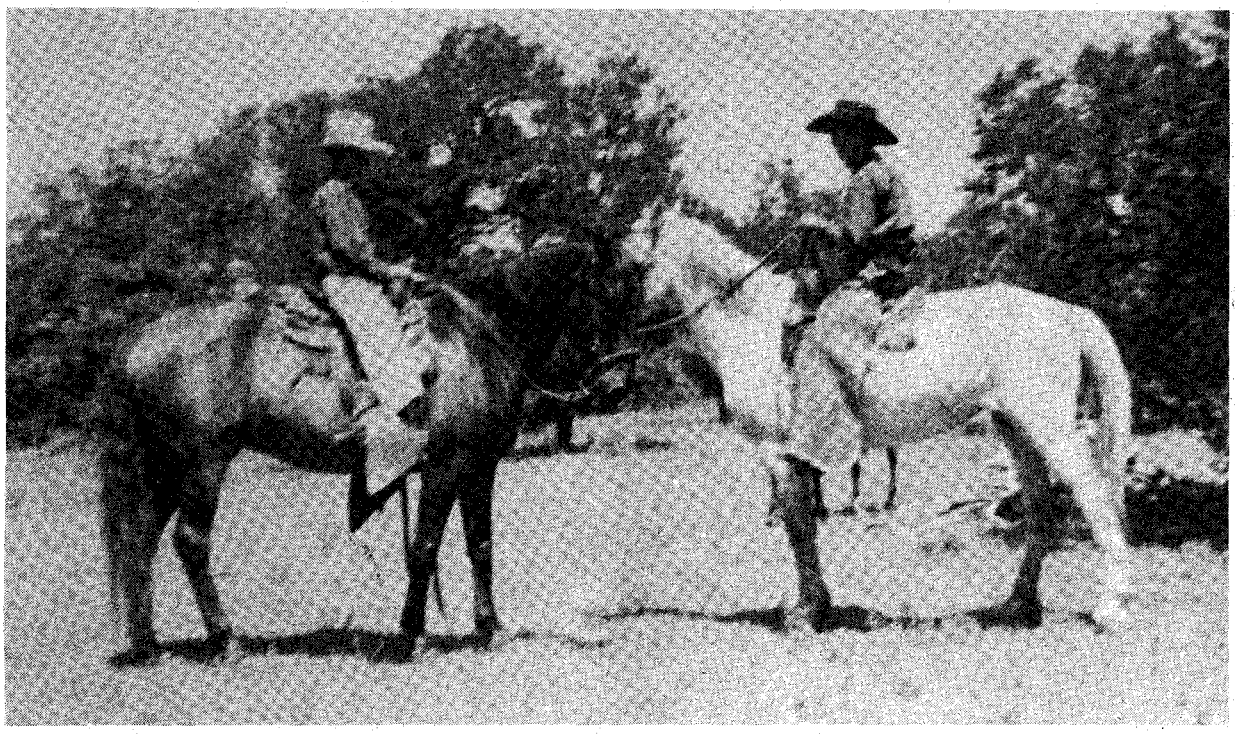


At left, cattle on the Goodson Ranch.



Below, Joe Weathers (on left) and A. J. Goodson at the Goodson homestead. At right, the post office at Adams Diggings in 1930. Folks standing in front are identified (left to right): Nell Brannon, Granwell Koger, the Powell girl (no first name given), and Laurence Brown.



A "BADMAN'S"

NOT MANY men can go straight after making a terrible mistake as a boy, but my Uncle Sam managed to do it. He did not become an outlaw as so many have.

When Sam Goodson was sixteen he was an expert cowboy. It was hard to get work on the Choctaw Reservation, so he hit for Alpine, Texas where men were roping wild cattle to send up the Chisholm Trail. By 1873 it was affording a good route to market for beef. During and after the War Between the States, cattle had reverted to the wild because there was little sale for them.

Sam got work at Jack Ward's G-4 ranch. Two days before they were to start up the trail there was a horse race. One of the riders had been very good to Sam and in three months' time they had become friends. This boy was small and light, so he rode for Ward.

Sam sat his horse and watched the race. As the horses rounded a stake for the return, his pal's mount got a half-length ahead of his competitor's. Sam saw the other rider hit his friend's mount, which caused it to break and go to bucking. Cheating was dishonest and contemptible. Impulsively Sam drew and fired. The man fell and cowboys rushed to him. Through the cloud of dust Sam heard, "Why, he's dead!" Sam Goodson left for Mexico.

My grandfather's failure to hear from Sam caused him to write to Ward, and Mrs. Ward replied. She explained in closing that the man had not died but recovery was impossible.

Jack Goodson, my father, was ten years younger than Sam. It was over thirty years before he heard from his brother. When he did, Sam wrote that he was working on a ranch out of Datil, New Mexico.

The Big Depression came on and times were hard. Dad was having trouble like everybody else. Sam had said that there was a good ranch in New Mexico available for homesteading and he debated going. According to Sam, it was well watered by an inexhaustible supply from Maverick Spring. There was good range, timber, and an old shack on the place. Dad knew that his neighbors on the reservation would look after his place, and that any time he wished he could return to it.

The family loaded two wagons and, with their cattle and horses, made the long trip to the Adams Diggin's north of Quemado, New Mexico. When they inquired at the combination trading post-residence-post office, the owner directed them to the ranch. He didn't know where Sam was; the last he heard Sam's outfit had sent him up to Horse Springs with a herd.

"Ram-roddin'?" asked Dad.

"Ram-roddin'," was the reply. "He's one of the best."

As my uncle had predicted, Dad found

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By L. J. "BUD" GOODSON as told to EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author

Thirty years between visits is a long time...

LONG EXILE

the house unlivable. We camped while he and we boys cut piñon logs and built a good big comfortable cabin. We used the old stone fireplace on one long wall. Before winter set in, the house was finished. It had only one door and one window.

Dad had run out of money but a neighbor gave him a hide scraped thin to use instead of glass. It kept out the cold and admitted more light than you would think. There was no money for a door, either, so we hung a cowhide over the opening.

Mother had been accustomed to a roomy comfortable home but she adjusted to the dirt floors and bunk beds without one word of complaint. The beds were made by driving a post in the floor and laying others from it to the walls to support our feather beds. When she got through with that place it was comfortable and cozy. It was even attractive. Some women just have the knack.

When Sam got back to the ranch he worked for, he got three days off and came to visit us. Dad had filed on the claim. He had sold some cattle and laid in supplies for the winter. My uncle and my dad had a real reunion. They didn't say much but you could tell. It was years before we got Sam's story, for he didn't talk much.

HE'D STAYED three years in Mexico and could talk spik (they "spik" Spanish). He'd drifted north to Mobeetie, Texas where he'd worked on a ranch. He'd gone on trail drives to Dodge City and other places. He'd known outlaws, plenty of them, and had been friendly with them, but not too friendly. Among them was a waddy named Collins, who bragged that he'd ridden with Billy the Kid during the Lincoln County War. It was, Sam said, good policy to treat every man well, and to ask no questions. Where he had come from was *his* business; so was his name. Many of them were not giving their real names, but that was *their* business. Sam? He was proud of his Indian blood, even though it was one-fourth; and he was proud of his name. He'd neved used any other.

Outlaws? Sam believed a man could work with them and like them; but he didn't have to take the owl-hoot trail. There'd been only one time in all those years that he had been really threatened. That was at Socorro, years before. Money was tight and jobs hard to find. A man could live on game or, if really hungry, could kill a calf. Nobody begrudged food, but when it came to rustlin'—that was different.

Uncle Sam had camped in a bosque (grove of trees) east of Socorro. With bedroll and cooking utensils he got along very well. Occasionally he roped a wild horse out of the herd that came to drink from the Rio Grande. A good

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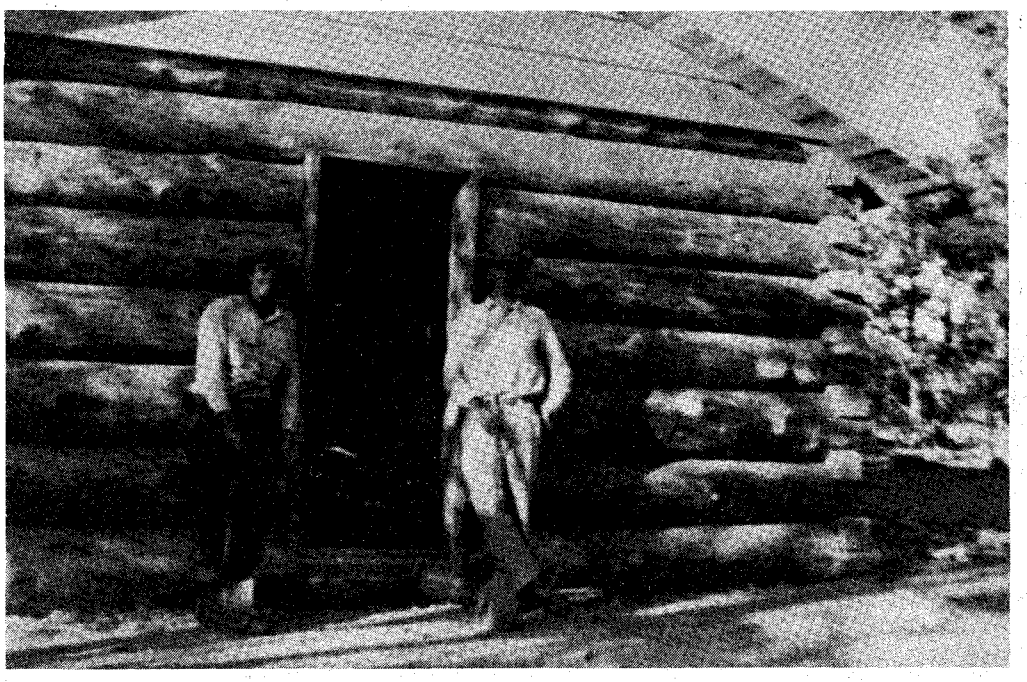

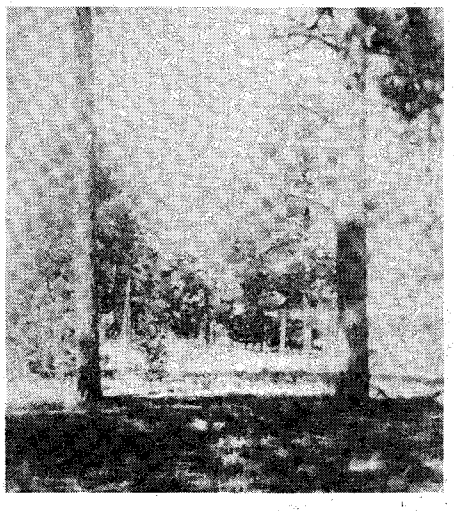

Above, Glinn Kalburgh (on left) and Laurence Brown at the Adams Diggings schoolhouse. At left, timber at Adams Diggings. Below, Daisy Magee stands in front of the Adams Diggings Post Office, which functioned from 1930 till 1942.

horse was hard to catch, but it would bring him as much as ten dollars if it were broken. Ten dollars would buy a good supply of ammunition, coffee, tobacco, flour, sugar, soda and salt.

Sam Goodson did well until he was joined by two other drifters. Though he resented their coming, when he found that they had no intention of leaving he assured them that there were plenty of wild horses for any man who could rope them. Later, at the corral where he sold his, he found that these two, whose names he never learned, were disposing of some horses that had been branded. He said nothing to them but he renewed his efforts to capture a young stallion which he'd tried several times to rope. If he succeeded he would seek cleaner, if not greener, pastures.

That very evening the two blatantly ridiculed him for his scruples. Had Sam not been so skillful with a rope they would not have considered taking him in with them, they said, but join them, they'd split three ways, and live easy. Sam Goodson made no reply. He'd been lonely; he had walked the straight and narrow, and what had it benefited him?

What about brands? They assured Sam they were artists at burning them. And bills of sale? They were good at that, too. Why work hard for nothing when he could live on Easy Street?

The next morning Sam took an unbroken colt to the corral at the loading chutes and, as he left, was stopped by a buyer. Ten dollars, the man said, was too much, but he'd give eight. As the man left with the stallion a cowboy rode up to Sam.

"Lookin' for a cowhand," he announced. "You can sure handle horses. Want a job?"

Without even returning to camp for his bedroll, Sam Goodson rode with Tom Reynolds to the trading post where he bought suggans (for a bed roll) and a tarp. And from there they hit for the famous Drag A, the Morley ranch out of Datil.

"THAT," said Sam Goodson, "was the best thing that ever happened to me. There's not any better man than Tom Reynolds. He gave me good wages and responsibility. He trusted me, and when I got a better offer as ramrod he recommended me.

"Did he feel about outlaws like I do? Sure. He knew them and treated them well."

Uncle Sam went on: "When I first went on my own I squatted at Maverick Spring to rope wild horses. It was so lonesome I was glad to see anybody come. One time a pair showed up, not knowing anybody was there. I was glad to have 'em stay. We built the old cabin and we did all right. But both Jack Ketchum and his partner went north every spring. Ketchum was with Butch Cassidy. I think I knew every one of the Wild Bunch. There were four of the Ketchums, but only two seemed to stay with 'em all the time.

"They operated from Canada to Mexico, and migrated like birds. They'd start south, staying close to the state lines down through the border of Wyoming, Utah and Arizona. If a posse got on their trail all they had to do was cross the line in one direction or another.

"Every one of the Bunch was a good cowhand, and a good worker. And while one was on a ranch, the owner never lost a horse or cow to rustlers. Every winter Henry Brock, foreman at Apache

(Continued on page 62)

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Jasper Johnson, wife and children.

THE ENCIRCLED THIRTEEN

They started out looking for grass and wound up looking for cover!

By BONNIE ELLER
Photos Courtesy Author

FAMILY TRADITION had always held that Uncle Jasper Johnson was a Civil War veteran, having fought for the Union cause. To me, this conjured up pictures of "blue and gray" conflict somewhere back East when I should have been thinking in terms of "red and blue" conflict out West.

William J. (Jasper) Johnson was born October 25, 1845 in Morgan County, Missouri. In 1852 he came by ox-team and wagon with his parents and younger brother and sister, settling near present-day Cottage Grove in Lane County, Oregon.

On December 16, 1864 Jasper enlisted in the Union ranks at Eugene. He was serving as corporal in Company H of the First Regiment of the Oregon Infantry when between seventy-five to one hundred Paiutes and thirteen members of the First Oregon had a fight in Harney Lake Valley. The skirmish took place on September 23, 1865.

On this day Captain Loren L. Williams set out with twelve men from Camp Wright on the Selvies River to look for a permanent campsite and grass to cut for hay. In the course of the scouting expedition they crossed the trail of two Indians which they began to follow. They soon gained on the Indians to the extent of being able to determine that one was a youth of nine or ten. After a pursuit of about seven miles across a sage plain their quarry was met by two mounted Indians who took them on their horses and rode away.

Captain Williams and his men had been marching rapidly and were tired. By then they were sixteen miles from camp. When they had rested for an hour "a solitary Indian mounted on a fine gray horse" appeared upon the scene and circled around them, riding at full speed. He then withdrew for a distance of a half-mile, fired his gun, and gave a war whoop. Thirteen mounted Indians came into view and again encircled the detachment, opening fire which was promptly returned.

The scouting party headed back toward camp, taking a direct route which would lead them straight up a mountain. The Paiutes continued to fire their guns and ride in a circle. Soon they were joined by reinforcements of twenty to thirty mounted warriors and twenty-five to thirty footmen.

The soldiers had the advantage of longer range guns and were able to keep the Indians at a distance of 250 yards, but bullets were whizzing among them, and they were not sufficient in number to protect themselves on all sides at all times.

The Company H boys still headed for the mountain, believing they would be safe once they were able to gain it, when some twenty of the mounted Indians cut in front of them, ascended the mountain a half mile away and took positions among the rocks.

THE SCOUTING PARTY was forced to change course and head for Selvies River some five miles distant. They were nearly exhausted, parched with thirst, and the whole distance to the river was level, sandy plain.

The Indians continued to harass them, following along the foot of the mountain on their left. Captain Williams gave Corporal Johnson orders to guard the left flank, and a Private McPherson was given orders to guard the rear, the two positions that were the most vulnerable. In many places the Paiutes were able to take cover in the heavy growth of sagebrush, and fire at the detachment from a distance of seventy-five to one hundred yards.

Traveling in single file, fifteen paces apart and parallel to the mountain, the soldiers marched toward the river amid a constant shower of bullets. Private Alexander Griffin was severely wounded.

When they reached the riverbank, Indians were above and below them. The soldiers were so tired they could scarcely walk and they were choking with thirst. Without a moment's pause Captain Williams ordered three men through the stream to protect the front; three others were faced about to guard the rear; while the remainder took a hasty drink of water and then exchanged places. There was no halt.

Having crossed the river without delay, the soldiers marched rapidly through the willows along the bank to an open level plain. A few horsemen were before them, but the bulk of the Indians had held up along the stream.

The scouting party turned northward up the valley in the direction of their camp. The Indians continued firing briskly from the river on their left. At this time Private Smith suffered a wound in his left foot.

At sundown the First Regiment camp was still four miles away, so far that the beleagured party could not hope for their comrades to hear the gunfire and come to their aid.

When darkness fell, a mounted warrior with a blazing torch rode out from the river and fired the grass in a two-mile line between them and their camp.

Under heavy fire the soldiers pressed on, crossing the fired grass and aiming for the river again. They thought they would be safe there unless a random shot from the willows along the river found its target. However, their feeling of safety was short-lived. A volley erupted from a dry gully directly ahead of them. Miraculously not a man was

(Continued on page 53)

Jasper Johnson (seated).

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AT THE southern extremity of the Texas-Louisiana boundary lies a seven-by-fourteen mile tidal lagoon known as Lake Sabine. Normally a placid body of water, its prevailing southerly winds filter across the wide, salt-grass marshes to provide some relief from the hot summers. A century of time has not altered extensively the plant and animal life. Huge alligators still haunt its confines and burrow their way into solitary confinement during the winter hibernating season. Sea gulls and purple cranes gouge fish from the surfaces of the neighboring streams, and here and there a gnarled cypress shades a colony of downy egrets.

Two rivers, the Neches and the Sabine, flow into the lake's northern sector. Meandering a thousand river-miles from its head in Hunt County north of Greenville, Texas, the Sabine has served as a boundary and crossroads of history for 200 years, and from the time of Christ as a water trail for the Attakapas warriors. Near its mouth, the deep river abruptly divides into its East and West Forks, creating a delta sanctuary for muskrats and marsh fowl, known today as Pavell's Island.

Despite the coming of the white man, the area's geography has changed only slightly. Channel clearance and wave action continue to erode the shore lines, and the jaws of dredges have long since leveled the high shellbanks, landmarks that were once the refuse heaps of the Attakapas tribe and a sepulchre for their dead. Even the lowly mosquito still abounds in two varieties, the common blood-sucking or vampire breed, and less often its king-sized cousin, the "gallinipper," which, so the old joke goes, could seize and tote off chickens and small game.

As early as 1840, Stedham and Van Dusen of East Hamilton, near Logansport, Louisiana, operated five flatboats which freighted cotton at 50¢ per hundred-weight to Pavell's Shellbank, where the cargoes were then lightered to schooners anchored in the lake. Although the port of Sabine Pass lay only twelve miles to the south, flatboats could not navigate Lake Sabine, for they lacked conventional steering equipment. It was this terminus of the cotton trade that finally attracted the attention of two German immigrants, Captain Augustine Pavell and his wife Sophia to the lonely island which bears their name, and to the position of middleman (or middlewoman in the case of Sophia) of the Sabine River trade.

BORN in Prussia in 1821, Gus Pavell and his wife, a Hanoverian native two years his senior, had been married for more than a decade when they arrived at New Orleans in 1853. Theirs had been a pleasant marriage from the beginning. The tall, jocular Gus was a seafaring man, his mind and instinct attuned to every rope, sail, and spar, but he treated his blonde Sophia with the gentleness of a trade wind. She responded in kind, catering to her husband's every whim and considering herself a failure in only one respect. Her hopes to bear a son seemed dismal if not forlorn.

The Pavells had sailed their 80-foot schooner, *Sophia*, across the Atlantic with a cargo of cement, which they sold at New Orleans. And when Pavell came to sparsely-settled Orange County, Texas in 1854 he had already won a reputation as a shrewd trader. He quickly understood the dilemma of the typical Sabine flatboatman who needed to dispose of a cargo, buy supplies, and start homeward before the river fell and the spring planting season began. Often the flatboatman experienced a long wait when no schooner was on hand to buy his cotton.

Pavell could foresee that the delta island might be a lonely place for a social creature like Sophia, but the high shellbank could provide the economic springboard for their ultimate success, and it certainly would be a refuge in one other respect. There was no danger of overflow from the seasonal floodtides.

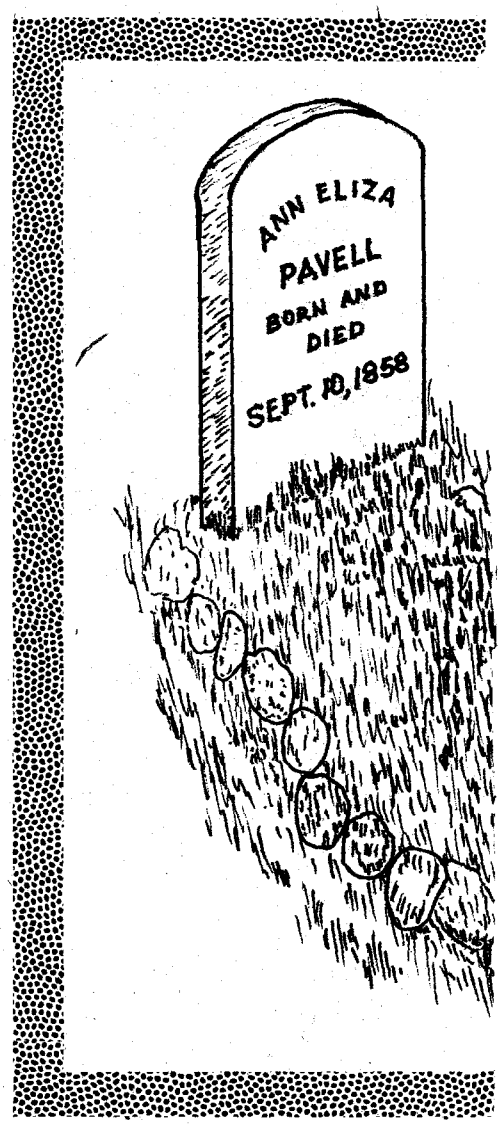
Within weeks Pavell had bought lumber from the Empire Mills a few miles upstream, shingles from a nearby shingle maker, and window and door frames at Sabine Pass. At the water's edge, he shored the shellbank with log pilings to check the erosion and built a wharf on the West Pass which was readily accessible to steamboats and schooners. It was a tedious project—the construction of a store building with living quarters and a cotton warehouse in the rear—but within three months Pavell was ready for business. In deference to his wife's love of plant life, he added an alcove, plated with glass, where Sophia could while away any idle moments with her flowers.

When the store was finished, Gus and Sophia Pavell sailed the *Sophia* to New Orleans where they bought a cargo of merchandise, just about every conceivable item that a frontier merchant required. There were barrels of flour, lard, crackers, and whiskey, hogsheads of sugar, molassses, and tobacco, bolts of muslin and calico, glassware, hardware, gunpowder and lead, and much more.

A month later all merchandise and fixtures were in place, and the captain nailed up his sign on the roof: "A. Pavell and Co., Cotton Factors."

PAVELL passed on to Sophia, an inquisitive pupil, all of the business savvy he had acquired, for in his absence she would be forced to tend the store alone. There had been cotton-grading and weighing to be mastered, as well as a knowledge of hides and furs, hams and bacon, corn and produce, all items of frequent barter. Occasionally there issued forth the glitter and ring of gold coins on the counter, but more often payments were made in the form of land certificates or titles to slaves. All of this was foreign to Sophia Pavell at first, but in time her acumen was honed to the same degree of shrewdness as that of her husband.

Almost every face that Sophia encountered was that of a stranger; the couple's nearest neighbor, Sol Sparks, lived a mile upriver. Most of her customers were friendly flatboatmen, steamer or schooner captains, or buyers of similar status, but a lone woman at such a distant outpost could be mistaken as easy prey by a killer or other fugitive from justice. And what a mistake that would have proved to be! Tied at her waist Sophia always wore a fiber bag, which sometimes bared a portion of her yarn and knitting needles but never the cap and ball Colt upon which they rested. Pavell had trained her well in the use of arms. A loaded musket "scatter-barrel" was always racked on a nearby wall, and she kept two revolvers at an accessible spot beneath the counter.



Sometimes two boats were docked at the wharf, loading and unloading simultaneously. After Sophia held title to one or more slaves she usually put them to work in the warehouse, but the slack shipping season left little cause for retaining slave labor at Pavell's Shellbank.

Incoming schooners left mail at the store to be picked up by the next Galveston-bound vessel, and in time Pavell's store became a post office. The decade was a prosperous one; profits were high and Gus and Sophia were soon riding at its crest. By 1860 their inventory was worth around $6,000. They also acquired

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No baby's grave ever had more attention than that of Ann Eliza Pavell— and a few people wondered if it was all due to sentiment...

Legendary Treasure of Pavell's Island

By W. T. BLOCK
Illustration by Author

at points over the state some 5,000 acres of land, worth $3,000, the most valuable of which was a choice one-third league at Port Neches in Jefferson County.

One day, upon Pavell's return from Orange with a load of hides, Sophia rushed out to greet him at the wharf, her face all aglow, and shouted, "Guschen, mein schatz, I think I am going to have a baby!"

Half in disbelief, half in bewilderment, the captain stared and grasped for words with which to reply. Sophia, he knew, would not lie to him about a subject so dear to her heart. Finally, brimming with excitement, he embraced her tenderly, planting caress upon caress, and, in a mishmash of German and English, exclaimed, "A baby? Du liebste Frau, ist das wahr and really so?" And she assured him that it was.

BASKING in the sunlight of her husband's approval, Sophia told him that, of course, at that stage she could not be entirely positive, and that only time could eventually prove or disprove her statement. But Gus quickly accepted it as established fact and utilized every excuse to remain near her and lighten her work load. He wanted to take her to a doctor in Orange, but Sophia refused, reminding her spouse that she was a healthy and vigorous woman who had already mastered a thousand arts and crafts and who could adapt to motherhood just as easily.

Sophia filled her days with laughter, planting flowers, and sewing tiny garments. Pavell remained close at hand until the cotton shipping season approached and their stock of merchandise had so dwindled that he could no longer postpone a trip to Galveston to replace the inventory. He and two slaves loaded his schooner with cotton bales, produce, hides, shingles, and fence pickets. Pavell, of course, wanted to close the store and take Sophia with him, either to Galveston or to the hotel in Sabine Pass, but she declined, having so much unfinished sewing on hand and plants to tend. And besides, their customers depended on them for supplies, and the baby was not due for another three months.

Pavell kissed his wife goodbye and steered the *Sophia* toward the Island City, but it would prove to be a vexing voyage. Delays, frustrations, and seas too calm for sailing consumed an entire week before he docked again at his island shellbank.

Sophia greeted her husband with tears and led him to a tiny grave, freshly covered, beside the glassed-in alcove where she kept her flowers. Between sobs, she related the pathetic events of the previous week when, frightened into hysteria by the sight of a chicken snake coiled on her kitchen cupboard, she fell against a table and was soon smitten by birth pangs. Some time later she gave birth alone to a tiny stillborn daughter.

She had waited two days for her husband to arrive, but when he did not return, she fashioned a tiny coffin from cypress boards and buried her child in a grave hacked out amid the clamshell.

Fearful that her husband might submerge himself in grief and self-blame, Sophia quickly reassured him that if she could conceive once, she could do so again, and Providence would surely reward them in time with the birth of a son.

Pavell sent to Galveston for a tiny tombstone on which was lovingly inscribed: "In memory of our Darling Daughter, Ann Eliza Pavell, Born and died on September 10, 1858," and Sophia began lavishing affection on the tiny grave. Its sides were banked with marsh mud. A steamer captain brought some small stones from the upper Sabine to line its borders. She buried a bronze urn, or vase, its rim neatly decorated with tiny cherubims, upright in the center of the grave, and each morning passers-by might have viewed with compassion the sight of Sophia as she kneeled and placed a fresh bouquet of flowers therein. In fact, it became a byword along the lake and lower Sabine River that no grave of record was ever known to receive more attention than that of Ann Eliza Pavell.

In the aftermath of her grief, their few neighbors, among them the Sparks family upstream, George Block and his wife, a German couple who made shingles on nearby Black Bayou, and some of the farmers on the river's west bank, dropped by the store to offer condolences. Then, as the months passed, it became business as usual at Pavell's Island.

Gold coins clinked on the counter, and cotton and hides, land certificates and slaves, again exchanged hands as commodities floated forth to market, and merchandise needed to sustain the frontier economy traveled upstream. The Pavells continued to prosper, but were destined to die childless.

ALONG in the spring of 1861 the Civil War flared across the land, and trade as usual came to an abrupt halt. Union blockades began to choke off imports, creating a vast shortage of hardware and manufactured goods and in turn a demand for Texas cotton abroad. Prices of everything skyrocketed, for every item—whether consumer staples or Confederate cotton and munitions—had to run a gamut of Federal gunships.

Already past forty, Pavell felt no compunction to enlist, though his younger brother, Ferd Pavell of Johnson's Bayou in Louisiana, was mustered into an artillery unit, Co. B of Spaight's

(Continued on page 55)

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Town of the Swinging Doors

—a look at some of the early types who walked the Tomboy Trail

AS FAR as is known, the first white man came into Colorado's San Juan Region in 1833. John Barker's party prospected along the Dolores River, thirteen miles northeast of present-day Rico. Yet when my parents, Adolph and Alma Laube, came to southwestern Colorado in 1889, the region was still as wild as it had always been.

Rico itself, of course, was a booming mining camp. In 1870 Pony Whitmore and Dempsey Reese had discovered the Aztec and Yellow Jacket, and in 1886 David Swickheimer struck it rich at the Enterprise mine on Newman Hill and became Rico's first millionaire.

In 1880 John Wannamaker surveyed the 320 acres in the townsite and laid it out in streets and alleys. That year two hundred cabins were built, lots selling as high as $1,000 each.

The *Dolores News* printed its first edition August 21, 1879. Henry Obendorfer built his red brick General Merchandise store in 1890. Otto Koster Meat Market was sandwiched in between the Obendorfer store and the J. D. Adams Mercantile Company. When the narrow-gauge railroad was completed in 1891, Rico saw its greatest growth with a population of five thousand. There were twenty-three saloons, three blocks of red light district, two churches, two or three hotels and other business houses, besides the Silver State Theater built by Charles W. Rohde. A courthouse was built in 1891. However, Rico was not the Laubes' first destination.

My father had worked in the copper mines in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, in Calumet, Houghton and Hecla, but was the owner and editor of a weekly newspaper, the *Torch Lake Times*, when he succumbed to the urging of his brother to come West. Bob was employed at the Smuggler-Union in Telluride, and Father lost no time in selling the paper and heading toward what to my parents was the "great unknown."

There were no rails beyond Ouray so they settled there for six months and my father worked for Tom Walsh who had struck it rich at the Camp Bird mine, high up in the back reaches of Ouray. He was loath to leave this fascinating city which was called "The Gem City of the Rockies" but other strikes were calling him farther south.

The Laubes were obliged to ride horseback over the old back trail into Telluride past the Tomboy and Black Bear mines before descending the steep trail into town, where Uncle Bob met them. The following day they were settled in a neat log house on Oak Street close by the Tomboy Trail where my mother could see long burro trains ascending and descending the steep mountainside with their bulging ore-sacks and other freight swaying from side to side as the patient animals trudged along. She could also see the spectacular view of the Cornet, Bridal Veil, and Ingram waterfalls as they leaped from their rocky ledges and emptied into the San Miguel River

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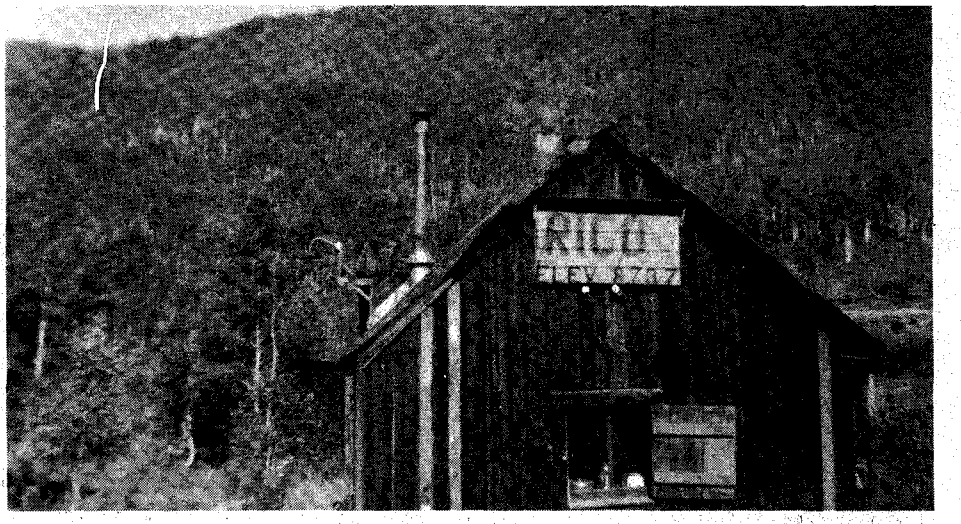
By FLORA MARIE GOOD
Photos Provided by Author

Source of information about the railroad celebration in Rico from Josie Moore Crumm's **History of the Rio Grande Southern,** by her permission. Sources of dates, etc., of Rico history from Charles Engel's ***Treasure Trove of Rico History,*** *by permission.* *All rights reserved.*



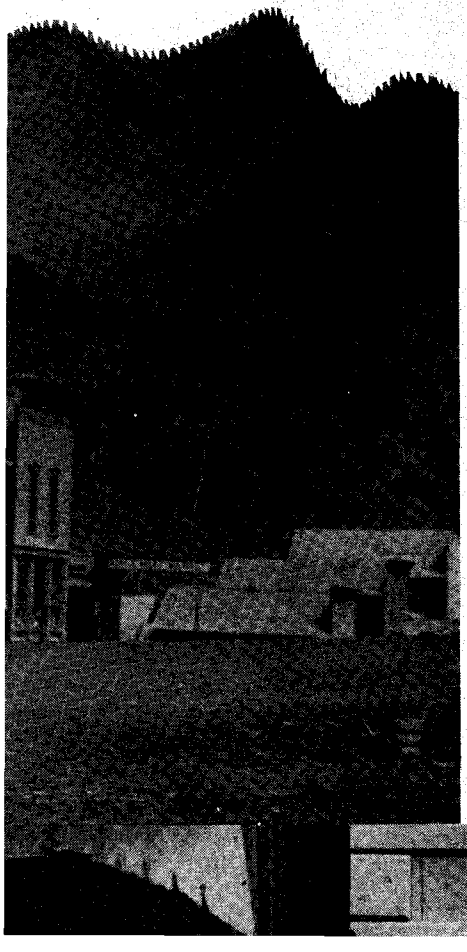
Above, this shanty was the home of a local character, "Andy, the Liar."

which coursed through the east edge of town.

Like the rest of Colorado they had seen thus far, they liked the town at once. It was rough, busy and exciting. Men were riding horseback to and from the mines, or standing on street corners discussing their fortunes. Women had to wheel their baby carriages down the middle of the street because there was no room for them on the sidewalks!

Telluride, unlike Ouray, was no glittering gem. Rather it was what my father would prefer to call a "diamond in the rough," though both my parents relished the new and exciting life it promised.

THE red light district, one block south of Main Street was equally as exciting for the lonely miner who put in many days of hard labor in the hills and once a month on pay day would come to town. After a good hot bath at the local barber shop and a stop at Van Atta's dry goods store for new clothes, he would



At left, Rico, Colorado in 1886.

Below, a group of early Rico, Colorado miners.

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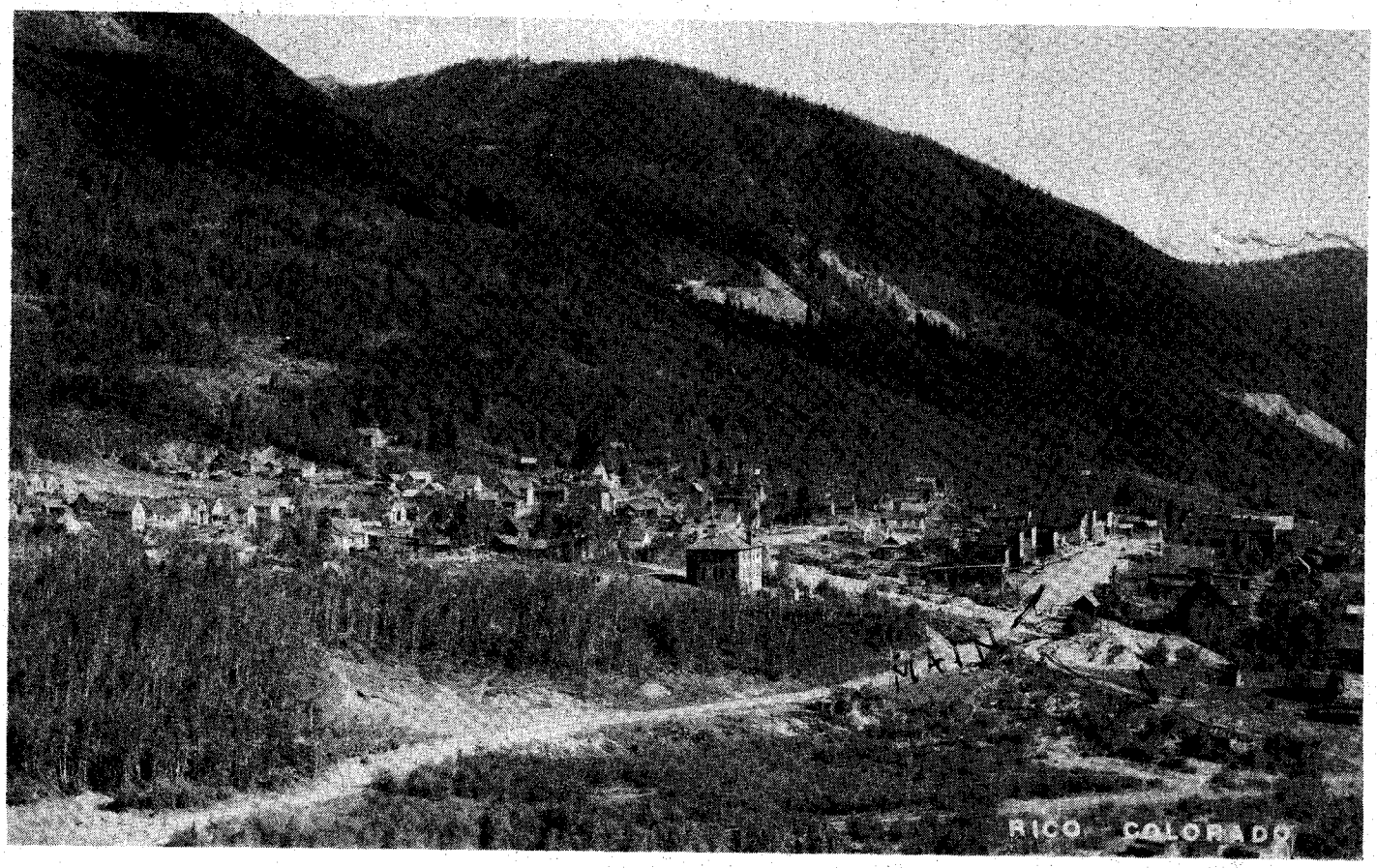


Another view of Rico.

head to Pacific Avenue for a night's fun and frolic. The ladies of the night kept discreetly to themselves and never recognized by any outward sign a man they met on the street.

There were any number of saloons and gambling places, and consequently men would get troublesome and create a brawl just to make things exciting. Even murder would be committed now and then but, on the whole, it was a good place to live.

Two children were born to my parents in Telluride, Enid and Clifford. Their first son, Winfield, born in Lake Linden, Michigan, came West with them.

TWO YEARS after the family arrived in Colorado, better transportation was brought to the mining camps of the San Juan region. A young Russian-born engineer by the name of Otto Mears, who had been building toll roads in Saguache County, undertook with the aid of Denver and Eastern capital to build a narrow-gauge rail line linking all the principal towns of the so-called Silver San Juan District.

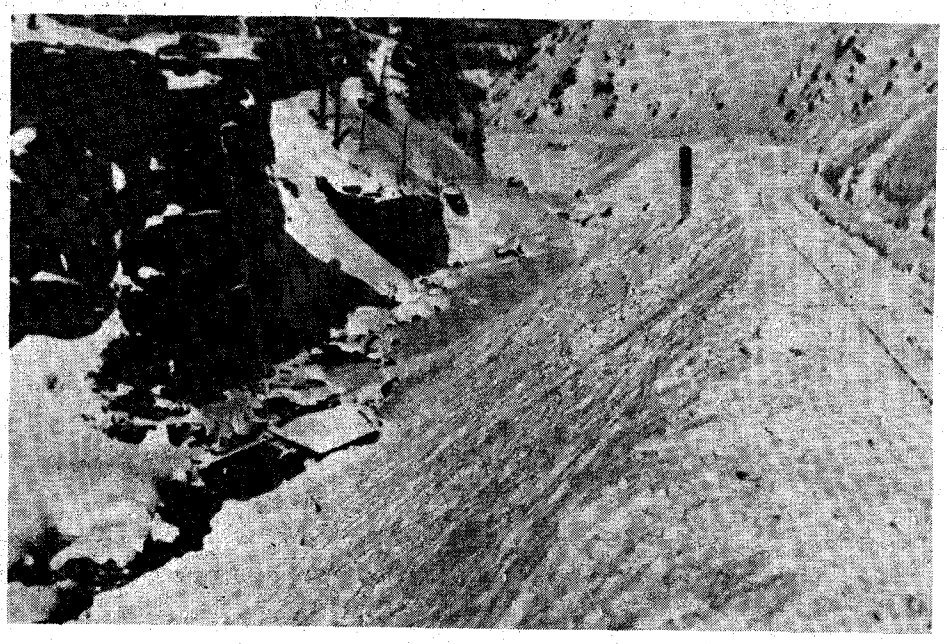
One was already operative from Ridgway to Ouray, and the Mears project was to push it on into Telluride, thence through Placerville, Ophir, Rico and Dolores south to Mancos, Hesperus and Durango.

About this time my mother was growing homesick for her native Calumet. She and her three children were numbered among the first passengers to ride out of Telluride. Having passenger service out of there was a memorable occasion.

After only a couple of weeks at home, my mother realized she was longing for the excitement of the West. When the mail came one morning it included a letter from Papa and transportation home. It also disclosed that when she and the children returned, they would be moving thirty-five miles to the south to Rico, a smaller but bustling mining town and the county seat of Dolores.

I don't remember ever having been told what impelled my father to make this change. But it meant that I was destined to be born in Rico, July 11, 1894, in a little rented cottage north of Silver Creek, a sometimes turbulent stream which courses through town and

Below, Burns Canyon in 1921, located some three miles north of Rico. Great snow slides were a common problem here, and a rotary plow was used to clear the track.



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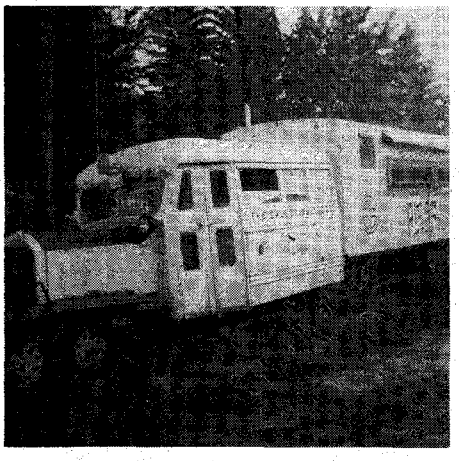
empties into the Dolores River below. My parents loved Rico and made it their permanent home. They never left Colorado again.

In 1886, or shortly after, the Brunot Treaty was signed by the United States Government with the Ute Indians who inhabited this region. The Utes relinquished their rights and were shipped to reservations in New Mexico and Utah. The mining country was then thrown open, and prospectors came in from almost every state in the Union—in ox carts, by muleback, and by foot, leading their ever faithful burros.

David Swickheimer arrived with this contingent of prospectors. He had no knowledge of geological formations or where to look for ore, so he formed a partnership with Patrick Cain and John Gault and they started digging on Newman Hill east of town. When they encountered nothing but hard rock which had to be pulled to the surface with a windlass, Dave got discouraged and sold out to his partners and went to work at the Swansea mine at the foot of the hill. There he learned all he could and by saving his money was able eventually to buy out his former partners.

Dave had many discouraging times before he finally hit pay dirt—and not before his wife Laura sent in a lottery ticket given to her by one of her boarders. The boarder wanted to leave town and had no money to pay her. "Who knows," he said, "it just might be lucky." It was. In the mail a week later was a check for $5,000. Laura handed the check to Dave and told him to keep the men working.



The "Galloping Goose," a mode of travel used after the railroad disbanded, up until 1951.

At a depth of 265 feet after the last shot had been put in for the evening, Dave's crew uncovered tons and tons of rich gold and silver ore. Rico had its first millionaire.

There were other rich mines, too—the Atlantic Cable, the Blackhawk, The ProPatria and the Mountain Spring tunnel where my father worked.

RICO is situated in a beautiful valley at an altitude of over 8,737 feet. Snow would reach a depth of three and four feet during the winter. Most of the houses were pretty primitive. Few had indoor plumbing. My parents had a cottage on Piedmont Hill overlooking the town and the Dolores River valley. It was a lovely spot, surrounded by quaking aspen and pines.

The narrow-gauge railroad came into service two years after their arrival and Rico celebrated for days. Bunting was draped around every light post, and flags were raised all along the main street.

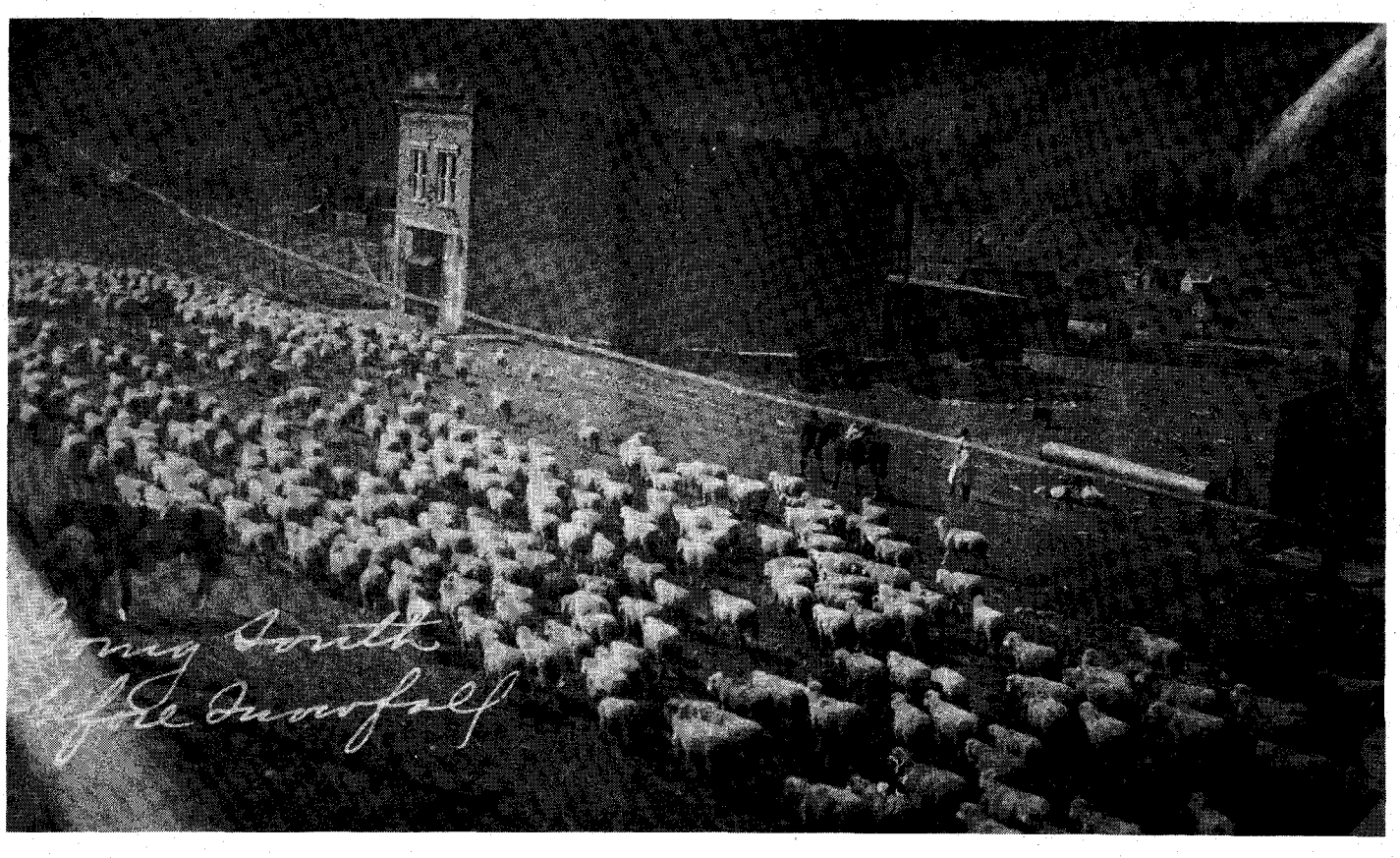
A celebration was set for October 15, 1891. Banners extolling the railroad were rampant. The register of the first train to Rico reveals that two trains came in from Telluride. The event was so important it brought the governor of the state as well as other notables. At a banquet in the Enterprise Hotel that afternoon, Otto Mears sat at the place of honor while toasts and speeches were given.

That evening there was a grand ball. The ladies were dressed in satin and silk; the men were dressed in tight fitting trousers and ruffled shirts. Most of them sported a waxed or hair-line mustache. Dancing went on until three in the morning.

Trains departed at 5:15, 8:40 and 9:20 on the morning of the sixteenth, but swinging doors of the places of refreshment fanned the breeze all day and far into the night. Bonfires could be seen on every hill, and charges of dynamite made a terrific din, but everyone vowed it augured prosperity and good times for the San Juan District and the railroad.

In 1897 a baby daughter was born to my parents. Three weeks later, my mother died, and so my poor, distraught father took us to an orphanage in Denver. We remained there for six years,

A flock of sheep make their way down Rico, Colorado's main street. They are being driven south for the winter months.



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Another view of Rico. The mining dump at far right is from the Enterprise Mine on Newman Hill.

until we were able to look after ourselves while Papa was away at the mines.

From time to time he took office jobs in town for a change, and in 1907 he bought out the Ophir *Mail* and had it hauled over to Rico and set up in our house on River Street.

We had no hot and cold running water or modern conveniences. We took our weekly baths in a large galvanized tub which we set in front of the kitchen range while we gently eased down into it, letting our feet hang over, roasting on the one side and freezing on the other. Nevertheless we were healthy as young heathens and seldom had need of a doctor.

Clifford had been learning the printing trade at the Rico *News* office after school hours, so he was the principal typesetter until the rest of us learned the trade too. When we did, Papa returned to prospecting while we got out the weekly called the Rico *Item*.

Papa was also town marshal at this time, and one evening while going to help the sheriff make an arrest, his gun accidentally discharged and he was shot in the right arm, crushing about two inches of the bone above the elbow. He was rushed to the hospital in Durango, ninety miles away, by special train where he would remain for four long months. But the doctor was a good surgeon and saved his arm and Papa was again able to work in his beloved mines and help get out the paper. He ran for county clerk later on and we moved to Mantz Avenue, where we lived until 1918 when Papa became ill. We took him to Denver for treatment but he passed away four months later.

We eventually left Rico and the southwestern section but I will never forget some of the characters we knew in those days.

JIM WEST was considered the "town drunk." He never did a day's work and the county kept him from starvation. Whiskey could be purchased for seventy-five cents a quart so what did it matter if a good-sized jigger was left in a bottle? These empties were tossed into barrels in back of the saloons. Jim could get gloriously drunk after making the rounds. He had a red bulbous nose (like Rudolph) which he acquired from his love of John Barleycorn.

I had been gone from Rico some six years and made a trip back home. Walking along Main Street whom should I meet but old Jim. I scarcely recognized him, for his nose was no longer prominent. He told me he had obtained a job as janitor of the courthouse and schoolhouse and had saved up $5,000. His prosperity had come about because in 1928, after the Volstead Act was passed, saloons went out of business. Robert Gibbs, who ran a corner saloon, closed his doors and moved to Yakima, Washington and bought an apple orchard. The Metropole stood vacant for years, and Jim English closed his doors and went back to Italy. Of course, some of the local citizens who had a taste for liquor made their own bathtub gin or white mule but Jim West did not have the money to buy the "fixings" so he straightened up and became a respected citizen.

I thought no more about Jim or his money—that is until reading a local paper some time later I was shocked by the headline: "Jim West and Cabin Burned to the Ground During the Night."

Jim had boasted once too often of his precious savings and had been done in. Likely the city fathers did not bother to look into the matter because Jim had already cost the county plenty during the years he was not so affluent.

My husband, a brakeman on the Rio Grande Southern, had a run out of Telluride, thirty-five miles north of Rico, in 1928. My brother Winfield was an engineer on the same road. We each had a son, of almost the same age, who chummed together. They liked to roam over the hills around Telluride and had many interesting adventures and narrow escapes.

One day my nephew Cliff came running in to show me an old rusty revolver he had found below the Tomboy Trail. It still had five rusty bullets in it. Only one had been spent. For some reason I can't recall, I offered him a quarter for it which he readily accepted.

The gun had long been forgotten after we left Telluride and were living in Colorado Springs. Cliff was grown and married and living in Denver, but our families often visited back and forth.

One day I read in the Denver *Post* about a man who was killed in the early days on the Tomboy Trail and was felled by one lone bullet in the back of the neck. Neither the murderer nor the weapon was ever found, so the article stated.

Some time later when my nephew visited us he said, "Aunt Flora, do you remember that revolver I found on the old Tomboy Trail so many years ago and sold you for twenty-five cents?"

"Yes," I replied. "What about it?"

Then he told me he just couldn't forget that article in the Denver *Post* and said, "You know I believe the gun I found that day was the murder weapon for only one bullet was missing." I think perhaps Cliff was right.

During the twenties, a man was murdered down around Cortez, sixty miles south. The murderer was said to be hiding out in the hills around Rico. During the early days this was a great place for murderers, cattle rustlers and thieves to hide out because of its isolation.

Mrs. Frank Benton lived in the south end of town in a large two-story house. Her husband was a brakeman on the railroad and was gone from home much of the time. She was entertaining Mrs. Tressie Brittain, the sheriff's wife, at dinner one day when they heard a knock on the door. When Mrs. Benton answered it, there stood a swarthy, wicked-looking man who asked for something to eat. She told him he could have what was left of their dinner, but as he set down his knapsack with a thud, she said to herself, "Just what I thought. A gun."

Mrs. Benton slipped into the bedroom while the man was eating and pocketed her little .44. As the man got up to leave, but then hesitated at the door, she said, "You got what you came for, now leave!" and pushed him out and bolted the door. Both women watched as he went up the hill.

When Sheriff Brittain arrived he wanted to know if the man had a gun.

"There's his sack. See for yourself," Mrs. Benton told him.

Sure enough, it contained what later was proved to be the murder weapon. The sheriff deputized a couple of men to go with him and flush the culprit out of one of the mines where he was holed up.

And then there were the gentle people—the magic people. So many of

(Continued on page 53)

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PANDEMONIUM is a word you may never have seen in action. This picture is about as close as we can get to it. It's what happens to us real soon now, so . . .

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Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

Above, Custer's expedition on the way to the Black Hills in 1874. Drawing is based on an Illingworth photo.

First in the

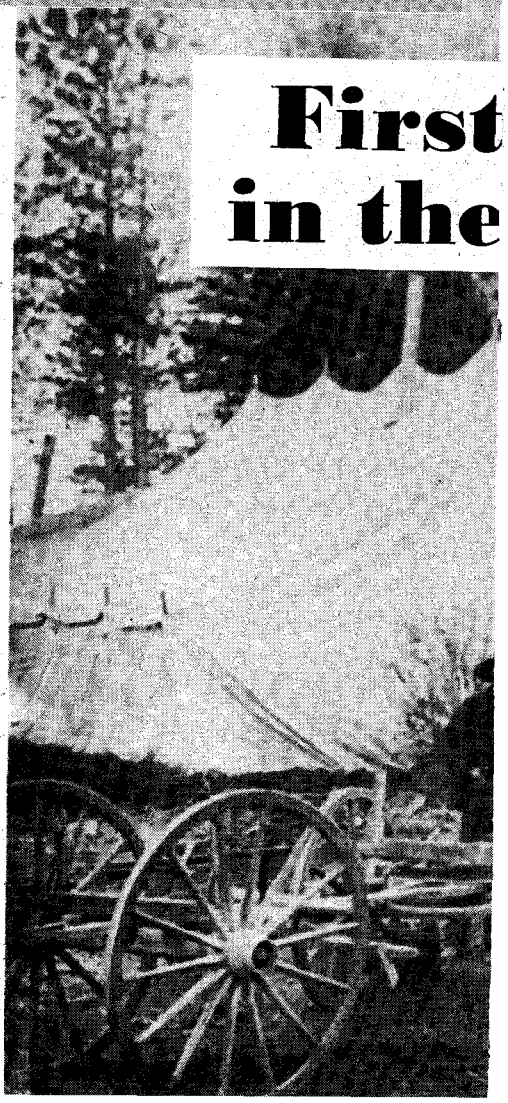
1874 — Custer's thousand men were checking for gold; Sarah Campbell, riding with them, had little hope of sharing the spoils...

A thousand men marched in military order from Fort Abraham Lincoln toward the Black Hills of Dakota Territory in 1874 and General George Custer led the way. Among the thousand soldiers, black Sarah Campbell rode in a wagon with the teamsters, the only woman in the entire cavalcade.

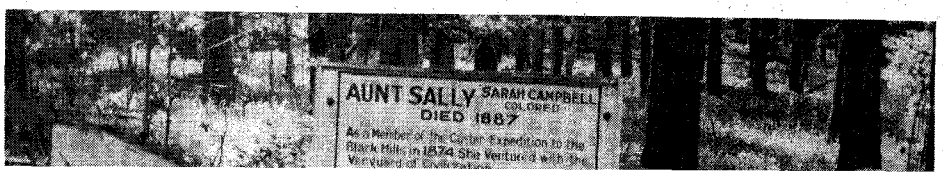
It was like no other journey. The Black Hills were a group of middle-sized mountains surrounded by prairie in the great vastness of Dakota. It was said by mountain men that roving Sioux considered them holy ground, but actually the Indians went there when they needed poles for their tepees or when they hunted buffalo in the lower foothills.

It was rumored that the sound of thunder could be heard from those hills even on a cloudless day. It was like the roar of a cannon in the far distance. Mountain men had explored the area for many years, and had come from the wooded heights with tales of grizzly bears and pure mountain water tasting like ambrosia and tales of a place where one could pick berries from the bushes in season or catch fish in the streams or shoot a good buck from the deer herds—and they told of gold colors in the streams.

Those stories of gold had been trickling from the hills for a dozen years, but prospectors paid little attention when the



Below, Aunt Sally's grave and marker in the Vinegar Hill cemetery at Galena, South Dakota. At right, camp scenes like this were very familiar to Aunt Sally Campbell during her years as a camp cook.



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Idaho gold fields proved successful in 1864. Talk was getting more serious about gold in the hills by 1874, and because the area was Indian territory under treaty, Custer's expedition was ordered to enter the mountains to check the rumors for certainty.

Custer led a luxurious expedition. His men herded 1900 horses and mules, drove 300 beef cattle for food, and conducted 110 wagons. With his military men he included a photographer, a cartographer, a couple of practical gold miners, even a military band.

Sarah Campbell, known to everyone as Aunt Sally, came as the cook for one of the men. The *Black Hills Daily Times* of 1880 insisted that in 1874 Aunt Sally was cook for the sutler of the regiment, John Smith. A sutler was a peddler who follows the army to sell goods and food to the soldiers, but it is quite possible that the word sutler in this case might have referred to a civilian who was with the expedition by invitation for the purpose of issuing provisions.

Two men who accompanied Custer in 1874 insisted that Aunt Sally was cook for Captain Miles Keogh, 7th Cavalry officer who was killed at the 1876 Battle of the Little Big Horn, promoted by that time to Colonel. Those making that statement were Charles Windolph who was a harness maker with the 7th Cavalry, and Dan Newell who was a farrier or blacksmith.

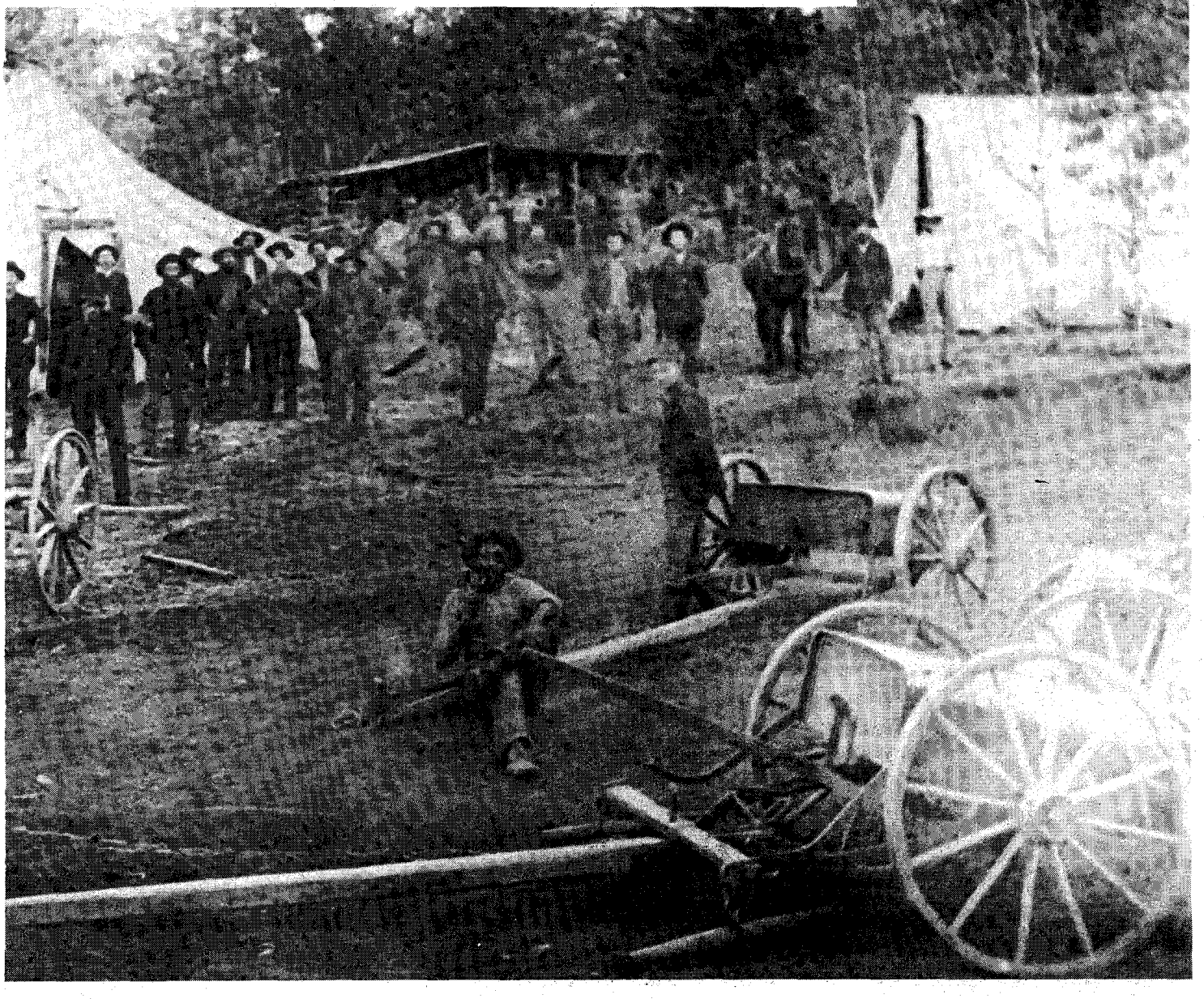
Sally was there, whichever man she served. She was the first woman in the Black Hills other than the Indian women who knew the land as their own.

THE EXPEDITION conducted a wide sweep through the valleys and climbed some of the highest peaks. While Custer and selected officers were doing some

Photo From the S. Goodale Price Collection

Non-Indian Woman Black Hills

By MILDRED FIELDER
Photos Courtesy Author



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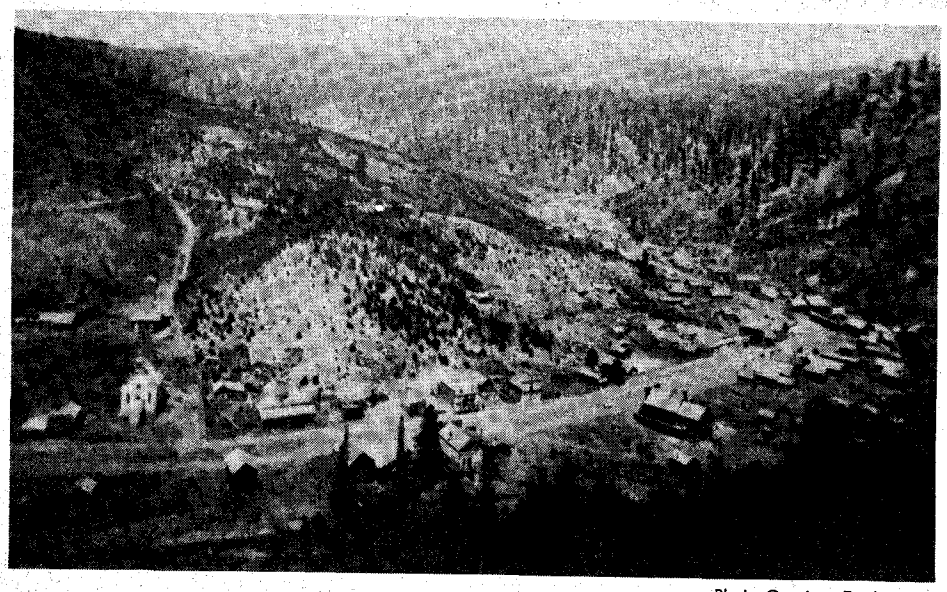

Galena, South Dakota in 1890.

Photo Courtesy Fred Borsch

daily exploring from their camp on French Creek, their prospectors found gold colors in that stream. First discovery is credited to Horatio N. Ross, but his partner William T. McKay was right behind him in verifying the find.

There really was gold in the Black Hills! Word flew over the continent. From Sioux City on the eastern edge of Dakota Territory a group of prospectors known as the Collins-Russell party left in 1874 and moved carefully toward the forbidden land. Annie D. Tallent and her son Robert accompanied them, making Annie Tallent the first white woman in the Black Hills. It is from the writing of Mrs. Tallent that we have a detailed version of their trip.

The Collins-Russell party drove straight for Custer's camp on French Creek, arriving in December's snows. They erected a log fort and prospected in the icy streams as well as they could, but in the springtime the army found them and escorted them from the hills. The damage was done. From that moment forward, through 1875 and into the raging spring of 1876 when the big gold rush began, ten thousand miners rushed to Deadwood Gulch. Aunt Sally returned to the Black Hills in that gold rush.

Army officials decorate the grave of Colonel Keogh at the site of the Little Big Horn massacre.

Photo from the Morrow Collection, University of South Dakota Museum

Now consider—in 1888 the newspaper report of her death estimated her age at 75 years. That would make her born around 1813, and thus sixty-one years old when she entered the Black Hills with General Custer's expedition forces. However, when the census taker checked the Black Hills population in 1880 he listed Sally Campbell as 56, describing her as a single woman, keeping house, sick with colic at the time, "can't read nor write," and born in Kentucky.

The newspaper account would have her sixty-three years of age when she returned under her own steam in 1876, though the census taker (more likely correct) would indicate her age at that time as fifty-two.

Sally Campbell was a huge woman, weighing roughly 225 pounds. She must certainly have been born into slavery. When the Civil War ended she would have been forty-one, heavy set in physique, with a determination to make a new life of her own. We have no record of her before she rode into the Black Hills with General Custer other than her original home had been in Kentucky, but somehow she obtained work as a cook after 1865 and drifted west with the military men. Apparently she had no family, no close friends, no one who could help her or would help her. She was on her own.

A MILITARY LIFE on the Great Plains was not easy. The prairies were hot and dry, and the soldiers moved rather constantly as they patrolled the land against Indians. It is not surprising that Aunt Sally, recalling the cool weather of the Black Hills and the beauty of the mountains, decided to go back when the area became open for settlement.

If she were cooking for the sutler there would have been no problem with employment; but if she were cook for Captain Keogh, she was suddenly without a job in June 1876. Captain (Colonel) Keogh rode with Custer to the Battle of the Little Big Horn and was dead. Thus it is not surprising that Aunt Sally returned to the Black Hills.

When gold seekers were allowed to enter, some of the first went to the French Creek camp where first Custer had stopped, then the Collins-Russell party had encamped. Among those rushing for that spot was the finder of gold, Horatio N. Ross, and it was he who led the staking of the claims along French Creek.

Not long afterward, a newspaper report by William E. Curtis of the Chicago *Tribune* listed the establishment of a mining company at French Creek two and a half miles below burgeoning Custer City, in which twelve people claimed mining locations below the Discovery Claim which Horatio Ross staked as his own. Eight other locations were downstream from the Discovery Claim, and the seventh was in the name of Sarah Campbell.

How did she get there? No one knows. She did not stay on French Creek long enough to work the claim, according to any reports I have been able to find.

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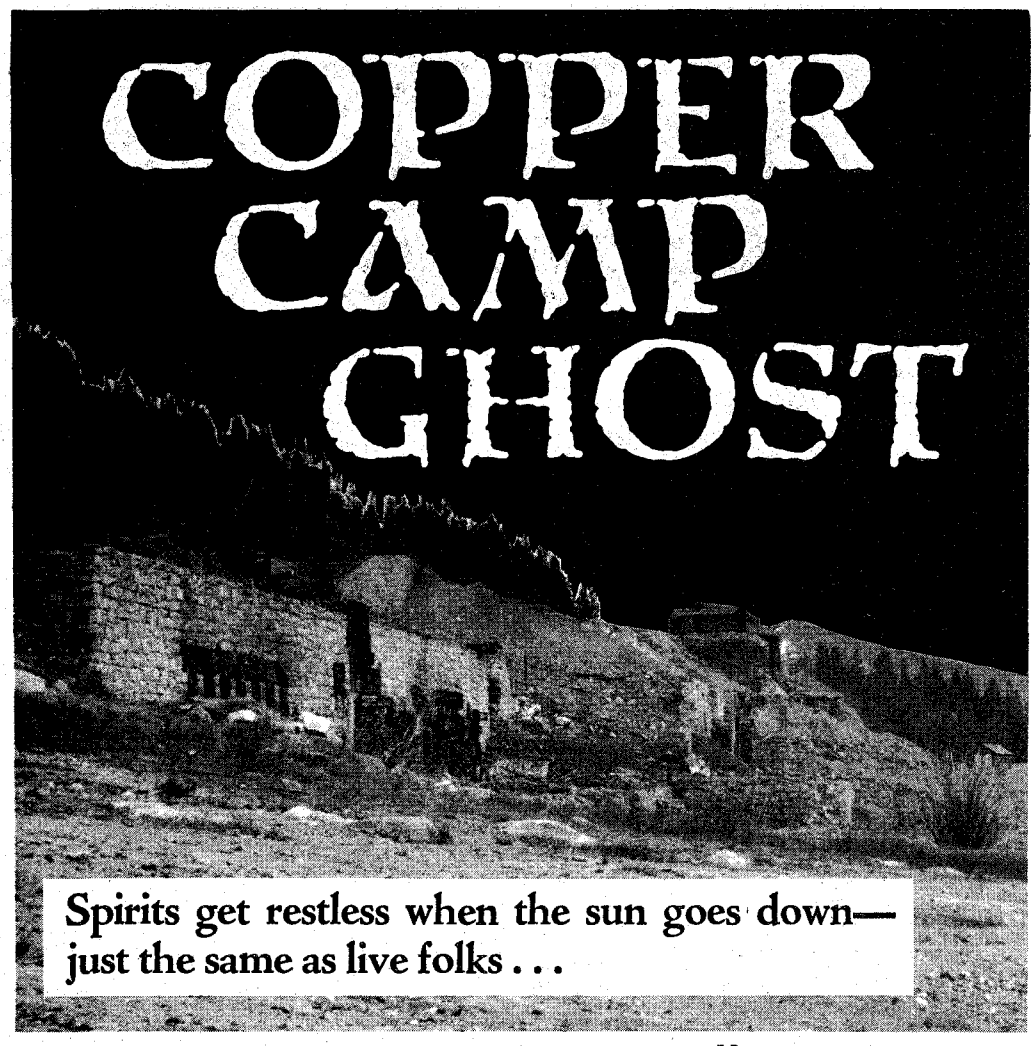
By VENITA MASTIN

COPPER CAMP GHOST



Spirits get restless when the sun goes down—just the same as live folks . . .

Montana mine ruins.

THE CENTERVILLE GHOST made its first public appearance on Sunday night, March 6, 1901 and was eerie enough to scare the entire population of Centerville (a Butte, Montana suburb) and some of the residents of Butte half to death.

Two Centerville youths, making their way homeward along Main Street around midnight, first spotted the apparition coming from the direction of the West Greyrock Mine. Instinctively the two boys huddled together, scarcely breathing, as the distance between them and "it" narrowed to within six feet.

The shrouded spectre, partially concealed by a luminous haze, had two balls of fire for eyes and emitted a pungent, sulfur-like odor. As the two stricken residents watched, it stopped, threw back its head in the manner of a wolf, gave a long piercing scream, then disappeared into the ground in a cloud of vapor.

News of the supernatural visitation swept through the small mining camp the next day. From house to house, many clinging precariously to the steep side of Butte hill, and over sagging wooden fences that enclosed grassless yards, word of the incident traveled and grew. By nightfall other Centerville residents claimed that they, too, had personally seen the ghost.

At first Butte newspapers were frankly skeptical. Spirits of all sorts had a way of cropping up in mining camps, but the current Centerville ghost stretched the imagination a bit too far. Local newsmen refused to become involved.

On succeeding evenings, however, when the unearthly visitor appeared in widely separated localities, tensions began to mount. Finally, in deference to growing public concern, Butte newspapers dispatched reporters to investigate.

THE NEWSMEN were not prepared for what awaited them. Not only did scores of Centerville residents insist they had seen the apparition, but a dozen of the men, determined to take the law into their own hands, had cautiously trailed it to an old abandoned shack on East Summit Street below the Mountain Con Mine. Here they watched as the ghost disappeared within a few feet of them.

Two of the trackers refused to turn back with the others, and remained behind in the old shack to await the ghost's return. Hours later they were found lying face down on the shack floor, unconscious. When they were revived, the men said something had attacked them and literally beaten them senseless with its grimy talons. The men bore no marks on their bodies to substantiate their claim, but they stubbornly clung to their story.

By now the reporters had heard enough to consider the Centerville ghost newsworthy, and their story, depicting the apparition's nightly appearances, appeared in the next day's paper.

Many Centerville residents barricaded themselves behind bolted doors and kept lights burning throughout the night. Others, who had to be away from home at night, risked personal encounters with the ghost in various locations around the mining camp.

A luminous figure accosted one Centerville girl in a small, dark alleyway, tied her up with pieces of rope, and held her captive for hours in the chill of night before releasing her unharmed. "He smoked many cigarettes as he watched over me," she tearfully reported. "Then finally he untied me and disappeared, taking the pieces of rope with him. It was a terrifying experience."

On Friday 13 (an excellent night for a witch hunt), two armed reporters dispatched to further investigate the matter promptly drafted Centerville residents Mike Collane and Jack Murphy to help them trail the illusive ghost to its lair.

The reporters would follow the seldom-used pathway at the foot of an old mine dump a few hundred feet from the railway tracks, it was decided, while Collane and Murphy, both carrying double-barreled shotguns, picked their way through the darkness along the B. A. & P. tracks, running east. The men solemnly shook hands and departed.

A short time later a figure clothed in what appeared to be a long ulster loomed up in front of Collane and Murphy as they crept toward a string of empty ore cars.

"Halt!" Murphy cried, aiming his shotgun. "Are you a man or a ghost!"

When he received no reply, Murphy let go with both barrels but the tall figure did not waver. Instead, it paused a moment longer, the ulster clutched tightly. Then just as suddenly as it had appeared, it dissolved before their terrified eyes.

Collane stumbled back against an empty ore car, his loaded shotgun hanging limp and useless in his trembling hand. "I saw it, Jack!" he babbled. "I saw it before you shot!"

The reporters, hearing the shotgun blast, rushed to the scene. The next morning they gave credence to the story as shown by the final paragraph of their newspaper account:

"If the apparition or ghost, or whatever the object which was encountered on the railroad tracks last night, is not supernatural, it is certainly one of the most puzzling things which has ever come up for discussion in Butte. There is no question that the appearance of the object was a creation in the mind of the men who went in search of it, and if

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Wild Old Days!

GOLD FEVER

By C. W. Wimberley

TALES of hidden treasures and lost mines are legion and legend. During the lean years of the twenties and thirties they were a popular theme and every old codger bold enough to predict Texas weather had his very own authentic version of a dozen or two of them. Though these accounts made more dubious use of historical fact than an alley cat's pedigree, the faith in "Thar's gold in them thar hills" prevailed.

Of course, had you desired a tangible and more reliable reference on the matter, this could have been accomplished readily by crossing the Rio Grande to take a seat in any border-town saloon where these desires were aired rather freely. Fluent Spanish or Tex-Mex was not a prerequisite to acquiring a priceless Spanish Treasure Map.

The penmanship and the quality of parchment used to produce your map usually reflected the number of pesos involved in the transaction and/or your capacity for absorbing tequila.

In any event, I was satisfied with the story of the fabled sixteen jackloads of Spanish gold buried in the hills of Texas and I was satisfied that this treasure was buried at the trunk of a big live oak growing on the slope above the head of the San Marcos River where a Comanche had shot his arrows into the ground to mark the spot after the massacre of the Spaniards. And I was also satisfied to let it be.

Illustration by Author

But the location of the sixteen jackloads of gold was not my secret and gold fever is a strange malady that affects normal people in most unusual ways.

A couple of our local worthies spent most of one winter digging holes at the base of all sizeable oaks growing on the hill above the San Marcos River. The most unusual facet of their venture was that they often broke through virgin layers of rock in their search for buried treasure.

On the west slope of this hill there is clay deposit beside a small draw. Persons unknown once dug two gravelike pits into this clay—one about six feet deep, the other about ten—to bedrock. Until a prolonged rainy season created mud slides to fill them, these pits were death traps for many unsuspecting armadillos.

While I was a youngster, this area was my old stomping grounds and the scene of some bizarre endeavors of gold fever victims. On one occasion, I discovered an old man dowsing for the jackloads of gold with a water witch's fork impregnated with quicksilver. He was quite certain of finding the gold for he had more confidence in his witching fork than in a railroader's watch.

All the predecessors of the modern mineral detectors must have made their trial runs on this hill, for I have witnessed mineral rods of all descriptions being used to scan the contours of its slopes.

A bearded old man wearing an army overcoat had the most elaborate Rube Goldberg contraption of all. This machine, which he wore strapped to his chest, was about the size of an apple box. The top was covered with dials and assorted controls. Two long copper rods held in either hand were connected to the machine by extension cords. After adjusting the dials, he would tap these rods together, then proceed to scan the soil by probing the area with a knitting-needle action.

On discovering he was being watched, he would close the great coat about his machine and stand silently. Keeping my distance, I'd sit and look. Though handicapped by his coat he would sweat me out, and was never fooled by my ploy of a bold departure and sneaking back for another look.

IN THE FALL of '37 I moved to Llano County and, before I got around to meeting all my wife's kinfolks, I learned that the elusive sixteen jackloads of gold had not made it to San Marcos—it had been buried somewhere in the northeast corner of Llano County.

Yeah, one of my brothers-in-law had his diggings near the springs at the head of Cedar Holler. Being a *Hounddog* man, this brother-in-law of mine didn't devote much time to his diggings, and for about twenty years you would have thought he had abandoned the project.

Meanwhile a pair of my Lone Grove neighbors, Frank Beal and Lee Hazelett, took up the chase, scouring the

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whole county and doing considerably more sighting for sites than digging. The only find they would divulge was two antique smoking irons—tailor's model, near two feet long, heated by miniature built-in charcoal furnaces. Why or when these irons were cached in a mott near the top of Packsaddle Mountain remains speculative.

With the twenty years behind him, this brother-in-law of mine renewed his effort with vigor. After pulling up stakes on Cedar Holler, he set up shop in the Calvert pasture where during a prolonged survey for promising dig sites, he discovered some sort of rare quartz which was going to make us all rich someday.

Another twenty years has passed and we are still waiting for that day.

A DISASTROUS DIGGING!

By May Howell Dodson

WHEN Tucumcari, New Mexico was just a burg—blooming and promising so much for homeseekers—the big problem was water. Settlers hauled water in barrels from a creek called Blue, three miles away. One man loaded his wagon with barrels, took them to the creek, filled them and then peddled water to the townspeople for twenty-five cents a barrel.

As the population increased, people began drilling wells and putting up windmills. When the wind blew, which was almost constantly, we had water. But sometimes the wind blew so hard the mill had to be shut off. So if it blew, we might be out of water, or if it didn't blow, we wished it would.

One resident, Mr. Troup, took up land across the railroad track and dug a well. After going down some distance, he struck water. Immediately he began walling up the sides. He picked up a man who was without employment to do the work. The fellow said he was a stonemason, so Mr. Troup began gathering rock from the hillside and work began. A ladder was lowered to let the workman down.

All was going well, water began coming up, and the wall was nearing completion when all at once Mrs. Troup heard the man calling from the well. She ran out and found that rocks had caved in, pinning him down.

Mrs. Troup rushed out to the field and her husband came running. He climbed down into the well but could not lift the heavy rock. Then he got a crowbar, but more rocks caved in. All the time, water was gradually rising.

In desperation Mr. Troup sent a team to town to get well-drilling equipment and men. But by the time help arrived, the water had risen, and as Mrs. Troup looked on helplessly, it drowned the workman.

No one could find any relatives or persons to notify. Mrs. Troup was inconsolable and said she could no longer live there. She would always hear his cries for help.

Finally it was decided to make the well his grave. Neighbors filled it to the top with dirt, and a grave marker was erected on the spot.

After that no more wells were dug. Only well-drilling machines were used. When water began rising, then a windmill was erected.

Later deep wells were drilled and a plumbing system was procured so that everyone had water—soft, cold water. When gasolne engines became available, most windmills were discarded.

The sound of their turning was a comforting squeak to most of us old-timers —but to a few the sound brought memories of a pitiful cry for help.

WHEN TOYS WERE CHEAP

By Ed Varley

THERE was a time when kids found amusement in simple things that didn't cost their parents a bundle of money. Charles Riefstahl of San Diego, California has reproduced many of those hand-made toys of Christmases past.

In early times a toy or game began with a piece of scrap lumber or tree branch and a whittling knife. With pieces of string or wire, a few nails and a little paint, if available, ingenious amusements were fashioned by Mom, Dad and even the kids.

Riefstahl has made many of the twenty-five old-time "toys and things" in his collection from recalling the toys of his own youth. His favorite is the "Gee-Haw-Whimmy-Diddle," a 10" long twig with a short twig affixed like a propeller at one end, and the shaft notched for about 3" along the top. The notches are stroked with another short stick.

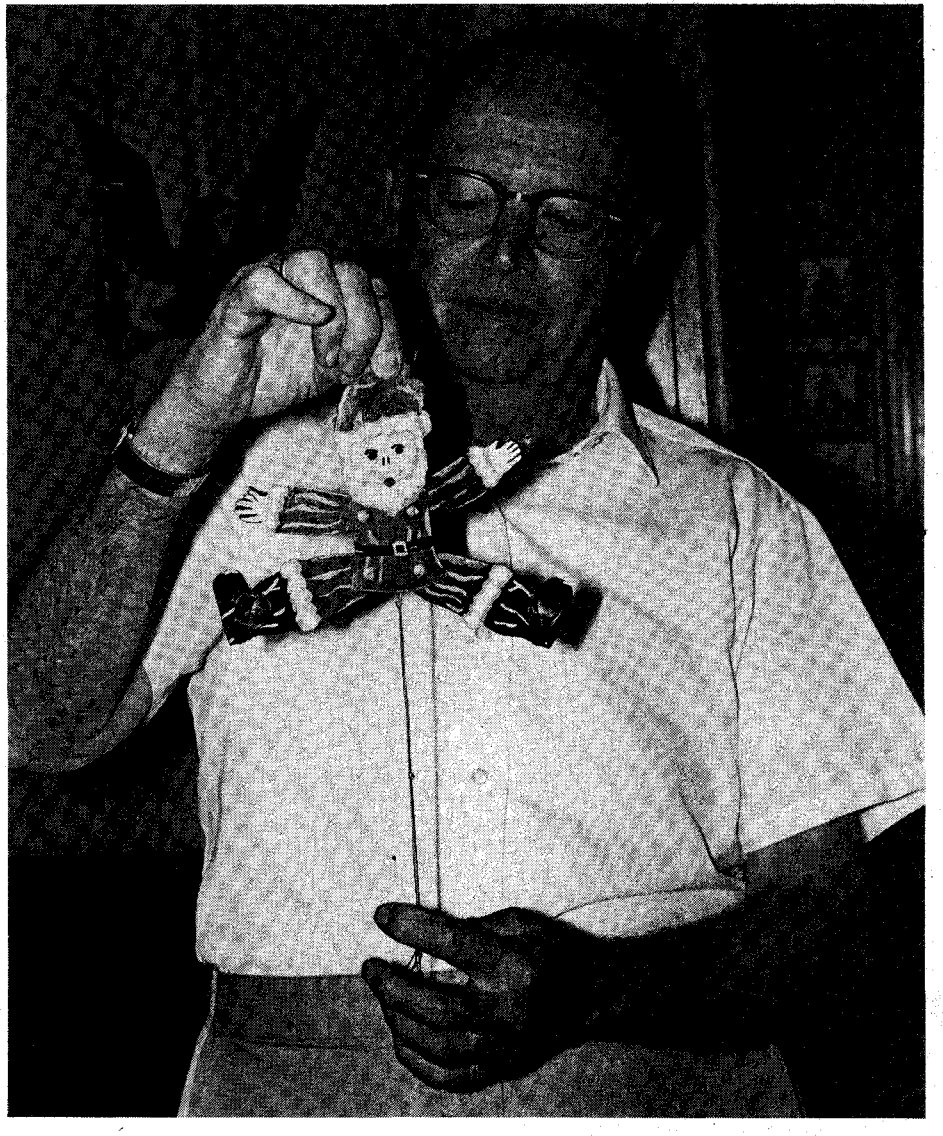
"Gee!" Riefstahl gave the command for a horse to turn right, and the propeller turned to the right. With an imperceptible shift of his fingers on the rubbing twig and a twist of the larger twig, he said, "Haw!" The propeller stopped and then began rotating to the left.

According to Riefstahl, no one knows why the rubbing of the notches causes the propeller to rotate but he offered this mechanical engineer's explanation: "The variably generated vibration frequencies and harmonics thereof react in

(Continued on page 53)

Charles Riefstahl holding a jumping-jack Santa toy.

Photos Courtesy Author



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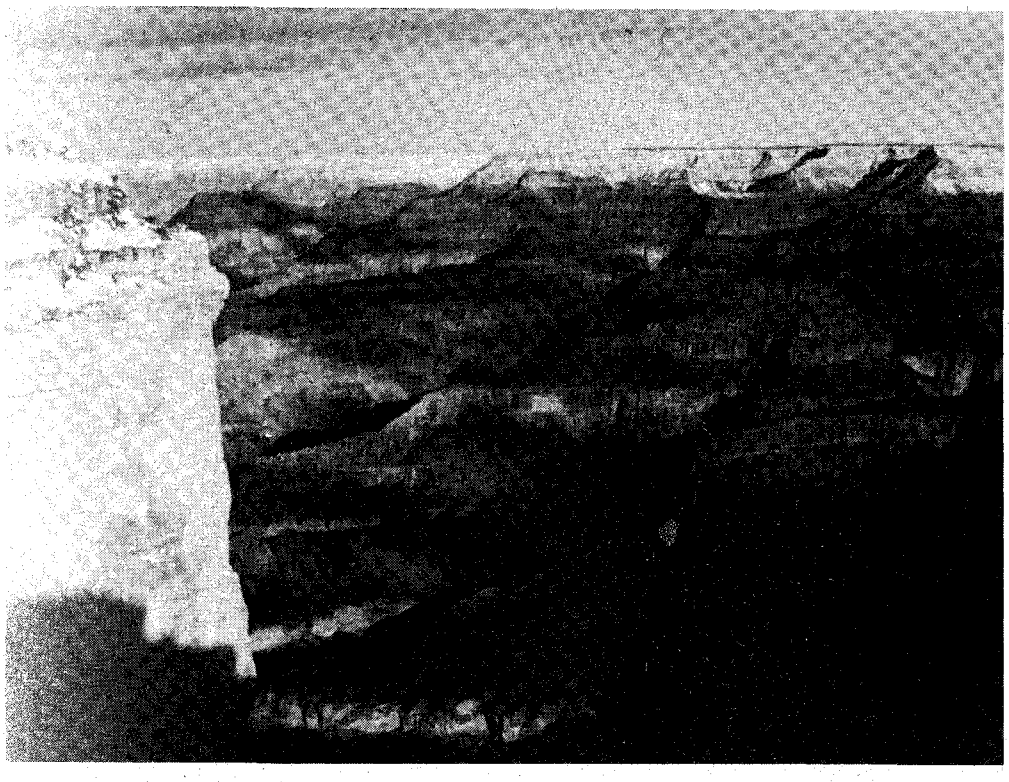

This view looking across the canyon from the rim above Hogan's Orphan has changed little since Dan Hogan first saw it in 1893.

Hogan's Orphan Mine

(Continued from page 10)

sale of both mineral and surface rights. Golden Crown would own Dan Hogan's old mine plus the Grand Canyon Inn on the rim. That transaction ultimately led to a series of incredible events involving the operation of the Grand Canyon's only active mine.

Golden Crown, a wholly-owned subsidiary of the New York-based Western Gold and Uranium Inc., already operated a marginal silver-uranium mine at the Silver Reef near Leeds, Utah.

The firm, whose western headquarters were at St. George, Utah, sent competent geologists Max Kofford and Erwin C. Winterhalder to examine the new acquisition and solve ore digging and shipping logistics. They decided that an aerial tramway was the quickest, easiest, and most effective method of hauling ore, men, supplies, and equipment from the rimtop to Hogan's old shaft.

This $100,000 transit system featured a series of spaced buckets in a tramway cable. Each was capable of lifting an 800-pound load of ore to bins on the rim. It was a four-minute trip.

Few ski lifts offered more thrills or a grander view. The 1,800-foot tramway dropped 1,100 feet and at times the descent was a spine-tingling 57 degrees. The cable towers were installed by workmen who had to descend the slopes in bosun's chairs suspended on ropes.

It's doubtful whether any other mine in the United States entertained as many visitors as Hogan's Orphan during this busy period. James L. Swartz of Phoenix worked as a miner during the summers of 1958-59 when he was attending college. Swartz, now superintendent of the hydro generation division of the Salt River Project, was a mucker. The work was hard and dirty, but paid well.

"The company printed an information sheet describing the mine for enthusiastic visitors," he recalled. "We also gave away small ore chunks for souvenir-hunting tourists who liked to take pieces of uranium home—you know, the atomic bomb stuff from the colorful Orphan."

He also told about a little map that showed visitors how they could negotiate a footpath one third of a mile to Maricopa Point where they would have an excellent view of the entire mining operation. During each of those summers, an estimated half-million people came up to see Hogan's Orphan.

"They wanted to ride the aerial tram, and pulled money out of wallets and purses to pay for the privilege," Swartz observed. "Of course, you couldn't blame them for that, but safety regulations prevented the mine from letting them take the ride. Believe me, that four-minute ore bucket ride was pulsating and provided the most spectacular view of that part of the Canyon."

He said also that in 1958 the aerial tramway lifted about 13,000 tons of ore having an average U308 content of 1.7 per cent—four times as rich an any uranium ore mined elsewhere in the United States.

Assay reports continued to astound mine officials and stockholders. One settlement sheet for delivered ore was on the basis of 4.09 per cent U308. A few ore pockets in the heart of the Orphan were estimated to produce 80 per cent pure uranium.

"Or course, the Park Service worried about the effect we muddy, sweaty miners would have on the pristine tourists as we intermingled at post offices, stores, bars, and lodges," Swartz commented, flashing a wide grin. "As far as the government was concerned, mining was the most bothersome activity in the Canyon."

HOGAN'S ORPHAN gradually developed into quite an extensive complex. A standard-sized tunnel paralleled Dan's original entry hole. Far inside, a vertical shaft was sunk to tap rich ore veins located by diamond drilling.

On the rim the company built ore-loading facilities, bunkhouses, a mess hall, offices, and supporting structures. A 60,000-gallon tank was perched atop a tower to hold water that was trucked in from Williams some fifty miles away. Many of these structures, run-down and shabby, are on the site today.

The expense of trucking ore to distant mills was a major concern, and is one of the key reasons why Hogan's Orphan is now quiet. Western Gold and Uranium hauled the ore to the Rare Metals Corporation mill six miles north of Tuba City. This plant, built at a cost of $4 million, opened in 1956. At the peak of production, the mill employed 800 miners, many of them Navajos.

Uranium ore from the Orphan accounted for 87 per cent of the Tuba City processing. The balance came from small mines on the Navajo Reservation and in the Cameron area.

As recently as 1962, the Tuba City mill had a payroll of $340,000 annually, and was regarded as an important contributor to northern Arizona's economy.

The Orphan's vertical shaft had been dropped to the 1,500-foot level by 1960, and a cross-cut was driven toward the Canyon wall to intersect the downward extension of the ore body. Production soared to 7,000 tons monthly of ore that graded an average of 0.3% of U308.

In a move that surprised many, the firm announced on September 6, 1961, that Lee Ackerman of Scottsdale, Arizona would become president of Western Gold and Uranium Inc.

Ackerman, who headed an investment firm, had made an unsuccessful run for the Arizona governorship the preceding year. Western Gold negotiated a merger with the investment company and the reorganized corporation became Western Equities, Inc. of New York.

The truth of the matter was that the Orphan's ore was depleting. Management's only option was to negotiate with the unfriendly National Park Service for the right to bore beneath park land for more ore. The alternative was closing the mine entirely.

A bill was prepared and sent to Congress that would allow the Park Service full title to the Orphan claim. In return, Western Equities would be allowed to remove ore bodies under government land.

The Orphan shut down late in 1961 because a 200-ton ore bin collapsed atop the new shaft. The closure idled the employes of the Tuba City mill and caused great economic uncertainty throughout

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Are All Government Land Sales Good Buys? Sometimes Government offices release properties for sale that the Government Lands Digest considers as undesirable land. While such properties are usually listed, we are careful to advise you of their various shortcomings. It is the practice of our editorial staff to keep you supplied with accurate information that you can convert into big savings for today and even larger profits for tomorrow.

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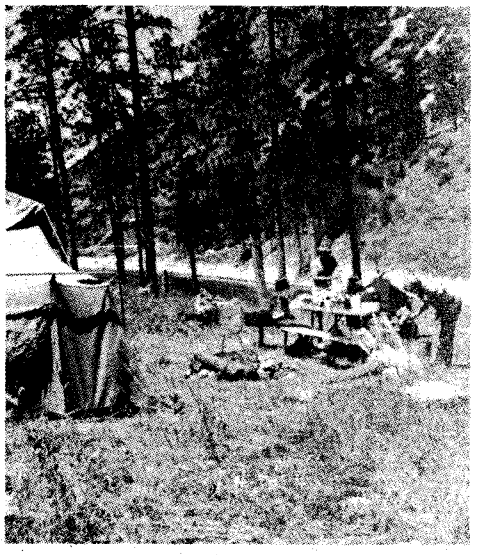

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the region. To complicate matters, Western Equities' ore sales contract with the Atomic Energy Commission was due to expire in 1962. Seemingly, only Congressional action could solve the problem.

Then a sensational element entered the case. *Parade Magazine* published an article stating that Western Equities planned to build a multi-story 800-room resort hotel starting at the rim above the Orphan Mine and spilling down the side of the precipitous cliff like a concrete waterfall. A picture-windowed "watering-hole" would be located on the rim and a mammoth swimming pool at the bottom. Officials of the firm alleged that this was the only survival route if mining operations had to cease.

Several Congressmen were infuriated at what they considered a blatant effort to steamroll the Orphan Mine Bill through to speedy passage. Charges, countercharges, and broadsides of all sorts were hurled at the guy in the black hat—Western Equities. Denouncements included "blackmail" "the sheer idiocy of promoting drinks on the brink," and "brinkmanship at its worst."

While this was occurring, the House of Representatives busied itself preparing a bill that it hoped would be acceptable to both sides.

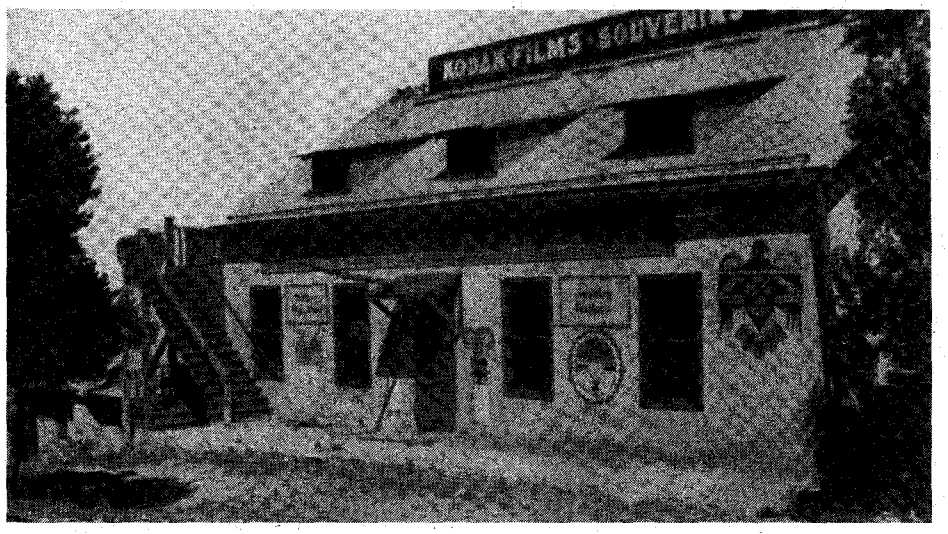
Basically, it gave Western Equities the right to mine under government land until 1987 while maintaining three surface acres to support mining operations. Also, the firm's Grand Canyon Inn was to be phased out in 1966 and the aerial tramway had to go by 1964. It was replaced by a vertical shaft from the rim to the main horizontal tunnel. All land and rights would revert to the Federal Government in 1987.

The dispute appeared resolved until Arizona Republican Senator Barry Goldwater tossed another bombshell. He sent word to the House that he could not support the Orphan Mine Bill. This announcement from a key senator had its effect. The House defeated the measure.

Rejection of the enabling bill crippled northern Arizona's mining industry. The mill at Tuba City remained idle because the Orphan was quiet. Some folks in that part of the state thought Senator Goldwater had jumped off the rim of sanity for sandbagging the bill, and fired off letters to his Washington office telling him so. He advised the Flagstaff Chamber of Commerce and others to cool it for a few weeks—that he had good reason for his action. In April the full story was revealed when Goldwater removed his objection to the bill.

ACKERMAN, the principal figure of Western Equities, had been the Democratic gubernatorial standard bearer in Arizona. As a result the Orphan had become a political football. Goldwater opposed the Orphan Mine Bill because he was concerned about Ackerman's involvement in Western Equities. After meeting the investment man and receiving a satisfactory explanation, the Senator lowered the barriers, giving the Orphan the green light.

Congress passed the bill on May 16, 1962, and President Kennedy quickly signed it into law. Now, the last privately held piece of property within Grand Canyon National Park would revert to the people in 1987.



Hogan's Grand Canyon Trading Post was described in a 1947 National Parks publication article as "an eyesore."

In November, ore again moved from the Orphan to Tuba City. The new contract between Western Equities and the AEC provided that $16.1 million worth of ore be sold to the government during a four-year period.

However, that was not the end of the Orphan's troubles. Rising costs and a depressed uranium market clouded the future, and in 1966 ownership passed to Westec of Houston, Texas, which went bankrupt in August 1967. Westec asked the U. S. District Court in Houston for approval to sell the Orphan Mine for $875,000 in cash plus a retained 4.2 per cent of the gross revenue. The buyer was the Cotter Corporation of Roswell, New Mexico, which still owns the property.

The AEC contracts expired at the end of 1966. This led to the dismantlement of the Tuba City mill.

The mining publication, *Pay Dirt*, published the obituary of Hogan's Orphan in its April 28, 1969 issue when it revealed that production of uranium ore at the Orphan Mine ended April 25. The report cited prohibitive freight costs in moving the ore 750 miles by rail to a Colorado mill.

Pay Dirt stated that a skeleton work force would remain for a time; 18 employes would be transferred to the Schwartzwalder Uranium Mine at Golden, Colorado; and 22 workers would receive pink slips.

Officials of the Cotter Corporation expressed optimism that the mine might be reactivated some day. However, with the passage of another nine years, Hogan's Orphan will be in the hands of the federal government.

One fact is certain—uranium is still there. Dr. John McKlveen, a nuclear environmental engineer at Arizona State University, visited the site in January, 1978 and retrived some ore samples which were taken to the university laboratory for analysis. The Orphan's ore sent the geiger counter into a tizzy.

"Certainly, it would be costly to make the mine operative again, yet there is a great demand for high grade uranium ore," McKlveen said. "Many of the structures are badly in need of repairs and some are falling completely. The tramway is gone and so is the Grand Canyon Inn. But the view is just as good as ever."

A heart attack claimed the life of Dan Hogan on May 2, 1957. The old miner came to the end of the tunnel at the age of ninety in the Old Soldier's Home, Sautel, California.

"A few years after selling out to Mrs. Jacobs, Dad knew his Orphan was a uranium bonanza," Tom Hogan said. "But, even his wildest imagination could never have concocted a $40 to $50 million glory hole."

Tom was philosophical about the fortune that eluded the Hogans. "So, maybe we get a million—or two—or a few," he shrugged. "We would never have had the capital necessary to get the ore out. Besides, it was a dangerous place. One of us might have been killed or seriously hurt. Who knows?"

To him it's important that the Hogan children are alive, reasonably well for 70-plus years, and have enough resources to get by.

"You know, that durned mine got to be a nuisance and Dad was glad to get rid of it," Hogan sighed. "He was happy with what he got, and that's what counts."

Time passes. Dan Hogan is gone. His Orphan atop the rim may soon follow.

First Non-Indian Woman in the Black Hills

(Continued from page 36)

Aunt Sally went to Crook City which was a stopping place on the way to Deadwood Gulch, a small village where a stagecoach could stop or ox teams could tie up for a night. Crook City wasn't much, and became even less as the years

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went on, but in 1876 it was in the foothills and handy to have.

Sally Campbell tossed aside her ambition to make a fortune with gold, if indeed she ever had such an ambition. She knew her assets, and in Crook City she used them. She was good at nursing the sick. She was a good housekeeper. She took care of the people wandering through town, and she worked for the people who stayed there. Few women existed in the frontier village, and the men looked on Aunt Sally as a godsend.

Most of the men were young adventurers, and such was 17-year-old Anthony Weir—white, rough, and kind. Anthony Weir wasn't feeling very well when he stopped in a Crook City bar.

"Gimme a whiskey," he mumbled. He gulped it down between a couple of breaths of air and promptly slid to the floor unconscious.

The barkeeper leaned over the bar. "What's the matter with him?" One of the customers looked down and said, "He's flushed. Maybe got a fever," and edged away.

The barkeep moved around the end of his bar and knelt to feel Anthony's pulse. "He's sick right enough. Better call Aunt Sally."

Anthony was mumbling something as he rallied, but they carted him from the bar and into Aunt Sally's cabin as she directed. She pulled the covers off her cot. "Put him there. I'll take care of him."

Sally Campbell recognized the symptoms of typhoid fever. Anthony was sick—real sick—and he could have died if she had not been determined to save him. She heaped blankets on him to break the fever. She may have gathered herbs such as the creeping hollygrape that grew in the hills, or the purple prairie clover that would have been much more in evidence around Crook City. She remembered that typhoid fever had been treated Down South by a tea made from the root of the cardinal flower, but she did not see the cardinal flower around Crook City and had to do the best she could with the lesser remedies. Whatever it was that she did for Anthony Weir, it was effective.

One day he opened his eyes and asked weakly, "Who are you?"

"Just call me Aunt Sally."

"I been sick," he said.

Crook City, South Dakota in 1876.

Photo by Stanley J. Morrow

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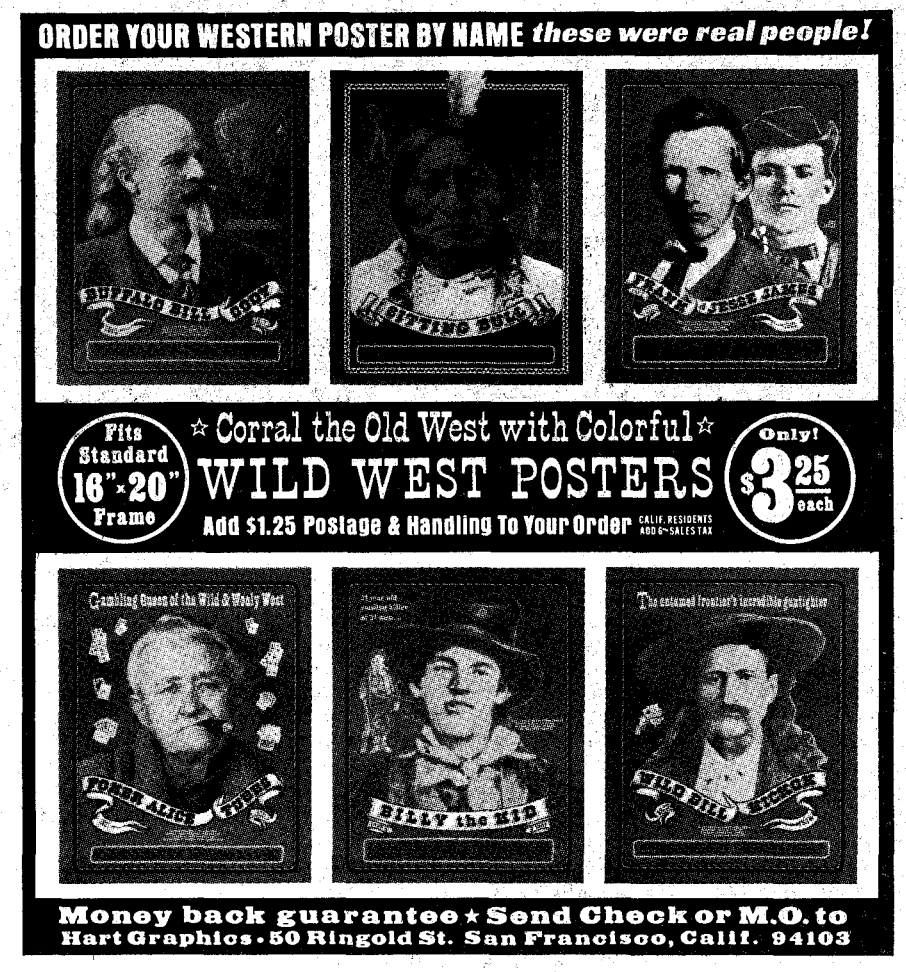

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"Tolerably," she agreed, "but you'll be better."

The day came when Anthony stuck his feet out of the bed and managed to pull himself erect. "Aunt Sally," he said, "I make you a promise. You saved my life, and I know it. From this day I'm going to give you a home as long as I live."

Maybe her whole giant frame quivered with the unexpected promise, because Aunt Sally was not accustomed to receiving much. She only knew how to give.

THERE was a lot of talk about big silver strikes in a small hill town called Galena, a few miles up-gulch from Deadwood, and Anthony got the idea of moving there to make his fortune.

"Pack up, Aunt Sally," he told her. "We're moving to Galena."

"What for, Galena?"

"All you gotta do is dig in the hillside and you can get rich horn silver. Man came into town today with a chunk of it big as his fist."

So they packed and moved. They did not settle right in town because Anthony found an abandoned cabin on some flat land east of Galena a few miles, and they moved into that. Anything in the hills, flat enough to raise a garden and run a couple of cows was called a "ranch," so in 1880 when they moved they landed on what was later called Anthony's cabin or Anthony's ranch.

A wide spot in the road with a couple of mining claims a mile up-creek was called Virginia City. Galena City was down the creek about four miles. It was a good spot, and they made the most of it.

While Anthony prospected for silver, Aunt Sally not only kept the cabin spotless but she picked up extra money by cooking for Galena prospectors as they worked along the stream. Many of the prospectors were young men without wives or families to make a home for them. Aunt Sally's cooking must have been wonderfully tempting.

The cabin was comfortable, small as it was. Anthony shot deer, which Aunt Sally processed by drying or canning. They raised potatoes and other vegetables in the garden, and wild fruits were around them for the picking. The cabin's cellar was cool enough for food storage.

Anthony brought a big Newfoundland dog home with him one day, and Aunt Sally welcomed the company. She was getting older, and she had not been young when she came to the Black Hills. She died in April 1888. The *Black Hills Daily Times* of April 13 reported the death, though her age should have been stated as 64 rather than 75:

"Undertaker Smith was called to Galena yesterday to assist in the interment of Aunt Sally, a colored woman aged 75 years who died of general debility at her ranch four miles from Galena Tuesday. Aunt Sally was a well known character; she claimed to have been the first woman to enter the hills, arriving in 1874 as

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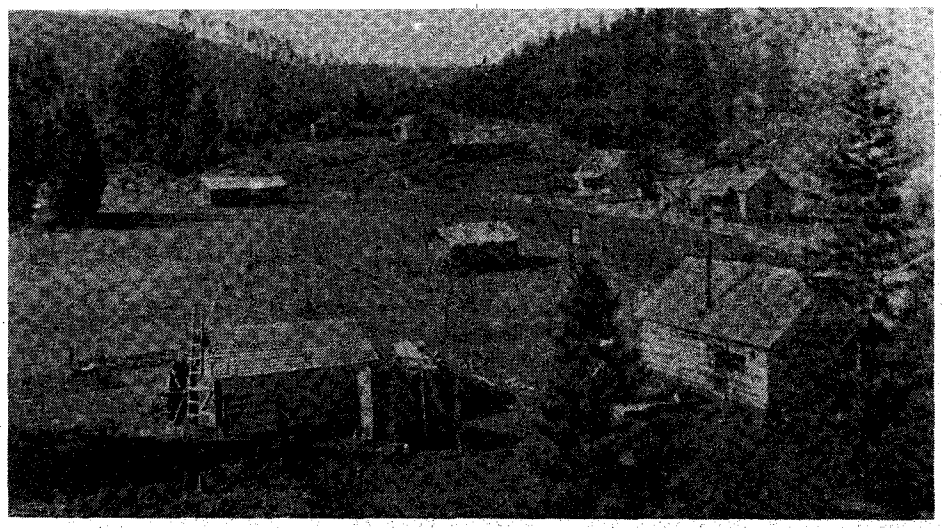

Courtesy Philip Schnitzel

Virginia City, South Dakota in 1908.

cook for General Custer. She returned in 1876, and for a short time lived at Crook City. Later she moved to near Galena and located on the ranch where she died. She was well known by all old timers, and was universally respected."

Sally Campbell was buried in Vinegar Hill Cemetery high above the town of Galena. That cemetery is in heavily forested land, and headstones are sometimes weathered past reading. Others are quite legible, for Galena is still having its ups and downs as a silver mining camp and there are occasions when Vinegar Hill Cemetery cradles a new grave in its confines.

When Aunt Sally was buried, a rough wooden headboard was placed over her grave. Somebody carved on it the words, "Aunt Sally, First Woman in the Hills." A small card fastened to the headboard places her death at April 11, 1888, although the newspaper's account would make it April 10.

By 1934 the wood began to disintegrate, so Deadwood's Adams Museum rescued the original headboard and preserved it in its collection of memorabilia. Aunt Sally still had friends in Galena who did not like to think of her grave as unmarked. Among them was Seth Galvin, son of David Galvin who was a pioneer settler of Galena in 1876.

Seth Galvin was not one to let something be undone when it needed doing. He placed a second marker over her grave which is there today, with the notation: "Aunt Sally, Sarah Campbell, colored, died 1887. As a Member of the Custer Expedition to the Black Hills in 1874 She Ventured with the Vanguard of Civilization. 1874. 1934. Erected by Her Friend and Neighbor."

Galvin made an error in the year, but his marker and his gesture have been appreciated through the years.

Two years after Aunt Sally died, when the Deadwood Central Railroad built a spur from its main line to Galena, Anthony sold the cabin. Old-timers in the section said Charlie Buck bought Anthony Weir's land for the lumber on it.

For a while Anthony continued to mine nearby. His mother came to visit him one season, and though her native language was German she managed to talk to some of the Galena people and doubtless had a fairly good time during her stay. When she left town Anthony moved to Whitewood which was in the foothills a mile or so beyond Crook City. Whitewood was growing, though Crook City was almost finished by that time.

It was like turning back the clock. In 1918 Anthony picked up the influenza germ that killed hordes of people all over the United States. With no Aunt Sally to nurse him, Anthony Weir was one of the many who died of the flu, aged fifty-nine.

Years later when I was talking to some of the Galena pioneers, I visited Dick Johnson who had been in or near the silver camp since childhood.

"Yes, I knew Aunt Sally," he told me. "She was good to everybody. She used to come over sometimes to help my mother."

Sally Campbell was good to everybody. That's what they remembered about her in Galena.

Sally Campbell helped to open a wild frontier. That's what the rest of us remember.

John Swisher, Boy Soldier

(Continued from page 21)

inspiring music in battle, but let me observe here that during the fight I was once within three feet of the drummer, and he was beating his drum as though his life depended on his hitting it hard and fast; but so great was the din and uproar that I could not catch the sound of a single "flam."

But in digressing upon the subject of artillery and martial music, I have commenced fighting the battle of San Jacinto and routed the Mexicans while the troops are still at Groce's. I will return in my narrative and bring up the army.

General Houston, having received information while at Groce's that a portion of the Mexican army had crossed the Brazos at Fort Bend and marched in the direction of Harrisburg, immediately took up the line of march, and after two days of hard travel, over muddy and almost impassable roads, reached on the 18th of April a point opposite Harrisburg. The Mexicans had been ahead of us, burned the village and departed. From a Mexican courier, brought in by Deaf Smith, General Houston was placed in possession of information to the effect that Santa Anna was in personal command of this advanced portion of the army, and had marched from Harrisburg in the direction of Morgan's Point on Galveston Bay. Orders were immediately issued to prepare for marching.

A camp was established at Harrisburg, at which all the sick with the baggage and camp equipage were left under a guard of two hundred men, commanded by Major McNutt; and the army on the 19th commenced crossing Buffalo Bayou.

We marched all night in the direction the enemy had taken and stopped after daylight for refreshments, but before we could cook our meat, a horseman came dashing into camp with news that the advance guards of the two armies had met. Without stopping to breakfast we again took up the line of march and proceeded to Lynch's ferry on the San Jacinto. Finding no good place to camp at that point, we countermarched about half a mile and took up a strong position on the bank of Buffalo Bayou.

It would be difficult to select anywhere better ground for an impregnable camp than that now occupied by our army. It was about two or three feet above the water's edge and ran back from fifty to one hundred yards on a level, covered with trees, but with little or no undergrowth, to a second bank about ten feet high. This last bank was not so steep that the troops could not easily walk to the top, deliver their fire, fall back, load, advance and fire again.

We had scarcely taken this position, when the enemy opened fire on us with their artillery. The grape and canister shot went whistling and rattling through the tops of the trees, but we felt no uneasiness from this, for we were as secure from danger as we would have been inside an impregnable fort.

The firing was kept up some little time without any apparent intention on the enemy's part of advancing any nearer. Perceiving this, our two pieces of artillery were ordered to the top of the bluff, and a lively little cannonading was soon commenced, which lasted about half an hour, when the Mexicans fell back. But during the exchange of cannon shots, Col. J. C. Neill, the commander of our artillery, was severely wounded.

AFTER the Mexicans retired, we had a glorious time in cooking and eating. We had eaten nothing since leaving camp at Harrisburg on the morning of the 19th. It was now past dinner time on the 20th and our appetites were keenly set. Some of our scouts had captured a small boat load of flour and we had drawn our rations; but how to manufacture some bread was the all absorbing question. We had left all our cooking utensils at the camp at Harrisburg and had nothing even in which to mix the dough.

We went to the Bayou, washed our dirty handkerchiefs, and mixed the dough

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on them. We then got sticks about the size of a man's wrist, wrapped the dough around them, and held it over the fire until it was well browned. I thought I had never eaten anything so delicious in all my life as that bread.

When our appetites had been appeased, we lounged about the camp, in a quiescent state, during the afternoon until near night. (I speak of myself and such others as had no horses. Col. Sherman during this time had passed through our camp, beating up for volunteers among such as had horses to join him in making a reconnaissance to feel of the enemy's position.)

About an hour before sunset we were aroused by a terrific firing of small arms and an occasional discharge of artillery in the direction of the Mexican camp. Our regiment and Col. Millard's battalion of regulars were instantly called to arms and we were marched to the "Island of Timber," which had been occupied by the Mexicans in the morning. By the time we reached this point, we met the cavalry under Col. Sherman falling back in good order.

We afterwards ascertained that they had approached within point-blank shot of the enemy camp and had encountered their cavalry in a hand-to-hand fight in which some deeds of daring were performed worthy of the brightest days of chivalry. It appears that young Walter P. Lane had encountered a stalwart Mexican, who had proved rather too much for him and who had succeeded in unhorsing him and was about to give him his quietus, when Col. Mirabeau B. Lamar, who had joined the army as a private at Groce's, observing this, dashed to the rescue, and with one stroke of his all-powerful sword smote the triumphant Mexican to the earth, remounted the exhausted Lane, and they both rode quietly away from the conflict. This little episode explains the parenthesis in the report of the Commander-in-Chief of the battle, wherein he says, "Our cavalry, sixty-one in number, commanded by Col. Mirabeau B. Lamar (whose gallant and daring conduct on the previous day had attracted the admiration of his comrades, and called him to that station) placed on our extreme right, completed our line."

In this cavalry engagement, we had two men severely wounded, Col. D. J. Woodlief and Alwyn J. Trask, the latter of whom died of his wounds a few days afterwards.

On arriving at the "Island of Timber" we formed in battle array, but as Mexicans did not advance, and as it was nearly sundown, we had nothing to do but return to camp and quietly await the events of the morrow.

THE MORNING of the 21st of April, 1836, dawned bright and beautiful. The soldiers were greeted with the songs of thousands of birds that vocalized the grove and seemed to lend to every tree innumerable tongues, which proclaimed in dulcet harmony that for Texas, "the winter of her discontent had passed away. . . ."

The West of Will James

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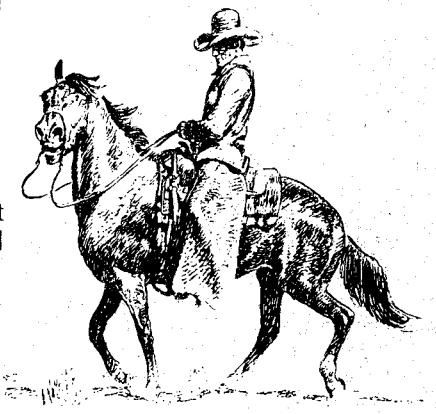

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It appears to have been the impression of General Houston and a large majority of his officers that if we remained quiet, Santa Anna would attack us in our encampment. As our camp was almost impregnable, as before stated, a general council of war decided almost unanimously that it was better to await the attack. Consequently the greater portion of the day was spent in inactivity, to the great disgust of some few hot-heads and would-be-great men, who had condemned General Houston for not fighting at the Colorado.

About ten o'clock General Cos at the head of 500 men, reenforced Santa Anna, but no attack was made. On the other hand, they were still busily engaged in fortifying their encampment. As soon as General Houston was advised of this fact, the army was paraded and about 3:30 we were ordered to the attack.

The troops marched with alacrity to a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the Mexican encampment, where we were formed in line of battle and ordered to charge, having reserved our fire till within point-blank range. Thick and fast flew the bullets! In less than 20 minutes from the time we commenced firing we were in possession of the enemy's breast-works with all their camp equipment, baggage, etc., and before the sun sank on the western horizon 630 Mexicans had been killed, 208 wounded, and 730 taken prisoners. The Texan loss was 8 killed and 28 wounded.

The battle of San Jacinto was one of the most remarkable battles in the world's history; notwithstanding the numbers engaged were insignificant, being only 783 on the Texan side and 1800 Mexicans, yet it achieved the Independence of a people and added an empire in extent to the nations of the earth. Other battles have been fought where the great slaughter has been all on one side.

The battle of New Orleans is a notable instance of this. General Jackson achieved a great victory over the British with the loss of only seven or eight killed and a few wounded, while the British loss was upwards of 1,500 killed and wounded, but it must be remembered that General Jackson's troops were sheltered by cypress logs and cotton bags, while the British marched up through an open field and having no means of protecting themselves, were slaughtered in great numbers, without being able to inflict any punishment upon their adversaries.

General Houston's position at San Jacinto was the direct reverse of General Jackson's at New Orleans. General Houston had to perform the role enacted by the British general at New Orleans, march his troops across an open prairie for the distance of half a mile, and attack his adversary in his fortified encampment.

It will not do to say that the Mexicans were cowardly and would not fight. They fought long and well. They commenced firing upon us at the distance

(Continued on page 47)

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Roy Mayes

I read "On the Road with the K of C Rodeo" in the August issue and wonder if the Roy Mayes in that article was the same Roy Mayes that broke horses at Camp Stanley, Texas during World War I. They broke horses for the government. Roy Mayes and my father, Bert Fine, worked together breaking horses. —Jimmie L. Fine, 906 Concho, Winters, Texas 79567

Author's reply: There's no way I could be positive about this being the same Roy Mayes that broke horses for the government with your father but it is very probable, as this fellow lived in Texas and New Mexico and his age would have been about right for World War I. He and I were real good friends. I picked up a lot of horses that he rode on that show. He was a tough bronc rider and a good roper and steer wrestler. He retired at Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. I stopped there once to see him but he and his wife had gone to Old Mexico on a fishing trip. A neighbor lady tried to get my wife and me to stay all night with her. She said, "If you are a friend of Roy's you are a friend of mine."—Bill King

Joseph Durst and Jacob Darst

I read "Killer's Trail of Thread" by W. T. Block in the June issue. On page 50 Mr. Block mentions a group of frontiersmen who went after the Indians, one of whom was Joseph C. Darst.

Records at the Alamo show that Jacob C. Darst was the one who died in that battle. In regard to Jacob C. Darst I quote: "A singular fact in history of the large family of German parentage who came from Tennessee to Texas in the early 1800s was one of the brothers, Joseph, remained at Nacogdoches where he changed the spelling of his name, becoming Joseph Durst, while Jacob went on to south Texas and settled in Gonzales, keeping his last name Darst."

Also "Atlas Abstract and Title Company" lists Jacob C. Darst as owning 24 labors of land 7-8 leagues above Gonzales, Texas. They also show that Jacob C. Darst emigrated from Missouri to DeWitt's Colony in Texas in about the year 1831. The record also says that Darst Creek was named for Jacob, as it flowed through his Headright Land Grant. One hundred years later an oil field was named for the creek.

Jacob was about 48 years of age at the time of the Alamo and was one of the oldest there. One account says he was from Tennessee; the other says he came from Missouri, but he may have emigrated from Tennessee via Missouri.

His first wife, Elizabeth Bryan, had three children: Rosetta, Nancy and Mary. Elizabeth died and Jacob married Margaret Hughes. They had one son, David S. H. Darst. When Jacob moved to Texas he brought only two children, Nancy and David. The other two were left in Missouri. Nancy Darst married C. Crosby in 1838 who is believed to have been killed by the Indians later. Nancy had one child and both were killed by Indians in August 1840.

The above is condensed considerably but the record shows that it was Jacob C. Darst, not Joseph, who was killed at the Alamo in 1836.

I don't know that I'm a relative, but I have the same last name.—Carl Darst, E. 1807 Decatur, Spokane, Washington 99207

Author's reply: Your reader is entirely correct, a much regretted oversight on my part. The original story that I used was published 105 years ago by one of the survivors of the Indian fight who evidently had Darst's correct name twisted in his mind. The unfortunate fact is that I had caught the error upon checking the muster roll of the Alamo and had penciled it in as 'Jacob Darst' in a margin of my copy of *A Time To Die.* And still I failed to go back and make a correction in the story. Your reader has a sharp eye.—W. T. Block.

A Nice Coincidence

There is an article entitled "Shingle Mill Country" by Peter Pierce in the June issue. I would like to correspond with Mr. Pierce.

The photo with the article shows my mother as a girl, plus two uncles and two aunts. The photo of my mother is the first I have ever seen. She died in 1924 when I was seven years old. I am anxious to know more about the family.—Jimmy Carter, 5914 Sunny Palms, Bakersfield, California 93309

Koerner's Art

As a long time student of history, especially the history of the Old West even from chidhood days, your duo set of *True West* and *Frontier Times* have interested me greatly because of the content and illustrations. I am glad your company and men like Lomax, Dobie, Coburn and Webb have treasured and preserved what you have been able of the colorful past.

I am writing particularly to express my appreciation for the feature in the August issue of *True West* concerning the cover artist W. H. D. Koerner whose masterful drawings were such favorites of mine during my earlier years. Though I've seen articles about other American artists whose paintings I liked a lot, I have felt that this man has been neglected, at least so far as anything that I have noticed. Everyone loves Norman Rockwell and his work and I have three different books filled with his work, and J. C. Leyendecker and Maxfield Parrish and N. C. Wyeth etc., but I have never seen any set of reproductions of W. H. D. Koerner.

I remember him from Spring of 1918 as the illustrator for a Zane Grey novel, "The Desert of Wheat" in the *Country Gentleman,* then a weekly publication of the Curtis people at Washington Square in Philadelphia. Following along in *Saturday Evening Post* from that time until the late 1930s, I think, I always read whatever he illustrated and I came to recognize his drawings as far away as they could be seen. So he was certainly one of my most favorite among a long list of illustrators of those years, and I missed his work. However, I have not forgotten it or him though I never knew anything about his personal life.

To my mind the cultural and educational value of properly illustrated articles and stories in the leading magazines of those days was of immense interest and had a holding influence on the development of the consciousness of at least one young American that I have treasured through these many years since.

Now as a Senior Citizen (73 years) it was like meeting an old and dear friend to see his painting "How Women Vary" and the article about it and him. Much of his work was for Western material that has continued to interest me from boyhood in the Midwest (Ohio) and even more after I came to the Southwest (California) in 1933, and have learned much of the lore of the West—Texas, Arizona, Colorado, Nevada and New Mexico.—Dell D. Haughey, M. D., 3132 West Iris, Visalia, California 93277

Mint Date

In the June issue there is an article by R. H. Jones entitled "Kegs of Dimes in the Black Canyon of the Gunnison."

The dimes mentioned in the article, if indeed minted at the Denver Mint, would have to have been minted for the year 1906 or anytime thereafter. *A Guidebook of United States Coins* by R. S. Yeoman lists 1906 as the first year the Denver Mint produced dimes. This book is a standard reference to numismatists.—Karl A. Pesaresi, Route 1, Saint George, Kansas 66535

Author's reply: The knowledge of Denver's Mint and its first active year of producing coins has gone through my

(Continued on page 61)

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John Swisher, Boy Soldier

(Continued from page 45)

of four hundred yards and kept it up incessantly until we had scaled their breast-works. Many of them stood and battled until their brains were dashed out with clubbed guns. Their bodies lay thick around their artillery, the man with the fuse was shot in the act of applying it, and the cannon was captured loaded. During the charge the air seemed to be full of hissing bullets; many of them passed over our head, many struck the ground in front, and many flitted by the ears of the soldiers, almost scorching them. It really seemed as if some invisble hand had turned them aside. The God of Battles fought with Joshua, why may He not have fought with Sam Houston?

THE PURSUIT of the fugitive Mexicans was continued until dark. On my return to the battle ground, I found that one of my comrades of Hill's company, Mr. John Tom, had been wounded and had not been carried off the field. A blanket was obtained, upon which the wounded soldier was laid. A man at each corner of the blanket had no difficulty in bearing the weight, but as soon as it was raised the poor fellow gave a cry of agony; his leg had been shattered just below the knee and the foot was dangling, which gave the most excruciating pain to every movement. It fell to my part to support the foot, and in doing this I had to stoop nearly to the ground; if I raised or lowered it an inch it caused a groan. This was the most tiresome task I ever undertook. It was impossible for me to go over a hundred yards without stopping to rest, consequently it was near ten o'clock at night when we reached camp.

In some of the lists John Tom's name is published among the dead. This is a mistake. He recovered entirely, and the only evil effect resulting from this wound is a crooked leg. He lived many years in Washington county and moved west. He was for several years sheriff of Guadalupe county. He is at present a citizen of Atascosa county and two or three years ago represented his district in the lower house of the state legislature. He is a popular, energetic, and useful citizen. "May he live long and prosper."

Ashley R. Stephens, another member of our company, was wounded—shot through the calf of both legs—no bones were broken and we looked upon his wounds as being slight, yet he died on the ninth day afterwards.

On the day after the battle, in the afternoon, I happened to be on duty guarding the captured baggage and prisoners, when a party of several horsemen passed within a few feet of where I was posted. I noticed a commotion among the prisoners; many of them rose to their feet and in a distinct voice said, "Santa Anna! Santa Anna! El Presidente, El Presidente!"

This was the first intimation anyone had, that the captive who was being brought into camp was a man of such distinguished note. When captured he was disguised in a blue cottonade round-jacket and pants, and claimed to be a private soldier; but upon his captor pointing to his fine shirt bosom and studs, he professed to be a colonel in the army and desired to be taken to General Houston.

However, nothing was known in regard to his rank until he was identified by the Mexican prisoners as above described. He was immediately taken to General Houston's quarters, and although several persons were present, he seemed to identify the general instantly, and addressed him in a firm slow voice.

Many versions have been given of this speech, none of them, however, differing materially. The translation I heard in camp at the time I recollect distinctly, and it is as follows: "I am Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, president of the Republic of Mexico, and general in chief of the army of operations against Texas. I surrender to the brave, who are always just."

GENERAL HOUSTON, having been severely wounded in the battle and being desirous of visiting New Orleans where he could have his wounds more properly attended to than he could in Texas in the then unsettled condition of the country, resigned the command of the army on the 5th of May. Before leaving he issued a complimentary address to the army, and General Thomas T. P. Rusk was appointed to the command.

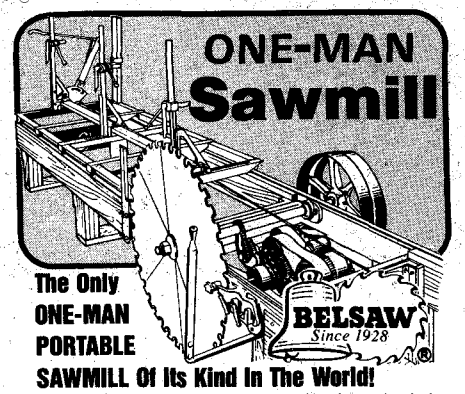
About the 10th of May the army took up the line of march for Goliad, following the line of retreat of the Mexican army under General Filisola, who was evacuating the country, partly on account of the demoralized condition of his troops consequent upon the disaster to their comrades at San Jacinto, and partly on account of Santa Anna's orders issued after his captivity.

Judging from the signs along the way, the retreat must have been a hasty and disorderly one; broken-down carts and abandoned plunder strewed the road, while here and there the unburied carcass of a Mexican soldier met the view.

One evening while encamped on the Brazos at Fort Bend, Judge Wm. L. Hunter (who had been a messmate of my uncle in the New Orleans Greys during the San Antonio campaign) came to our camp. He was one of Fannin's men who was taken out along with the other prisoners to be shot. At the first fire he fell on his face, unwounded. It instantly occurred to him that his best plan was to feign death, which he did by lying perfectly still.

After the massacre was over, some of the Mexicans passed near and imagined they saw signs of life in him. One of them raised a musket and bayonet and aimed to stab him through the neck. He could not refrain from slightly drawing in his throat and the bayonet came down with great force, grazing the windpipe and sinking deeply into the ground. The Mexican withdrew it and made several stabs in his head and

(Continued on page 51)



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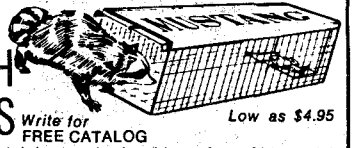

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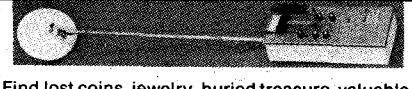

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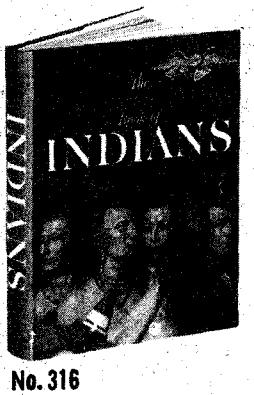

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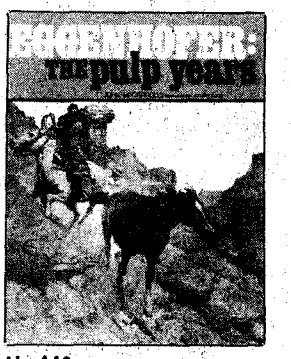

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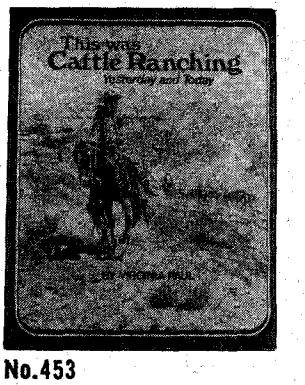

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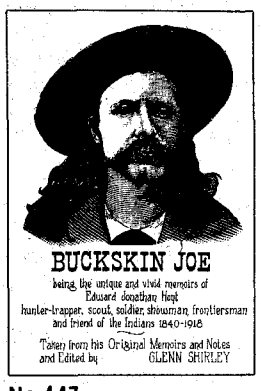

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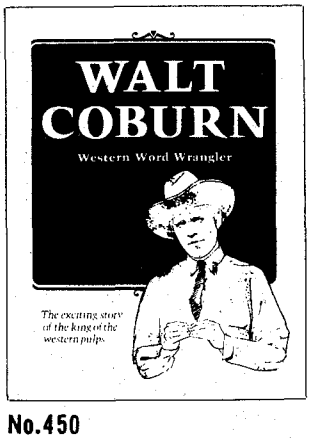

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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INDIAN REFORMERS

A small group of reformers dominated American Indian policy between 1880 and 1900. Such persons as Carl Schurz, Henry L. Dawes, Amelia S. Quinton, James B. Thayer, Henry Pratt and others wrote and spoke vigorously in favor of Americanizing the Indians. This group, who called themselves "Friends of the Indian," wanted to break down the tribal structure, culture and religion of the Indians and transform them into American citizens. With support from some government officials, the group succeeded in forcing through Congress such legislation as the Dawes General Allotment Act of 1887. Selected writings of the group were edited in book form and published byHarvard University in 1973. The book has now been reprinted as *Americanizing the American Indians* (University of Nebraska Press, 901 North 17th St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588 $4.95 paper). In all there are 47 selections. The collection was edited by Francis Paul Prucha. The 358-page reprint edition includes an introduction, bibliographical note and a good index. Recommended for the serious student of Indian history.

RAILROAD HISTORY

A new book that should be of much interest to railroad buffs is Patrick C. Dorin's *The Milwaukee Road East* (Superior Publishing Co., 708 Sixth Ave. North, Seattle, Wash. 98100. $14.95). Although Dorin concentrates on the history of the road from the 1920s to the present, his first chapter is devoted to the early history of the railroad. Throughout the book's 175 pages are countless photographs of trains—engines, passenger and freight cars, dining cars, coaches and many other kinds. And Dorin has included many maps and reproductions of train schedules for the road that Dorin says is "America's Resourceful Railroad."

Dorin has written nine other books on railroads including *Everywhere West: The Burlington Route, Canadian Pacific Railway, The Grand Trunk Western Railroad, Coach Trains and Travel,* and *Domeliners.* All were published by Superior Publishing Company. Recommended.

WILDERNESS COMMODORE

There was a time when the words "American Northwest" did not refer to the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and so forth. Early in the 19th century "Northwest Territory" was the region including what is now Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, and in 1811 was the scene of perhaps the most perfect single battle in American naval history. The battle, won by Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, wiped out Britain's dream of blocking the United States in its westward march and insured the success of William Henry Harrison's Northwest Territory campaign.

The true story of Commodore Perry's victory is told in Richard Dillon's new book *We Have Met the Enemy. Oliver Hazard Perry: Wilderness Commodore* (McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1221 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10020, $12.95 hardcover). Using primary and secondary sources, many of them available for the first time, Dillon not only relates the intriguing story of how Perry created a fleet on Lake Erie and beat the British, but he presents a very human picture of Perry the man. The book is a reminder that Perry is not forgotten today, but as Dillon adds, "The unusual role of this singular sailor in redeeming a forfeited frontier and helping to win the American West is virtually unknown today. It deserves to be remembered. . . ." Dillon tells the story of Perry in eleven chapters plus epilogue. Highly recommended.

TOM HORN'S STORY

In some areas of the West the name Tom Horn is almost as well-known as that of Jesse James, Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok. Horn was at various times a cowboy, miner, army scout, deputy sheriff, packer for the Rough Riders in Cuba and a livestock detective. But Horn gained his fame as the killer of a Wyoming youth, Willie Nickell. As the story goes, shortly before he was hanged, Horn gave a rancher friend, John C. Coble, a manuscript. It was Horn's autobiography. Coble saw to it that the story was published by a Denver book company in 1904.

While copies of the first edition have long since become collector's items, the book has been reprinted. The latest reprint includes a lengthy introduction by John Greenway who wrote, "The case against Tom Horn would not even be dignified by an arrest today—and if an appeal could be made against the verdict, there are some eighty errors a good defense lawyer could bring to the appellate court."

The latest reprint of *The Life of Tom Horn* (Rio Grande Press, Glorietta, N.M. 87535, $15.00 hardcover) is nicely produced and includes endpaper photographs in color of Horn's grave at Boulder, Colorado. In addition to Horn's original manuscript plus the reproduction of 13 illustrations appearing in the 1904 edition, the supplementary letters and statements vindicating Horn are included in this 314-page work. Recommended.

INVASION OF MEXICO

Late in 1842 Private William Preston Stapp and about 300 other citizens of the Republic of Texas took it upon themselves to invade Mexico. They wanted to retaliate for a recent Mexican attack on San Antonio and to humiliate President Sam Houston, who had been hesitant to seek revenge. The invasion, now known as the Mier Expedition, was a disaster. Stapp was captured but later made his way back to Texas. There, in October 1844, he wrote his story. The following year the story was published at Philadelphia in book form. Now the story written by Stapp has been published as the first volume in the Barker Texas History Center Series.

The Prisoners of Perote (University of Texas Press, Austin, Texas 78712, $8.95 hardcover) is a fascinating story. Historian Joe Frantz, who writes the foreword to the book, observes that the book "paces well." Frantz adds, "It even has its poetic moments, and reads almost rhapsodically about the beauties of Mexico nights and Mexico City. But it is also relentless in its denunciation of Santa Anna and not much more charitable toward the expedition's captors."

Students of Texas history will want to read this 226-page work. Illustrations were drawn by Charles Shaw. Recommended.

PANCHO VILLA

Early in this century Pancho Villa—thief, cattle rustler, outlaw, revolutionary general—became a legend. Since then much has been written about his dramatic escapades during the Mexican Revolution from 1910 to 1920. And he has been romanticized by many as a saviour of the Mexican people. Others have condemned him as a butcher of the innocent.

The latest work on Pancho Villa is a collection of stories about the man as told by people who knew him. The collection is edited by Jessie Peterson and Thelma Cox Knoles and is entitled *Pancho Villa* (Hasting House, Publishers, 10 East 40th St., New York, N. Y. 10016, $12.95).

The 279-page book includes the recollections of 31 people whose lives were touched by Villa. Most speak candidly of the man. And their stories both reinforce and dispel the myths that surround Pancho Villa who, on July 23, 1923, was shot to death on a drive to Canutillo.

The editors have included many historic photographs, a good bibliography and index. Recommended.

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John Swisher, Boy Soldier

(Continued from page 47)

shoulder, cutting frightful gashes at every stab, yet he showed no signs of life. Finally the Mexican left him, believing him to be dead. He played the role of a dead man until night, when he crawled to the river to slake his terrible thirst.

But say what we may about the inhumanity of the Mexican men, the women, according to the testimony of all those who have been in captivity, were ministering angels and always stood ready and willing to shield and protect the poor prisoners, even at the risk of their own lives. When the judge reached our camp it was the first time since that awful day when he and four hundred of his comrades were led out to be ruthlessly murdered, that he could fully realize the fact that he had made good his escape.

ON THE 30th of May the army reached Victoria, when the time for which we had volunteered having expired, our company was discharged and we could now return to our homes. Homes, alas! Only in name. Every family not only in our neighborhood, but in the entire country had fled on the retreat of General Houston's army from the Colorado.

After the adjournment of the convention at Washington, my father, [as well as] Dr. G. W. Barnett and several other members, had joined the army with a view of participating in the expected battle on the Colorado. When General Houston made up his mind to retreat, he gave them permission to leave the army to seek a place of safety for their families. Father, Dr. Barnett, Captain Chriesman and many other families of the neighborhood then commenced their "runaway scrape," as it was called. . . .

They had reached Beaumont in Jefferson county before they heard of the battle of San Jacinto, when owing to the condition of their teams, they found it impossible to return to their homes. They therefore concluded to move up to San Augustine and spend the summer. Fortunately for them, General Gaines of the United States army, having concluded to occupy Nacogdoches with a portion of his troops, gave employment to their teams in transporting supplies at remunerative rates, thus enabling them to keep down expenses.

On our return home from the army we found things very much as the families had left them—corn in the cribs, bacon in the smoke-houses, chickens in the yards, and horses and cattle on the range; but not a living human being. There were no thieves in those days or if there were, they had all gone east during the panic and they did not return for many years. I don't believe I ever heard of a theft until the annexations. Locks and bolts were unknown.

Among the members of our company, were four who went from my father's house, viz: my uncle, H. H. Swisher, Colonel John Graham, an old bachelor from North Carolina who came with us to Texas, Fred R. Gentry, a cousin of my mother's, and myself. All had participated on the battle.

After the battle, Col. Graham obtained a furlough and went home. On our return we found that he had gathered up a team and had ploughed out a field of twenty-five or thirty acres of corn which had been planted before the "runaway scrape," notwithstanding he was upwards of fifty years of age. He raised a fair crop.

Richard Hope and myself received instructions from Captain Chriesman and my father to gather up all the oxen we could find on the range and drive them to San Augustine, to assist in moving back the families that had stopped in that vicinity. This was no pleasant or safe business as our route lay in the vicinity of the Indian country, and they had become turbulent and warlike; only a few weeks before they had massacred or captured all the men, women, and children at Parker's Fort on the Navasota river, near the present town of Springfield, excepting a few who had succeeded in making their escape. We crossed the Trinity river at Robbins Ferry, between which place and the town of Washington we passed but one house which was occupied.

There were four of us in the company, and we kept guard every night. Fortunately for us, we did not meet with a single Indian adventure, and after a long and tedious travel, we reached our journey's end.

This was about the middle of July. I now again enjoyed the unspeakable pleasure of embracing my dear mother. It was the first time I had ever been separated from her, and I felt like I would never leave her again, for notwithstanding the sorry figure I made, looking like nobody's son and scarcely like a human being, she hugged and kissed and wept tears of joy over me, which would have been impossible for anyone save a mother to have done in my then wretched condition.

I had left home with a change of clothing in my knapsack, but it had long ceased to be a change; my coat had been thrown away when the weather grew hot; my hat lost its brim, my shirt hung in tatters, and I had been forced to cut off the legs of my trousers to patch the seat; my shoes had worn out and my feet and legs were covered with undressed deer skins, my hair had not been cut or combed for months, but my mother had anticipated such a result.

IT APPEARS that when my father's party reached Washington, the time of the "runaway scrape," the first man whom they met was Robert J. Clow, who had just received a large stock of goods. What to do with them was the all-absorbing question. To think of getting transportation for a lot of goods was out of the question when every wagon and team in the country was required to transport women and children to a place of safety.

As soon as he saw my father, he rushed up to him and said, "For God's sake, Captain Swisher, throw some of that old plunder out of your wagon and

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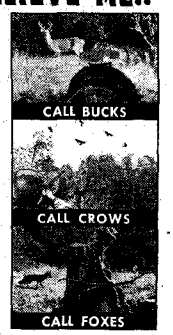

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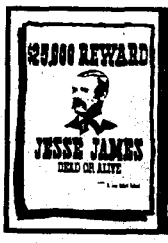

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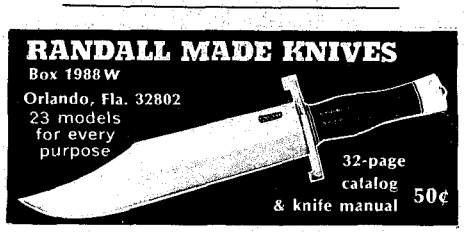

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take this box of coats. They are the finest broadcloth and the box is worth twelve or fifteen hundred dollars."

"I can't help it," returns my father, "I've nothing in the wagon except just such articles as we are compelled to have, and I have no use in the world on this trip for broadcloth coats."

"My God!" cries Clow, "it is too bad for all these fine coats to fall into the hands of the cussed Mexicans."

Just then my mother spoke up, "Mr. Clow, will any of those coats fit Milton?"

"Fit him," responded that person, "there's not a coat in the box that won't fit him like it was made for him. Where is he? Call him up and I'll try one on him."

"Oh, he is in the army," said my mother, the tears welling in her eyes.

"Well, I know they'll fit him," affirmed Clow.

My mother knowing that Clow was truthful, turned to Father and said, "Don't you think that by taking out one of the featherbeds and tying it on behind, we could find some room for that box of coats? It does not appear to be very heavy."

"Oh! no," said Clow, "it is as light as a feather, and I'll go and get a rope to tie the bed with." He returned in a few seconds with rope enough to tie a dozen beds, the box was lifted into the wagon, and the party pursued their journey.

About the first thing I was told on my arrival, after salutations were over, was the history of the box of coats. My mother had made me some other clothing, which I donned, after I had had my hair cut and undergone a thorough scrubbing. I then commenced trying on Clow's coats and I record it as a most remarkable fact that out of the whole lot (and I think the box contained at least forty, an assortment of every conceivable color, from an invisible green to a bright claret), there were only three or four that did not fit me perfectly. Now, allowing a little for the hyperbole perfectly justifiable under the circumstances of his great anxiety in getting his box on the wagon, I deem this one of the greatest evidences of Clow's truthfulness ever offered to the public.

The fact of so many of the coats fitting me exactly, made it exceedingly difficult for me to make a selection. I remained in San Augustine county about a month and went to town nearly every day wearing a different coat every time. Clow's coats metamorphosed me so completely, the people I met never could have taken me to be even a distant relative of the chap who had driven the oxen through their town a short time before.

On our return to Washington, Clow received his box of coats, minus a blue jacket that I finally selected. He sold them out at a good profit, and neither he nor his customers ever suspected that they had been tried on so frequently.

Clow is still living, although a little past sixty, and is the same genial, kind-hearted man and inimitable wag that he always has been. Anyone who is familiar with his role of "General Simpkins of South Carolina" played off at the city of Austin on one of the most respectable and shrewdest citizens of the state, or has heard him give his descriptions of the Comanche war dance he enacted in the city of New York, or the practical joke he played off on the supercargo of a blockade runner during the war, will agree that had he turned his early attention to the stage, he would have made one of the most remarkable comic actors that ever graced this or any other age.

Copper Camp Ghost

(Continued from page 37)

it had been a man it could not have survived the shots which were taken at it from a distance of less than ten feet by a good marksman."

CENTERVILLE, in wake of this last incident, was completely unnerved. Business skidded to a halt at sundown, for residents refused to venture forth after dark. Even men on night shifts at the mines gave the ghost's known haunts a wide berth.

On Sunday night, March 15, a posse of some two hundred men set out to locate and destroy the unwelcome spectre

"Believe me, I ain't riding this character on the way back!"

for once and for all. Armed with clubs, pitchforks, knives, and guns of all descriptions, this small army broke up into squads of six to twelve men. They fanned out over the mining camp with orders to search every nook and cranny.

While this unsuccessful hunt was going on in Centerville, the ghost appeared in the neighborhood of the old Lexington Mill in Walkerville, a mile distant. The story of the two Walkerville residents who saw the apparition appeared in the following morning's Butte *Miner:*

"The two men stated that they talked to the ghost and that it replied to some of their questions. The spectre was asked why it appeared to disturb people at such unseemly hours and it replied that it was full of trouble and had lots of trouble ahead of it. It had such a heavy burden to carry that it could not rest and it sought the freedom and quiet of the night to help restore its calm. It stated further that after Thursday night, it would appear no more, but would retire to the realm to which it belonged, never again to trouble the earthly."

Centerville and Butte residents read the ghost's final message with sighs of relief. It had been a dreadful experience. March 16 was "truly a day for rejoicing."

Thirty years later, Joe Duffy, a Butte laundryman and noted prankster, exposed the secret of the ghost at a political gathering in Hibernian Hall in Centerville.

"Two newspaper reporters and I framed the whole affair," he frankly admitted. "We first spread rumors around Centerville and then played them up for several days. And the prank paid off—as the story traveled, growing in momentum and magnitude with each teller's version, the two reporters compiled related stories for their papers. The rest," added Duffy, "was merely the power of suggestion, since there never was an actual ghost or anyone masquerading as such."

As for Collane and Murphy, the Centerville residents who had encountered the apparition on the railroad track the evening of Friday 13, Duffy swore they were really a couple of local drunks getting over a "bender" and had been experiencing hallucinations for a week.

"The guns provided for them were conveniently loaded with blanks," Duffy added with a chuckle. Now how do you suppose he could keep that secret for thirty years? Most comedians can't wait to get a laugh!

JOHN MILTON SWISHER HOME

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The Encircled Thirteen

(Continued from page 25)

hit. The soldiers threw themselves to the ground and returned the fire.

For a half-hour they rested. It was by then completely dark, but the light cast by the blazing grass prevented their moving in the direction of their camp. They were forced to retrace their steps and travel four or five miles in a big circle northward. At two o'clock on the morning of the 24th, they reached their base. The scouts had traveled forty-five miles without food or rest and spent seven hours under heavy fire.

During that time fifteen Indians had been killed and two of Captain Williams' men wounded. The soldiers' longer-range guns and good marksmanship had given them an advantage in spite of the Paiutes' superior numbers.

Captain Williams stated in his report that Corporal Johnson and Private McPherson were "entitled to great credit for their valuable services, without which the whole detachment might have been cut off."

And all that time I'd been thinking that Uncle Jasper was chasing Johnnie Reb!

Town of the Swinging Doors

(Continued from page 32)

the old-timers I knew lived in shacks or little log cabins scattered about town. They were always neat and clean. None of them ever married. We knew nothing of their past life. Like Topsy, they just grew. No relative ever came to visit. They lived out their lonely lives until death claimed them.

John Dennison's cabin was near the road where I passed going to and from school. He often invited me in to have a cookie and told me one day to sit in the chair and fix my eyes on the "pretty lady" whose face shone down from a large calendar hanging on the wall. "She will stick out her tongue at you," he said. Well, sure enough, it happened. The power of suggestion and concentration had done its work and I went home convinced that John knew what he was talking about. That's one thing I loved about those lovely mountains—the unexplainable was accepted, by children and grown-ups too!

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 39)

concert upon the main body of a given mass and configuration to set up vibration patterns and nodes which agitate the essentially frictionless rotor into rhythmic and rotational movement." (Not all old-time toys operate on such a baffling scientific principle!)

APPALACHIAN FOLKLORE is the richest ground for finding handmade toys and games, many of which were brought to this country from Europe.

The "Flipper-Dinger" is a variation of a French toy called the "Hangman" and all you need to make it is two pieces of "bamboo or hollow reed, some light wire, and the pith from a corn stalk for the float," Riefstahl said. Blowing gently into the bamboo tube will lift the float off its seat. After that the fun comes in maneuvering until the float hook catches on the wire loop 3" above.

Perhaps the most interesting of Riefstahl's toys is a reproduction of a 200-year-old "Whirlygig," one of the few toys that children of Colonial days could play with on Sunday. Riefstahl held up the 8" doll, with long paddles for its hands. "Children ran with it to make the arms turn," he said.

Although his Colonial doll is painted, many were left "au naturel" or had features scratched on the wood. "Sometimes the face was drawn with charcoal, which of course soon wore off and the toys were back to natural wood like my Ozark Walking Doll and Dapper Dan the Dancing Man."

Toy manufacturers know a good thing when they see it, and many old-time toys have been reproduced commercially. One that has known different periods of popularity is the "Jumping Jack."

This is a loose jointed puppet suspended on a network of string between two pieces of 12" long and 1" wide boards

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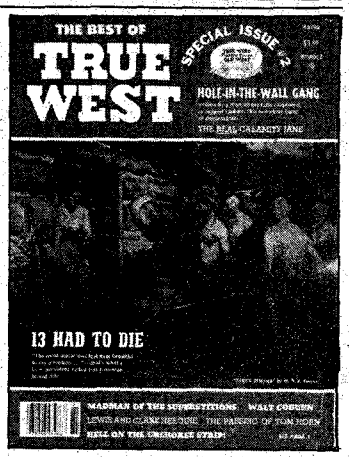

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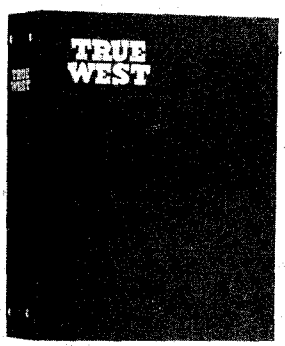

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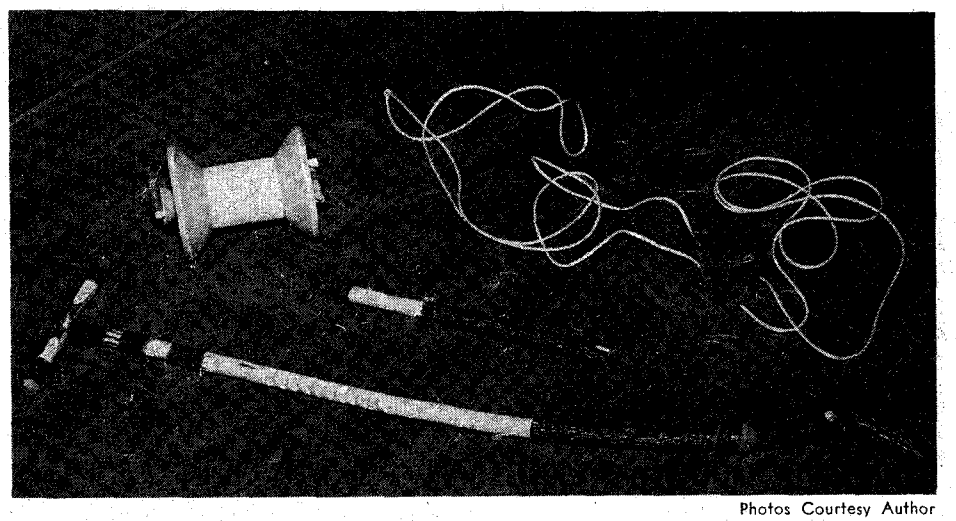
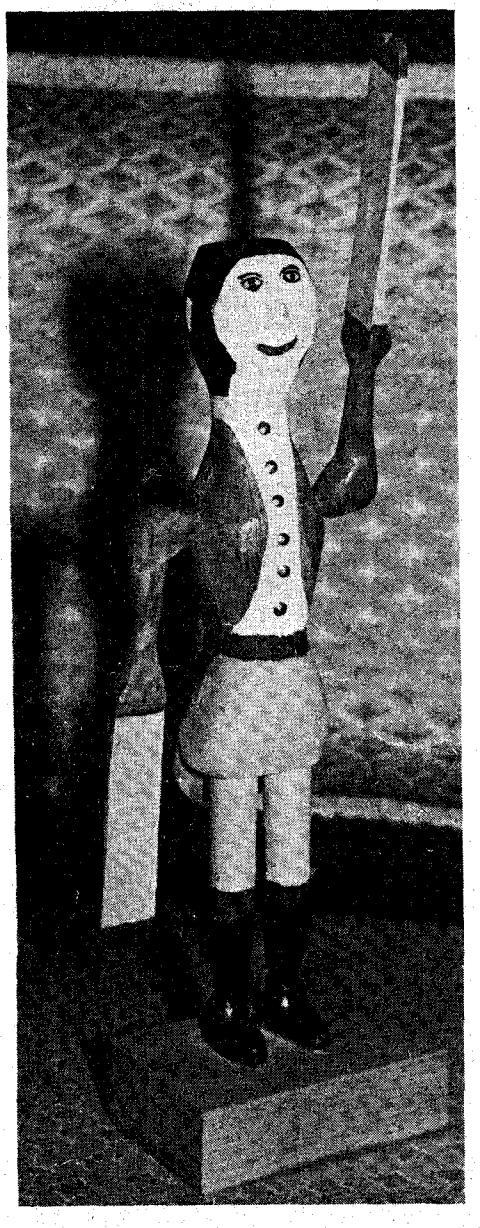


Photos Courtesy Author

The infamous "Gee-Haw-Whimy-Diddle," and other spinning toys.

that are joined by another short board 4" from the bottom. Squeezing the bottoms of the longer boards turns the puppet into an acrobat.

A similar toy but with a female puppet is called a "Jumping Jill."



Toy stores have sold versions of this old-time plaything for years, with the acrobatic puppet representing every celebrity from Mickey Mouse to the latest movie queen.

One "toy" that has recently enjoyed popularity is called a "Do Nothing" or "Smoke Grinder." The crank moves two small blocks of wood back and forth in grooves cut in a larger block. This wasn't a toy in the old days. Said Riefstahl, "The proper name is the 'Elliptical Trammel' and, with a stylus attached to the pivot point, it was used to draw perfect ellipses."

Charles Riefstahl always makes two of every new toy—one to keep and one to give away. That's an old-fashinoned idea in itself!

EMMET CRAWFORD—HERO

CAPTAIN EMMET CRAWFORD is one of Nebraska's all-but-forgotten heroes. Even the fact that the town of Crawford in Dawes County was named in his honor has been denied, and the honor accorded to Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout.

Yet in April 1886 thousands of Nebraskans traveled to Kearney to attend Emmet Crawford's funeral. Newspapers of the day reported why the citizens came on trains, in carriages, on horseback, and afoot.

"The people . . . have not forgotten that during the troublesome days of 1874, when grasshoppers destroyed the crops of the feeble settlements along the Platte River, Lieutenant Emmet Crawford nearly wore himself out carrying government relief to the sufferers.

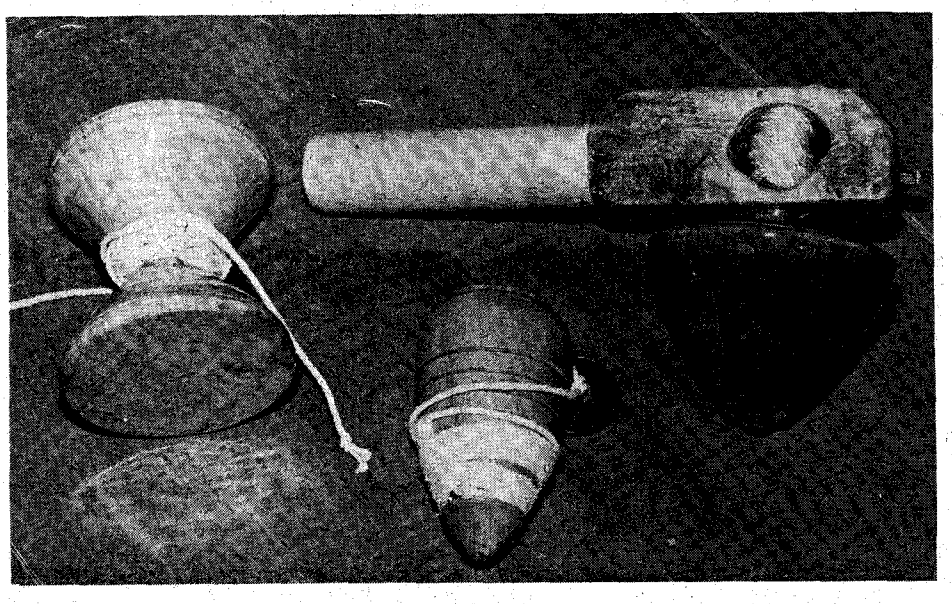
"Neither have they forgotten that in every contest with the Sioux, Cheyenne and other hostile Indians, who in those days menaced the property of our growing state, Crawford was foremost among the gallant soldiers to whom was entrusted the task of our defense."

Crawford was experienced when he came to the Northern Plains to campaign against the Sioux. Born in 1844 at Philadelphia, he was mustered into service as a private in the Pennsylvania infantry and fought in many of the major battles of the Civil War. Post-war service on the frontier was also hazardous. In military annals, Crawford's name figures in what is commonly known as the "Flagpole Incident" at the Red Cloud Agency, which began when an attempt was made by Agent J. J. Saville to set up a flagpole inside the agency stockade. The following summarized account appeared in *Nebraska History* in 1961:

"A considerable force of Northern Indians, the non-agency hunting bands who had come to winter on free government beef, entered the stockade to destroy the pine trunk that was to fly the national standard. Agent Saville's attempts to prevent the Northern warriors from chopping the pole to pieces proved fruitless, and he sent an appeal for assistance to nearby Fort Robinson.

"In his haste, the excited Saville neglected to emphasize to the military authorities either the violent attitude dis-

Wooden toys like these pleased many a child before plastics came on the scene.



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played by the Indians or the large number of warriors involved in the demonstration. Only a single troop of cavalry was sent to Saville's aid. Before this detachment could reach the agency it was surrounded by a huge crowd of angry Sioux who shouted insults at the soldiers and did everything possible to provoke them into firing and precipitating an engagement. A fight was narrowly averted by the intervention of the agency Sioux. These Oglalas, permanent residents at Red Cloud Agency, beat back the Northern Indians with war clubs, whips, and gun butts, and opened a path for the soldiers to reach the stockade."

Emmet Crawford's death did not occur in Nebraska. In 1882 the Third Cavalry was returned to Arizona because of Apache unrest, and Crawford and others were given "the most dangerous duty that ever falls to the lot of soldiers to perform." Named commandant of a sprawling reservation, Crawford was instructed to work closely with the civilian agent to maintain peace and make the Indians self-sustaining and to enlist and train Apaches for service as scouts.

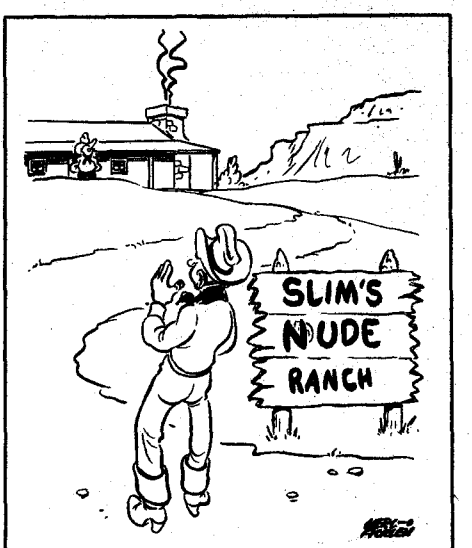
On the morning of January 11, 1886, while leading a detachment of Apache scouts in pursuit of a band headed by Geronimo near Nacori, Mexico, the 41-year-old captain was mortally wounded. He was shot by a Mexican while standing on a rock, in full view of both American and Mexican soldiers during a period of truce. He died of his wound ten days later and was buried in the wilds of northern Mexico. His body was later returned to Kearney, Nebraska for burial but has since been transferred to Arlington National Cemetery. Of him, one of his comrades wrote:

"Crawford was born a thousand years too late. . . . Mentally, morally and physically he would have been an ideal knight of King Arthur's Court. Six feet one, gray-eyed, untiring, he was an ideal cavalryman and devoted to his troop, as were the men of it to him. He had a keen sense of humor but something had saddened his early life and I never knew him to laugh aloud. . . . Modest, self-effacing, kindly, he delighted in assigning to his subordinates opportunities and credit he might well have taken to himself—a very rare trait in an officer of any army. His expressed wish was that he might die in the act of saving the lives of others. He got his wish—the only reward he ever received for as dangerous, arduous, and thankless a job as ever befell any man." — *Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

Treasure of Pavell's Island

(Continued from page 27)

Battalion at Sabine Pass. With his knack for cotton-trading, a superb knowledge of the Sabine Pass channels, mud flats, and navigation pitfalls, and a fast schooner floating serenely at anchor in the nearby river, it was inevitable that Gus Pavell should turn to blockade-running. On his first voyage,



"Hey, Boss, remember that practical joker that checked out last night?"

Pavell waited at Sabine for a dark moon, tacked out of the Pass long before daylight under a fog cover, turned east to hug the coast, and before the blockaders could detect his movements, he had hoisted all topsails and jibs and escaped, along a route toward Belize, British Honduras, at a 14-knot speed. There were 140 bales of cotton on board.

Those war years were filled with fear, loneliness, and distress for Sophia. For weeks on end she had no knowledge as to her husband's whereabouts, or whether he was alive, dead, or captured. Sometimes Pavell, his schooner laden with muskets and gunpowder, ran the blockade into Galveston Bay and later returned home via train to Beaumont.

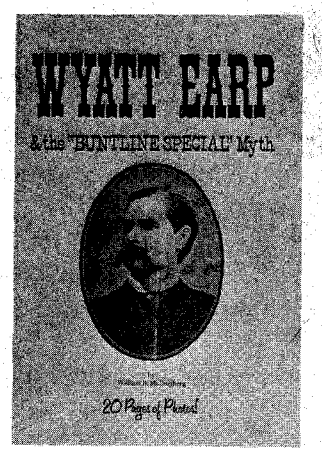
Sophia tended her flowers, the baby's grave, and once, in desperation, even sowed a field of corn upstream on the Texas shore. During 1862, she evacuated to Orange for a few months while a small Union squadron occupied Lake Sabine, and in 1863, she heard the thunder of guns at Sabine Pass when a small Confederate garrison sent a Federal invasion fleet scurrying to safety.

At the end of Pavell's first voyage in 1864, Sophia talked her husband into quitting the sea, insisting that his luck had probably run out. Pavell, too, knew that he had done his share, having freighted some 500 tons of goods for the Confederacy, though he had lined his pockets with gold in the process.

When "a stillness at Appomattox" signaled the South's demise, Sophia determined that she would abandon Pavell's Island for good, and Pavell concurred. They had survived the war in comparative comfort, their extensive land holdings still intact and coffers of coins on hand. Why not, she pondered, resettle in Galveston, where they could still pursue merchandising and the cotton trade, and perhaps most important, enjoy a social existence, attending church, the theater, and other functions?

As is verified in the maritime columns of the city's surviving old newspapers, Pavell freighted several cargoes of lum-

(Continued on page 57)



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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Pattison

I am looking for the family of my great-great-grandparents, William and Mary Pattison. They had six sons: Nathan, James, Robert, William, Charles, and John. They came from Sparta, Randolph County, Illinois. In April 1849 they started West in a wagon train. At St. Joseph, Missouri lightning struck the train killing five mules and one horse. On June 17 three steers died of cholera. On June 18 they reached Ash Hollow, Nebraska where Nathan's wife Rachel died of cholera. A month later, with two mules left, wagonless, and many of them barefoot (they had traded their shoes and clothes with Indians for food) the Pattisons reached Fort Vancouver.

I would appreciate any family information.—Mrs. Carroll Downing, P. O. Box 328, Starbuck, Washington 99359

Powell

My great-grandfather, John Powell, was born in 1823 in England. He married Milghann Robeson, born September 26, 1825 in Pennsylvania.

John Powell settled in Jones County, Iowa about 1840 and Milghann came to Iowa about 1843. They were married about 1847 as their oldest daughter was born in 1848. Their children were Sarah C. born 1848, later married a Chopper; William Benjamin born February 9, 1850 in Cascade, Iowa; Margaret Philena born 1852; Eliza L. born 1855; Minerva C. born 1857; Joseph F. born 1859; Mary Ella born 1862; Alice A. born 1864; George H. born 1867; Eddie born 1869. The Federal Census for Iowa in 1870 had all these people listed except Sarah. John Powell died October 6, 1871 in Montgomery County near Coffeyville, Kansas.

The 1875 State Census for Kansas had Milghann Powell and Margaret, Minerva, Mary Ella, Joseph, Alice and George with her. The 1880 census shows Milghann with three youngest children with her.

In 1886 we found that George Powell was at Fort Smith, Arkansas and we believe his sister Mary was living there and was married but her married name is unknown.

In about May 1889 we find that Milghann Powell was blind and was authorized by the city of Coffeyville to beg as she had no means of support. Then we found that in 1892 a man named G. C. Mundy of Dexter, Texas wrote a letter on March 13, 1892 for Mrs. Powell to her son George asking the whereabouts of William Ben.

My brother has a letter written by George Powell, which we presume was written in 1892 to William B. Powell of Washta, Iowa advising William that his mother was quite ill and wanted to see him but it does not state where George was residing at that time. We found that Milghann died May 11, 1896 and was buried at Washta.

We have heard our father mention that his uncles, which would have been Joseph F. and George H. Powell, went to Texas to be cowboys. If anyone is kin to these people or has any knowledge of them, please contact me. If sufficient proof is given there will be a reward.—Alvin C. Powell, 115 S. Russell Street, Milton-Freewater, Oregon 97862

Porter-Collins

I am seeking information on the assassination and burial place of my great-great-grandfather, Dr. Stark P. Porter of Goliad, Texas. He was murdered at Gonzales, Texas in March 1865. His wife was Martha A. R. Griffin, born in Alabama in 1832.

The Porter family came to Texas from Mississippi in the 1850s. Their children were: David, William S., Lake, Filmore, Mary and Nancy (twins), Blanch and Sam Houston.

William (Billy) married Carrie E. Collins, daughter of James P. and Eliza G. Ainsworth Collins, in Gonzales County in 1874. I would like to know when William died and place of burial. Lake was married to Nelia Williams, daughter of a county judge and ex-sheriff of Refugio County, Texas. Lake was a trail driver and later served as sheriff of McMullen and Brooks Counties. Blanch was married to Ike Hill, well known horseman of McMullen County and surrounding area.

I would like to know the burial place of James P. Collins, veteran of the Texas Revolution, who died December 1879. His first wife, Eliza, is buried in Antioch Cemetery near Leesville, Texas. James was a justice of the peace in Gonzales and De Witt Counties and after Eliza's death married Mrs. Mary Campbell. He was supposed to have served in the Texas Revolution under Major William P. Miller who landed with about 80 men at El Copano in 1836. They were captured by the Mexicans and taken to Goliad. There they were spared from the Fannin Massacre and later removed to prison at Matamoros from which some escaped. Does anyone have more details? I will appreciate any information and will answer all letters.—Mrs. Martin Soward, 502 Mark Street, Pleasanton, Texas 78064

Morris

I am interested in finding any of the relatives of James E. Morris, born 1823 in Virginia. He married Almeda Morris, place, date of marriage and her maiden name is unknown. She was born in Kentucky in 1827.

James and Almeda had six children, all born in Oregon: Sarah C., born April 5, 1852 married Leon Barry, Her second husband was Fred Foster. Widowed twice, Sarah died of pneumonia at age 91 and is buried in Portland, Oregon.

Edward F. was born in 1855; Julia in 1856; Aylett C. in 1858; Elmer Ellsworth in 1860. Elmer married Ida Martha Pattison of Oakville in Corvallis in 1883. Ida died at Pullman, Washington in 1910. Elmer died in Pullman in 1911 (they both died of tuberculosis). They were my grandparents. My father was 11 years old when his father died.

James and Almeda's last child was James Grant, born 1863. They were living in Corvallis in 1870.

Any information on the Morris family will be appreciated.—Deloris Morris Downing, P. O. Box 328, Starbuck, Washington 99359

Gebo

While standing in the Oregon Trail ruts at Guernsey, Wyoming I told a fellow I was going over to Register Cliff and see if I could find my name. Sure enough there it was—W. Moss and J. Moss.

G. Gebo 1875 is scratched on Register Cliff. Does anyone know who he was? —Walter V. Moss, 609 East Vine, LeRoy, Illinois 61752

Louise-Lewis

I am seeking information on my father, John Cordon Louise (or Lewis). I have been told he was a half-breed Indian and born at Rising Star, Texas May 22, 1879. He changed his name to Bradshaw but we believe there is some record of his birth somewhere in Texas. His real name was Louise or Lewis.

Any information on my father will be appreciated.—Lillian Fry, 2705 Indianna, Stockton, California 95206

Watkins

Around the turn of the century my father, Mark A. Watkins, had spent eight or ten years in the U. S. Cavalry in Texas. Reportedly he owned a ranch, but land was cheap then and he was a gambler so the property could have changed hands over a card game. He died in 1929. If there is anyone who can remember him or the ranch or any information pertaining to it, please write.—Howard E. Watkins, 950 Pamela Circle, Ormond Beach, Florida 32074

Swinney

My grandmother married William H. Swinney in 1856. They lived in Fayette, Howard County, Missouri. Grandmother was the third wife of William Swinney, who had three children by previous mar-

(Continued on page 64)

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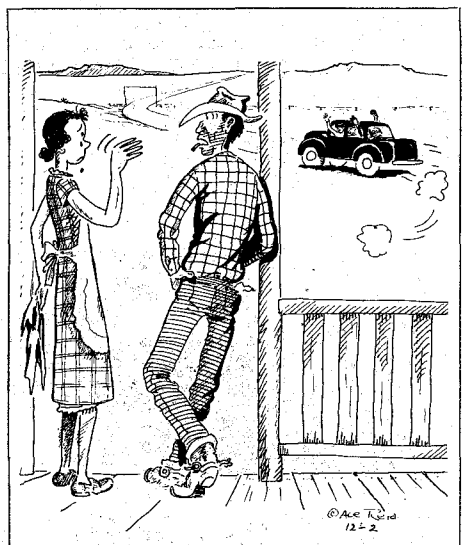

"Maw, why do you always cry when your kinfolks leave? That's the part I enjoy most!"

Treasure of Pavell's Island

(Continued from page 55)

ber, shingles, and hides to Galveston during the late summer and fall of 1865, during which time he purchased a house and lot and a store building. And if they still retained any doubts about the wisdom of moving, these also vanished on September 13, 1865 when a hurricane totally destroyed Orange and pounded Pavell's Island unmercifully.

ON the day that they moved, Gus loaded all the furniture, the flowers, the remaining store inventory, and other movable property aboard the *Sophia*, before he encountered a problem with his wife. Sophia insisted upon exhuming the remains of Ann Eliza and taking the body to Galveston with them. At a moment when Gus was occupied with other labors, she took a shovel to the gravesite and completed the unpleasant chore.

The Pavells thus bade farewell to their long-time island home and its isolation and were soon resettled in a new house and store in other surroundings. They joined a German Presbyterian congregation, continued to prosper, and led as sociable an existence as possible until one day in 1867. Pavell came home sick and as his fever heightened, accompanied by jaundice and black vomit, it became obvious that he was a victim of the yellow fever plague that was already claiming hundreds of lives.

In despair of his life, he summoned his pastor and dictated a will which left one-sixh of his property to the German Presbyterian Church; his schooner *Sophia*, Pavell's Island, and a shingle business to his brother Ferd; and the remaining property to his wife. Within hours the cotton broker was dead.

Later Sophia married a German immigrant named Picklaps. With extensive properties at her disposal, she lived out her life in relative comfort, so far as is known.

After the Pavells left the shellbank, old Sol Sparks for some time tinkered with the idea of buying Pavell's Island and moving his shingle mill to the elevated site that always survived tidal overflows. He rowed a skiff down the river one day, tied up at the wharf and, while examining the storm damage, happened to encounter the excavated gravesite. The cherubim-decorated object which he always thought was a buried vase or urn was in reality only a two-foot section of two-inch bronze pipe, sawed from an abandoned bed post. It still bore the tarnished markings from those years when it stood upright in the grave. All about the bottom of the grave was a residue of rust of powder consistency, perhaps deposited there by the coffin nails or a hinge or something. He saw the imprint of square corners where the tiny casket had lain, but shadows of doubt encompassed his mind when there, beneath a clamshell, he found a $20 gold piece which Sophia, perhaps in her haste to leave, had overlooked.

At home he pondered again his strange findings, wondering as well whether or not Sophia had actually exhumed a small skeleton for reburial at Galveston, or maybe had only perpetrated the greatest of hoaxes on her husband and neighbors. Had she really had a baby? If so, then why had she not also removed the tiny tombstone which still stood at the gravesite? Or maybe the fresh bouquets simply hid the entrance to Sophia's private "bank" in the clamshell mound? Most likely the world will never know.

Lost Nail-Keg of Gold

(Continued from page 17)

a job back in 1952. The assignment was most interesting to the mining duo. Among other things, it contained the following treasure discovery and subsequent loss.

Both McCutchan and Wolfe had their beginnings in mining as sons of Arizona mining men. Each first saw the light of day in a mining camp and learned the rudiments of grubbing precious metals, gold and silver, from narrow veins, under the tutelage of their fathers. Both went on to become top-notch miners; both found themselves in mining in the Southwest as either contract men, leasers or supervisors in a wide variety of mines, big and small. They were of a similar age, disposition and station in life.

In their mid-thirties they were at their physical peaks, being hard, unusually strong and so knowledgeable in mining matters that their services were in considerable demand. Singly they commanded top wages in any camp. And as a team they were paid a premium for they worked so well together that they moved almost as one man. It was one of those instances of considerable personal liking and understanding that add up to capable men who enjoy their jobs and working together.

IN 1952 the Alaskan Exploration Company of San Francisco hired the pair to go to Alaska along with Travis P.

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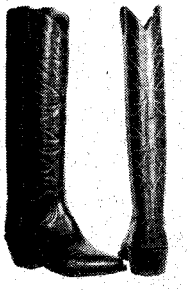

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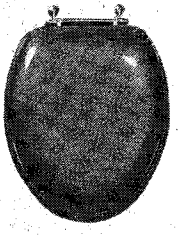

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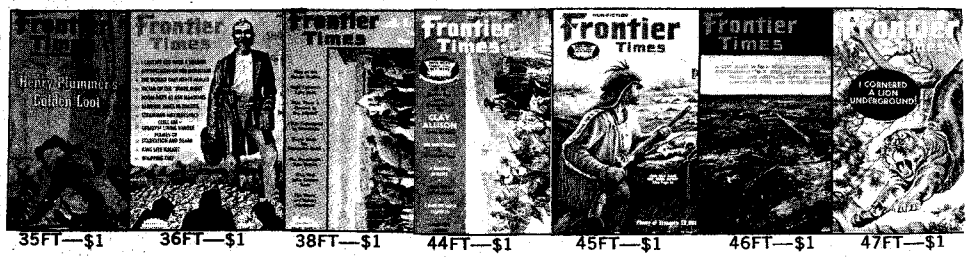

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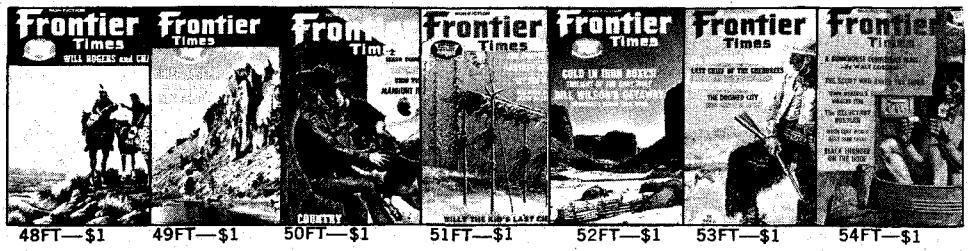

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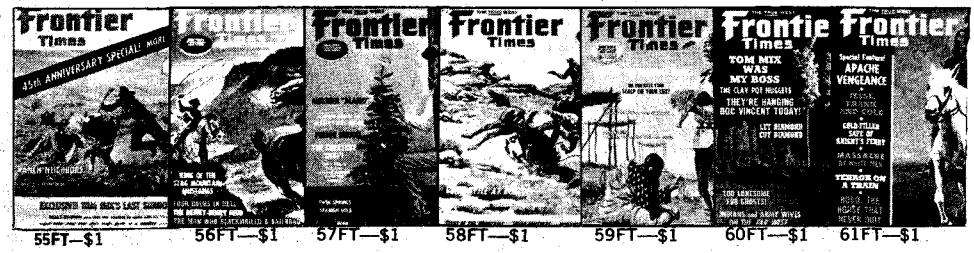

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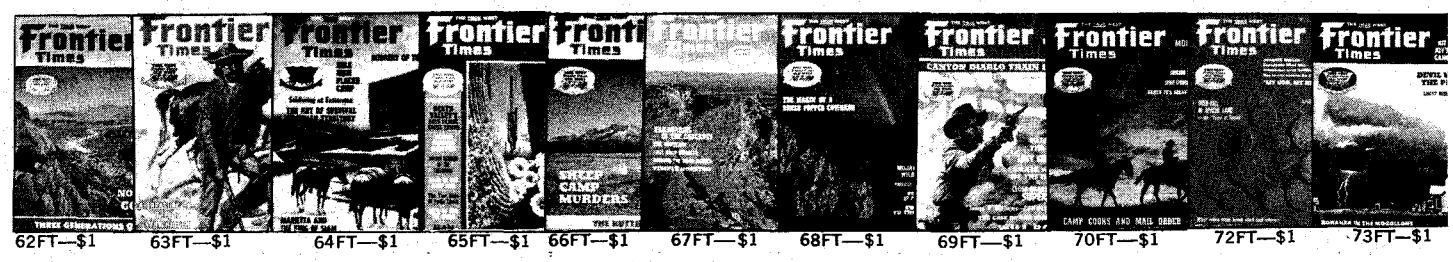

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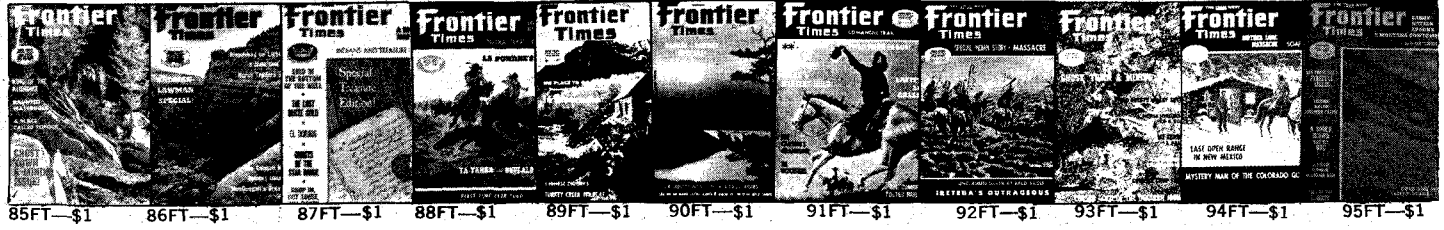

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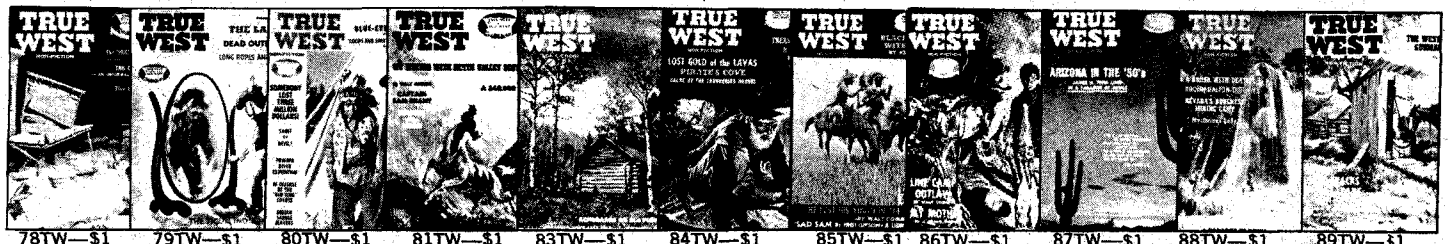

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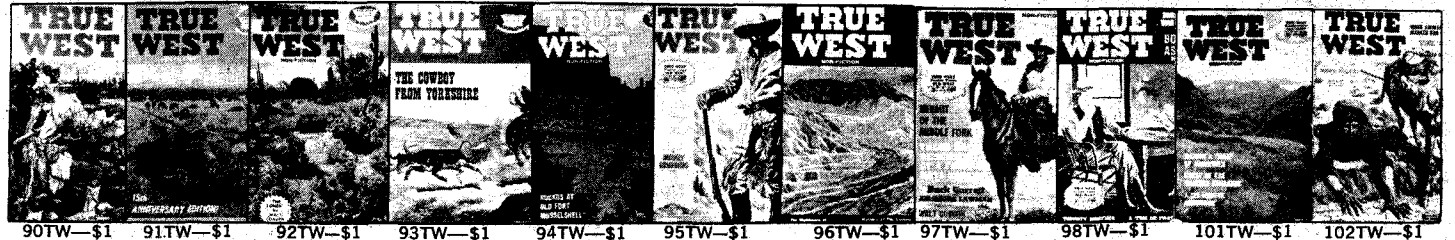

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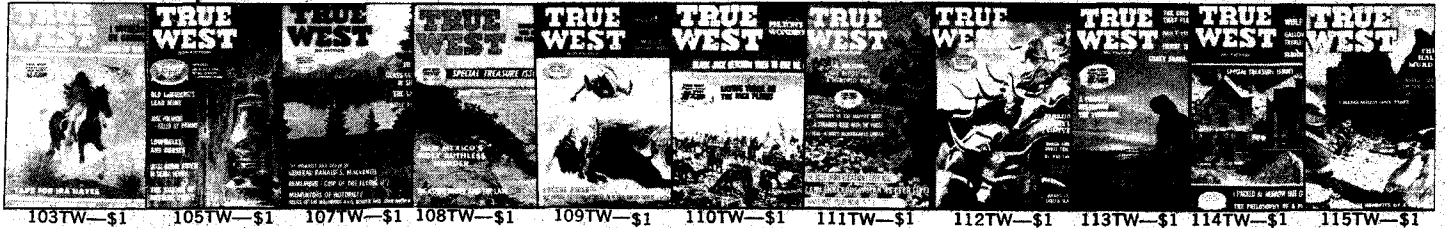

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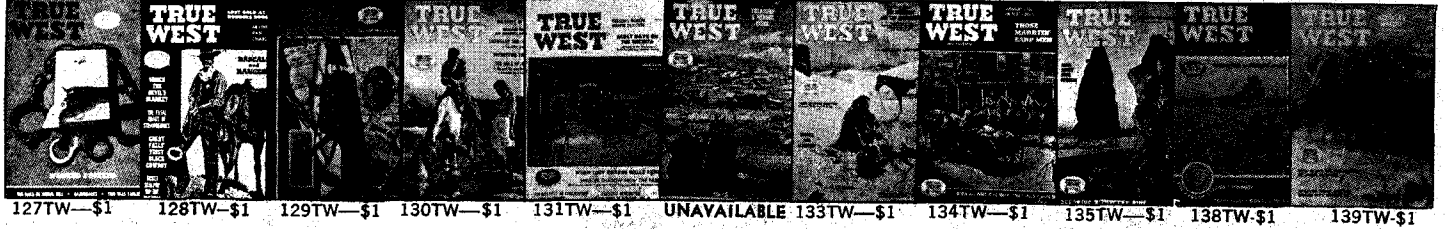

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Lane, a well known mining engineer and geologist, to reopen and explore the Big Hooraw Mine, a great old gold producer that had last operated in 1904.

The Big Hooraw was located forty-six miles from Nome toward Kotzebue on the Little Hooraw River. The mine owners were the same people who owned Arizona's famed old Fortuna Mine, another great gold producer of years ago. Like all other activities in the area, it was dependent on Nome for its "one-ship-a-year" supplies from the States.

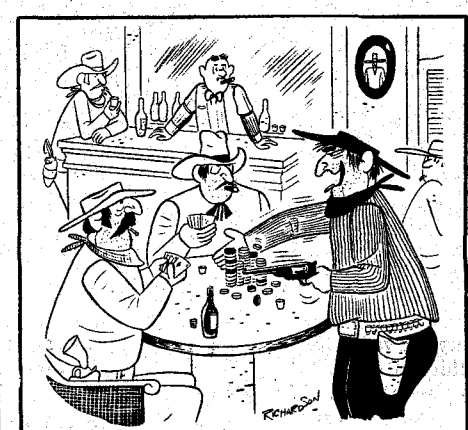
The Big Hooraw was on three parallel veins that were mined via a 230-foot shaft. The ore was milled in a 50-stamp mill on the property, with amalgam plates catching most of the values as they came from the stamp batteries.

Wolfe, McCutchan, Land and their helpers set about cleaning up the property in order that it could be inspected and explored. They hauled in and installed two big 1,000-gallon vertical mercury pumps, and dewatered, then retimbered, the shaft. Sampling of the veins proved that great values remained in the property. One face showed eight ounces of gold to the ton; another six ounces, and even the gob went over 0.25 (that is about $40 rock at today's prices). Once the pumps were working the men decided to utilize the water they were drawing to sluice under the old mill.

They set up a sluice and flooded the mill, recovering gold and mercury. In one place they recovered forty-six ounces of gold. Another produced three ounces and a third gave up half an ounce. Then they took whisk brooms to all of the old stamp batteries, collecting sixteen pounds of amalgam (mercury and gold). When they returned to the States they had these values, and also forty pounds of rich specimen rock full of free gold, to turn over to their employer, along with their reports on the property.

ONE DAY while working under the old mill building McCutchan came upon a nail keg that was filled with a material that was very heavy and had the appearance of lead. Sensing that he had something unusual, he got Wolfe to take a look at the find.

The partners, without telling anyone else about the keg or its contents, used a cold chisel to break off a piece of the



"I win!"

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steel-gray material. The chip they cut out was two and three-eighths by two inches wide and an eighth of an inch thick. Taking to the shop the chip that they correctly assumed to be amalgam, they heated it with a welding torch and produced a button of gold. (McCutchan recently told me that they nearly "salivated" themselves with the mercury fumes that were driven off by the heat of the process.) The pair brought the gold button home with them, eventually selling it for $41 in Globe, Arizona at the old $35 price of gold.

Knowing that they had something very valuable in their possession the two men were in a quandary as to what to do with it. If they told anyone of their find and tried to take it to "the outside" they would have to turn it over to the firm that employed them. If they left it where it was, they ran the risk of someone else stumbling across it. They decided the best thing to do was to cache it, hoping to someday return and recover their prize.

This, too, provided problems. The keg was fairly large and very heavy. Wolfe, who was a muscular and extremely strong man, opined that he could carry it out from under the mill. McCutchan bet his friend $20 that he couldn't even lift the keg—and collected the money. Trying as hard as he could, Wolfe failed to pick up the container and its precious contents.

The mill building was either 60 or 80 feet wide and 100 feet long, according to Red, and they eventually solved their dilemma by going to the north end of the structure, stepping off 20 paces from the northeast corner of the building, digging a four-foot deep hole, then rolling the keg and its contents into the hole and covering it up.

Each knew the other to be completely trustworthy, so they left, hoping to someday have enough money to return and recover the trove.

THE VALUE of the keg's contents remains a mystery. Back in the 1950s the two compadres got estimates of its worth from various sources (never revealing details of the affair). They varied from $50,000 to $300,000. At the price gold is bringing these days it would be between $200,000 and $1,200,000. Goodly sums, even in these times of inflation.

It was not until the early 1960s that Irwin and Red decided to have a go at retrieving their treasure. Taking in a couple of partners to help finance the recovery expedition, Wolfe—with the new men known to me only by their last names: "Spargo'" and "Olsen"—flew to Nome by private plane, then made their way to the Big Hooraw Mine and mill site.

Upon reaching their destination they were dismayed to discover that the mill building had been torn down and moved away. Even the foundations had been bulldozed off. There was nothing left to even approximately indicate where the northeast corner of the structure had been ten years earlier. The treasure hunters didn't give up easily, but eventually they were forced to return home without the trove they sought.

It was just last September that Wolfe was killed in a jeep accident while traveling over a rough trail in the Santa Rita Mountains. McCutchan, who is still Arizona State Mine Inspector, was quite ill when I recently visited him in his Scottsdale home. We talked about the Alaskan adventure and the nail keg full of amalgam at length, and after relating again the details of the adventure, Red said, as I prepared to leave, "It was there but I've given up on it. I'm too sick to make another go at recovering that keg so you can tell all about it. Maybe someone will go find it. At least I hope someone does."

In retrospect, this million or so dollars worth of gold and mercury amalgam cached away on an Alaskan mountainside may well be one of the best treasure-hunting opportunities anywhere. True, the possibility is there that when the mill was dismantled and the site bulldozed the keg was uncovered, its contents recognized for what they were, and the whole thing quietly moved away. But this is hardly probable, for few people would know hardened amalgam if they saw it. Chances are that the keg remains where Wolfe and McCutchan buried it twenty-five years ago.

On the other hand, if the bulldozer dug deeply enough (which is doubtful) the amalgam may have rolled down the mountainside amidst other debris.

Only two things are certain. The treasure, in the form of a nail keg full of gold-mercury amalgam, was buried twenty paces from the northeast corner of the Big Hooraw mill building back in 1952, and the men who cached it there never recovered the trove.

Truly Western

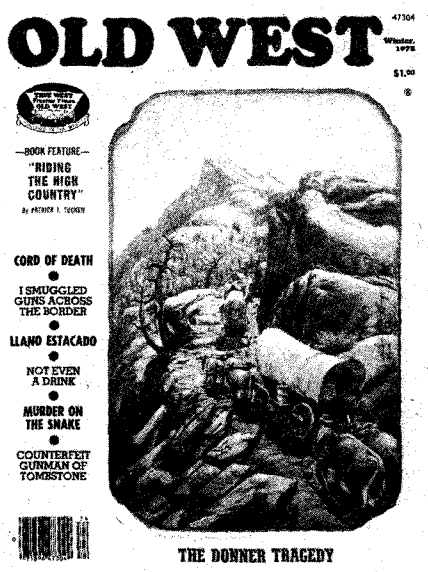
(Continued from page 46)

mind a million times since my research began on those illusive dimes. The western Utes were not too active after the 1906 date Denver's Mint went into operation. So, that one "possible answer" to the riddle of the dimes might indeed be incorrect. However my greatest degree of information on this riddle states they *were* newly minted dimes from Denver.

Were the Indians a small group of late-comers or perhaps blamed for the actions of a band of white highwaymen? To date my only reply is, "I don't know." Even while looking at the 42 dimes I have recovered along the canyon's rim, I still don't feel Indians were responsible. All forty-two of the coins are 1907-D. Thus the riddle continues to be a challenge to me. Only by penetrating over 2,000 feet into the canyon's depths will I ever get close to the real answer. —Ralph Jones

Comments on the Avant Story

I enjoyed part one of "The Bundy Avant Story" in the June issue of *True West*. Mr. Avant is quoted as saying his father helped to organize the "New Mexico mounted patrol" under Governor Otero. I am sure he meant to say "New Mexico Mounted Police."



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The New Mexico Territorial Mounted Police was formed on April 1, 1905. They were often called Rangers or Mounties. The original force was composed of a captain, lieutenant, a sergeant and eight privates.

The New Mexico Mounted Patrol is a present-day volunteer corps of the state police. The patrol has no connection with the old territorial or state ranger service. The story of New Mexico Mounted Police is recounted in my book *The Thin Gray Line: The New Mexico Mounted Police.*

I thought readers might like some additional information on Mr. Avant's father. L. F. Avant was named the replacement ranger for Francisco Apodaca, who declined to serve, and took his oath of office before Captain John F. Fullerton at Mounted Police headquarters, in Socorro on May 2, 1905. On April 1, 1906 Fred Fornoff became Captain of the Mounted Police and L. F. Avant served under him until December 1, 1909. The territorial assembly had reduced the force to six men and Avant was not one of the rangers reappointed by the governor.

During and following World War I the New Mexico state legislature adequately funded the Mounted Police. L. F. Avant served during 1920 under Captain A. A. Sena and for a month under the rangers' last captain Lorenzo Delgado. The New Mexico Mounted Police were officially disbanded on February 15, 1921 by an act of the state legislature. Avant was present from start to finish.

I have been researching the personal lives and adventures of the men of the Mounted Police for over ten years. The Avant story was a welcome addition to my research. These forgotten lawmen deserve more recognition than history has to date accorded them.—Chuck Hornung, 2312 81st; Lubbock, Texas 79423

☆ ☆ ☆

I have just finished reading "The Bundy Avant Story in the June issue. It is interesting but I am having difficulty correlating parts of it with your "All true—All Fact" claim.

The author tells us that he was eight when he entered school in Capitan. Other information in the article seems to date this as 1897. Presumably, then, he was born c. 1889. He says that when he was about twenty, which would be 1909, he met Pete Maxwell and that Maxwell was still alive three years later. However Pete Maxwell died June 21, 1898. He was at the time fifty years of age.

He tells me that some years later he had some dealings with John W. Poe. Poe told him he, Billy the Kid, and Pat Garrett had been good friends. When he heard Garrett had killed the Kid he used up two horses riding to the scene. When he got there Garrett refused to let him see the Kid's body, whereupon Poe resigned on the spot.

Poe's own account has been published under the title *The Death of Billy the Kid.* Garrett was accompanied to the Maxwell house by Poe and a deputy named McKinney. When Garrett went in to talk with Maxwell the two officers sat down on the porch. Poe says he had never seen the Kid. A man walked up. Poe spoke with him without having any idea that he was the Kid. After Garrett had killed the outlaw, they viewed the body and for the first time were sure his victim was the Kid. The next morning they sent for a justice of the peace, who held an inquest. The body was buried later that day.

Otero tells us that immediately after the shooting Frank Lobato and Jesus Silva went to Maxwell's home. They took the Kid's body to the carpenter shop, laid it on a bench, and held a wake. Silva made a coffin and the Kid was buried the next day.

Poe certainly did not resign. Garrett did not stand for reelection as sheriff, since he had developed political ambitions. He threw his support to Poe who was elected overwhelmingly.

The article contains other statements which do not agree with the record, such as the description of the killing of Lesnet. In order to keep this letter short I shall leave them for other commentators.—P. J. Roach, 1839 Chandeleur Drive, San Pedro, California

☆ ☆ ☆

I have read with interest "The Bundy Avant Story" in the June and August issues. Truth or Consequences was once the Hot Springs of Bundy's story and the action took place east and west of us in country which I am now exploring for the first time. The account is interesting, although like all reminiscences of old-timers, it is sometimes inaccurate.

Avant has Poe unhappy because Garrett would not let him look in Billy the Kid's coffin after he (Poe) had used up two horses, riding all night to get to Ft. Sumner.

Here are the facts: (1) John W. Poe was with Pat Garrett, along with Tip McKinney, the night the Kid was killed. He and McKinney were the two men sitting on the porch when the Kid blundered into Pete Maxwell's room where Garrett was sitting.

(2) John D. Poe wrote the clearest description of the death of the Kid that is in print (*The Death of Billy the Kid,* Houghton Mifflin, 1936).

How, then, could Poe, an honest man, say to Bundy what is printed on page 48? And doesn't this cast suspicion on the reported conversation with Pete Maxwell on page 47 of the same issue?

(3) The truth is that neither Poe nor McKinney had ever seen Billy the Kid. Garrett could have killed someone else and said it was the Kid, as he has been accused of doing, but the Poe story is fiction.

The clearest and most logical discussion of whether or not Garrett killed the Kid at Ft. Sumner is chapter 10, "An Empty Grave?" of Leon Metz's *Pat Garrett: The Story of a Western Lawman* (Oklahoma Press 1973). Metz seems to prove by logic that the accepted history is true, but the entire story of the Kid defies logic.

I have been trailing the Kid in history

(Continued on page 64)

A Badman's Long Exile

(Continued from page 24)

Tejo (near Hurley, New Mexico), hired one, and sent two or three others to the south headquarters of the Diamond A. That huge ranch didn't stop at the line —it went about two hundred miles down in Mexico.

"And the Hudsons: Tom Ketchum worked for them two or three winters. He was handsome, polite, and dependable. Everybody liked him. He knew how to treat a lady, and Miss Mary was one of the best. He helped her repair the drift fence for her father's outfit.

"Miss Mary thought she'd met her man till she saw a poster with Tom Ketchum's picture. It said, 'Wanted—dead or alive.' "

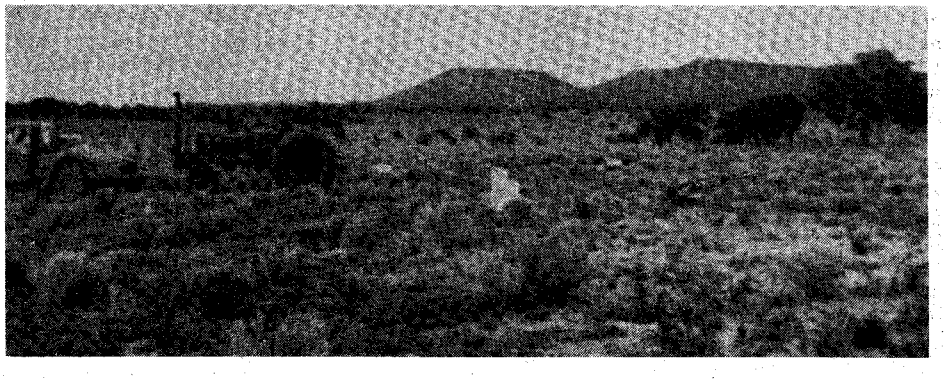
My father loved Sam, and had absolute confidence in him, but he couldn't understand how Sam had escaped arrest all those long years. It was especially strange because the law had been on the trail of nearly all the outlaws Sam had dealings with.

"I didn't know how I was getting by with it, either," said Sam, "till I got acquainted with Henry Coleman. And I don't know how he knew, but he might have been around Alpine when it happened. He told me that the man I shot didn't die. And I'd gone on the dodge all those years for nothing."

"Not for nothing," said Dad. "It takes a good man to make the grade, thinkin' you're outlawed. I'm proud of you, Sam. We're all proud of you and we always have been. Coleman did you a mighty good turn."

Sam nodded. Then he said, "He did, and I'm grateful. But still more to Tom Reynolds. He helped me to make it."

Taylor Cemetery near Adams Diggings, in Catron County.



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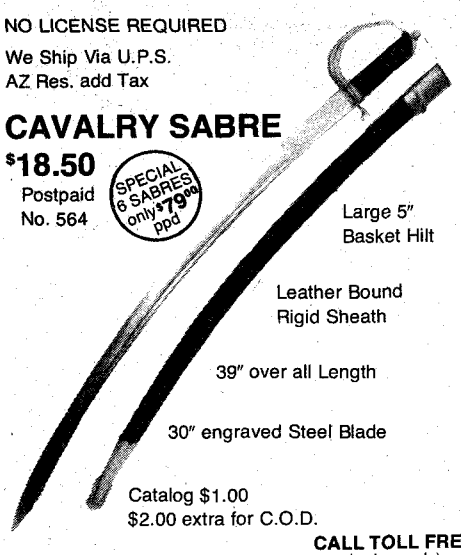

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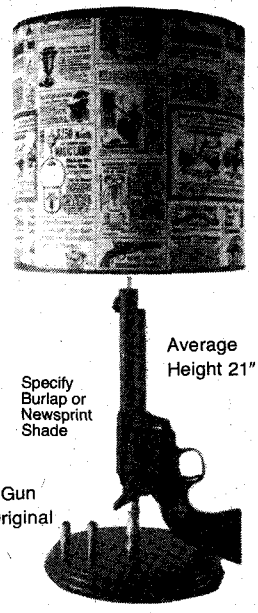

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since 1947, when I wrote an M. A. thesis on Charlie Siringo. I have a biography of Siringo accepted at Twayne Publishers. I have had an interesting year (I retired from college teaching last August) rereading the Billy The Kid literature and looking at the New Mexico country where he, Siringo and E. M. Rhodes, among others, rode.

The Bundy Avant story is interesting but Mr. Clements (or *True West)* should have caught the obvious inaccuracy.—Orlan Sawey, 601 Grape Street, Truth or Consequences, New Mexico 87901

In Reply

Regarding my story of Billy the Kid and Pete Maxwell in the June and August issues, first I want to thank you for your consideration and also for your letter. Yes, Mr. Clements was at my home several days ago telling me of the letter which you had received complaining about the Maxwell story. I shall try to explain to you about the entire set-up.

I did put that in writing and I asked such people as Judge A. B. Falls of Three Rivers, New Mexico, the two ranchers who owned the Ritch Cattle Company where I contacted the supposed Pete Maxwell, Tom Johnson, A. B. Falls, range boss Watt Gilmore who passed away in Hatch not too many years ago, Will Hale who was the Ritch Cattle Company's range boss, and several others, all well to do and well respected who knew the supposed Pete Maxwell. They all said that he was the real Pete Maxwell. So if I am wrong I an indeed very sorry.

About John W. Poe, when he told about his deal with Pat Garrett, I was sworn to secrecy. Mr. Maxwell, when he told me that Billy the Kid was never killed, and when Mr. Poe told me his story in his bank in Roswell several years later, I couldn't hardly keep from telling him what I had been told by a party posing as Pete Maxwell. So that's why I didn't mind telling the story, as I read in the El Paso paper some years afterward that Pete Maxwell had died on the A. B. Falls ranch near Tularosa, New Mexico.

Now about the Poe book, it was wonderful and I read it through several times, from time to time. So if you are in doubt about anything I have put in writing I shall be only too glad to suffer the penalty. I wouldn't dare put in any book or otherwise anything which would be injurious.

So please accept my many thanks for your interest in the matter. I shall send Mr. Clements your letter also. Also accept my thanks for keeping us from making the trip there as it's quite a burden for me to navigate due to poor vision. But please feel free to call on me if I can be of any assistance any time.—Bundy Avant

☆ ☆ ☆

I have heard my father's stories all my life and the manuscript carries no error that I can detect. There is, as we discussed, a caption error on the picture taken at the Gallup Indian Celebration in 1947 (page 12 of the June issue) and by phone I have clarified this. The little girl was Bundimae Ellis, granddaughter of Bundy Avant.

Daddy has received the one letter saying he would have to be about four years old when he talked to Pete Maxwell. Daddy's age has long been disputed. Sister said he was born April 6, 1893, others 1894, 1895 and 1896. Mother's family Bible and her tombstone at the Alto Creek Cemetery, Lincoln County, New Mexico, shows her birthday as August 22, 1897 and Daddy was three years older. I do have my birth certificate and herewith send you a copy. It shows Daddy's age as 27 years at my birth, August, 1920.—Jettie Avant Sullenger

Explanatory note: Both Mr. Avant and Mr. Clements, who interviewed him, were contacted on the points of difference cited above. Since Mr. Avant did not consider himself misquoted in the story, we therefore allotted the letters column space to him, and to his daughter who helped with photo identification and birth records.

For those readers who would like to correspond further, we will be glad to forward any mail addressed to Mr. Clements, Mr. Avant, or Mrs. Sullenger.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 56)

riage. She died in 1858. It is believed that Swinney was important in the Methodist Church. Indications are that he moved away from Fayette about 1860 perhaps to Wilson County, Kansas, settling near La Fontaine.

I would appreciate any information on this Swinney family. All letters will be answered and postage refunded.—Russell Jameson, Rt. 1, Box 1688, Deville, Louisiana 71328

Crockett-Jones

In the early years of his life my grandfather was known as Alonzo Crockett. Later he went by the name of Burt F. Jones. He was at least half Cherokee and I believe he was born between 1877 and 1891. He was orphaned at a young age and may have been raised by a Webb family of Tullahassee, Indian Territory. Most of his life was spent in Oklahoma. He was in prison twice, in 1904 and 1928, in Leavenworth, Kansas. Any information will be appreciated by his granddaughter.—Carrie Pedroza, P. O. Box 2003, Lake Isabella, California 93240

Howell-Isem

I would like any information about William Park Howell or Mattie Edward Isem. They lived in or around Archer City and Megargel, Texas. Their son, Edgar Lee Howell, is my grandfather.—C. T. Howell, 1125 Allen Drive, Modesto, California 95350

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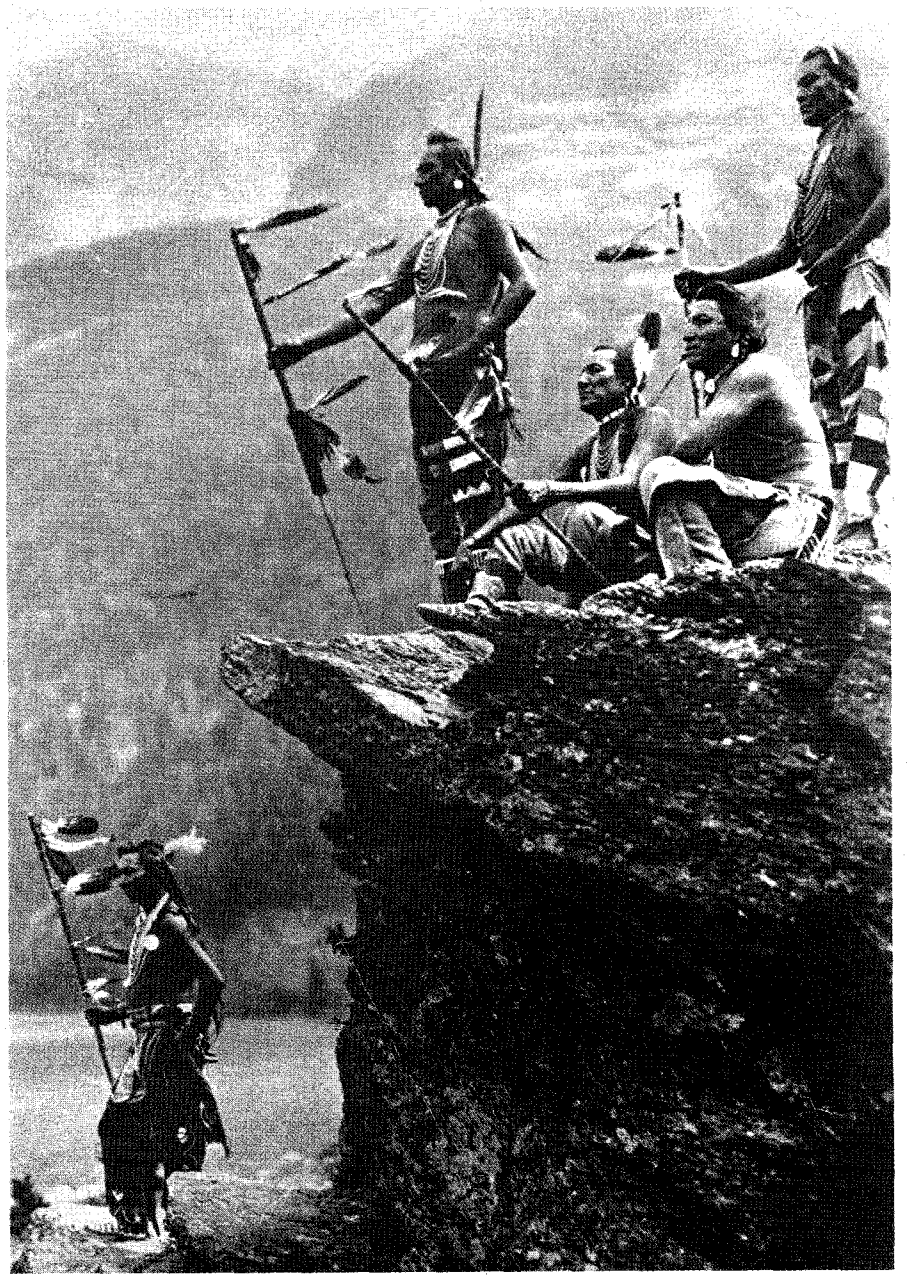

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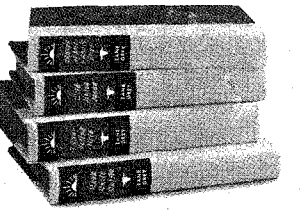

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